

JULY 1949

THE *Atlantic*



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Vincent Sheean—On Love

the Russian-American War — *Walter Lippmann*
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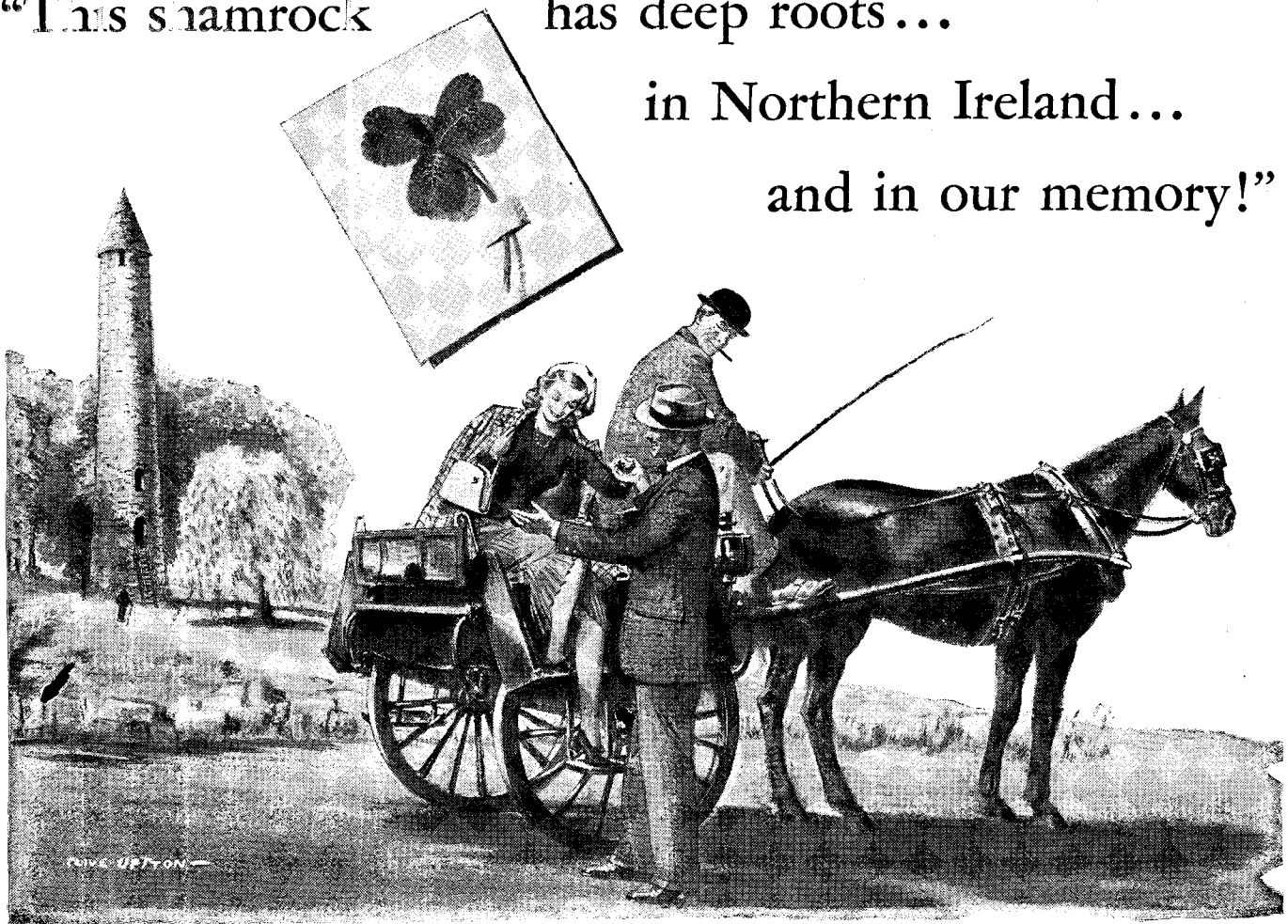
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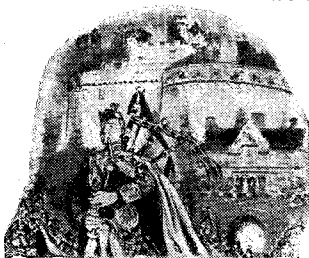


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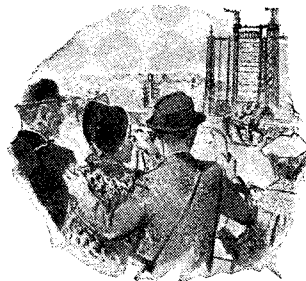
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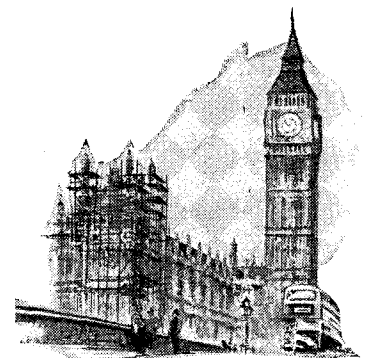
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THE ATLANTIC REPORT

on the World today

The United Nations

THE final session of the Third United Nations General Assembly (April 5–May 18) was squeezed in between two events of major importance to our time. On April 4 the North Atlantic Treaty was signed in Washington. On May 23 the Council of Foreign Ministers met in Paris.

During the opening week of the Assembly there was considerable uneasiness on the part of United Nations officials regarding the Pact, which in their opinion had dealt a cruel blow to the world organization. But the spirits of delegates and UN officials were restored by the flare-up of a familiar feud in the second week. Andrei Gromyko, with new authority as the Soviet First Deputy Foreign Minister, interrupted a debate on Security Council voting reform to lash out at the United States and the United Kingdom as instigators of the new alliance of aggression. The common people of America and Britain, he said, were opposed to the Pact.

This was too much for that fiery young Scot, Hector McNeil. How, he asked, could the Russians know what the ordinary people were thinking, barricaded as they were in their great homes on Long Island and on Park Avenue? Let them get out to the delicatessens, the buses, the subways, where the ordinary people meet and talk, and the Russians would learn what people think of this new association which has no aggressive aims against anyone. It was a curious exchange: the solemn, dark Russian with his sledge hammer; the quick-moving little Scotsman with his slingshot. It cleared the air. People felt at home again.

Towards the end of the third week word came of the Jessup-Malik talks. Day by day, hour by hour, there were bulletins and rumors. An agreement had

been reached. The blockade was to be lifted. The Foreign Ministers were to meet in Paris. UN officials seized on the good news. The big-power conflict had been the most serious deterrent to effective United Nations action. An easing of the conflict was bound to raise both the prestige and the authority of the world organization.

The fifty-ninth flag

The admission of Israel ended an important chapter in post-war history. For two years the United Nations had been bedeviled by the Palestine problem. Two special Assemblies, two regular Assemblies, a Special Commission, two Mediators, a Conciliation Commission, Assembly resolutions, Security Council edicts — all seemed to emphasize the futility of a United Nations endeavor to impose a settlement.

But actually the pieces were falling into shape. The UN partition plan became the charter of a new state. The new state proved it could defend its integrity against armed assault. The mediation effort, though it cost the life of Count Bernadotte, led to a truce. At Lausanne the UN Conciliation Commission was guiding peace negotiations towards a permanent settlement.

Israel's application for membership in the United Nations was backed by a Security Council recommendation of nine votes to one, with one abstention. But when the representative of Israel appeared before the Assembly a coolness amounting almost to hostility greeted him. The Arabs were bitter. The Scandinavian countries resented the apparent laxness of the Israeli government in its investigation of the murder of Count Bernadotte. Many of the Latin American countries, where the Catholic faith is

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| ☐ Father of the Bride
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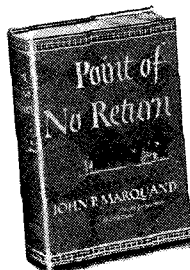
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The Atlantic Report on the United Nations

strong, were disturbed by Israel's refusal to accept the international trusteeship for Jerusalem which had been part of the 1947 partition plan. And many nations, distressed over the plight of nearly 900,000 Arab refugees, were concerned about Israel's unwillingness to carry through the scheme of repatriation laid down at the Paris Assembly.

Israel had to make out a good case for itself to convince the Assembly that it was fit for membership. The responsibility for making this case fell on Major Aubrey S. Eban, who had been a British Intelligence officer in the Near East during the war and before that a Cambridge don. He is a quick talker, a quick thinker. In a statement lasting an hour and a half he dealt candidly with the three disturbing issues: Count Bernadotte, the Holy Places, the Arab refugees. For nearly three days he stood up under a grueling cross-examination. And he persuaded the Assembly that Israel had a good case.

On the morning of May 12, almost exactly a year after Israel had proclaimed itself a sovereign state, the striped blue and white flag with its Star of David was raised on the fifty-ninth flagpole. The new flag waved between the flags of two Arab states: on one side the flag of Iraq, on the other the flag of Lebanon.

North African partition

After the signing of the Atlantic Pact the elderly Italian Foreign Minister, Count Carlo Sforza, journeyed from Washington to Lake Success. His country is not yet a member of the United Nations but the Count had some business he wished to discuss with the Political Committee. The business had to do with the disposal of Italy's former colonies, at present under British military administration.

The British had one major interest in the colonies question. They wanted Cyrenaica as a strategic base. They were therefore not particularly concerned about the disposal of the other territories: Somaliland, Eritrea, Tripolitania, Fezzan — the last two, with Cyrenaica, comprising the former Libya. They were prepared to let Italy take over Somaliland as a trusteeship, and to cede eastern Eritrea to Ethiopia and western Eritrea to the Anglo-Egyptian Sudan. Mindful of their interests with the Arab states, they hesitated to concede Italian claims to Tripolitania and hoped for some arrangement that would guarantee the right to independence of the Arab peoples in these territories.

Backing the claims of the indigenous population were the Soviet bloc, the Arab states, and a group of Asiatic states led by India which have consist-

ently fought for the rights of former colonial peoples. They challenged the attempt to reimpose colonial rule in North Africa under the guise of individual trusteeships. If the peoples were not ready for independence, then the United Nations itself should set up a trusteeship. They encouraged representatives of the people of Somaliland, Eritrea, and Libya to appear before the Political Committee. And these dark-skinned people in their fezzes and turbans testified that they wanted no return of European rulers, particularly Italians.

The problem of the European nations was to arrive at a compromise between the Italian claims and the British claims. This was being worked out at Lake Success when news broke, in London, that Count Sforza and Ernest Bevin had made a satisfactory deal on Libya. Britain was to have Cyrenaica, France the inland oasis of Fezzan; Italy, after 1951, was to have a trusteeship over Tripolitania. Then, as a sop to Arab and Asian claims in favor of the rights of the native peoples, it was agreed that Libya should become a united, independent state in 1959 — if the United Nations, at that time, would give its sanction.

The Bevin-Sforza deal took the Assembly by surprise. The Russians attacked it bitterly. The Scandinavian countries appeased their consciences by insisting that Libyan independence be assured by 1959 *unless* the United Nations decided against it. The Soviet-Arab-Asian group fought desperately to hold their lines intact against Western efforts to entice weaker members away from the coalition. The nineteen-nation Latin American bloc let it be known that they would kill the whole scheme if Italy failed to get Tripolitania.

The proposals for Cyrenaica and Fezzan passed, by slight but safe margins. Then came the roll call on Tripolitania. At first it seemed that the vote would hold. Then defections began to appear, and the final result was thirty-three to seventeen, one vote short of the necessary two-thirds majority. The Latin Americans, making good their promise, jettisoned the whole beautifully fabricated scheme. The problem of Italy's former colonies was set aside as a headache for the next Assembly.

Nations and human rights

To the Western Allies, the plan for the colonies appeared the only practical way out of a difficult international dilemma, the only compromise that had a chance of getting a two-thirds vote. To the Soviet bloc, it seemed just another maneuver in the aggressive strategy of the Anglo-American alliance.

But to the states of the Near East and of Asia, and to the peoples of North Africa, it represented a disguised attempt to re-establish European rule and to delay indefinitely the political independence of the territories. To them it was threat to "human rights and fundamental freedoms."

This phrase from the Charter of the United Nations was a constantly recurring refrain in the debates of the last Assembly. Human rights forced Assembly action on the trials of Cardinal Mindszenty and the Protestant pastors in Bulgaria: the signatories to the peace treaties with Hungary and Bulgaria were asked to see that human rights, guaranteed by the treaties, were not violated.

Furthermore the Assembly, unable to get any assurances from the South African representative that discrimination against citizens of India would be discontinued, by a forty-seven to one vote called for South Africa to meet with India at a round-table conference. A concern for human rights also blocked a Latin American attempt to force the Assembly to ease its 1946 ban against Franco Spain.

The item of Indonesia was dropped from the Assembly's agenda only after it had become apparent that the UN Indonesian Commission was directing negotiations between Dutch and Republican leaders toward a just settlement. A Convention on the International Transmission of News and the Right of Correction was a significant step forward in guaranteeing the rights of foreign correspondents.

Toward a better world

India, which has placed itself at the head of a new coalition of the people of Asia, was the most active in rallying nations to a recognition of their obligations to the Charter. But smaller states, too, played their part — the Philippines, Australia, Mexico, Uruguay, the Scandinavian countries.

The United Nations, despite its failings, was able to demonstrate a rugged, if at times primitive, vitality. At the end of its Third Assembly it was able to look back on achievements in which it played a major part — the easing of the cold war, the hope of peace in Palestine and Indonesia, and a Declaration of Human Rights which has real meaning.



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Washington

DAVID LILIENTHAL, head of the United States Atomic Energy Commission, forecasts that in four and a half years there will be a prototype of a power reactor using atomic energy. For work in nuclear energy five hundred or so students have been granted science fellowships under the Atomic Energy Act. The students are named not by the Commission but by the National Research Council of the National Academy of Sciences.

Among these five hundred or so there are a couple of Communists. There was no loyalty check, though the applicants' affiliations, presumably, could have been easily discovered. For this lapse Congress blames the Atomic Energy Commission.

The AEC decided to dispense with a loyalty check of the nominees for fellowships because of the danger of establishing a precedent. After all, the students are not government employees, nor are they working in a field affected by security. If they ever become government employees, or if it should be decided to entrust them with secret data, then they would be subjected to a loyalty test.

The AEC showed its lack of dogmatism on this decision by suggesting an inquiry before the Joint Congressional Committee on Atomic Energy. This was arranged, and only two out of the eighteen-man body showed up! It was only when one of the Communist students hit the headlines that the matter got a Congressional airing.

Another atomic scare was manufactured over the loss of a pinch of uranium 235. Headlines screamed the news all over the Union, and the first news stories carried the implication that spies had made off with the stuff. Anticlimax came when the FBI declared that the pinch could not possibly have been stolen.

This appeal to ignorance and hysteria is not without motive. A body of opinion is anxious to decivilianize the Atomic Energy Commission. The campaign against David Lilienthal is perennial, in spite of the fact that he is one of the few men equal to this complex job at modern America's disposal. It has been necessary time after time to fight for

civilian control. Some of the military want the atom bomb in their custody; they want to run the Commission, instead of being consultants. The scares on the fellowships and the uranium loss are intended by some of the publicists to make out a new case for military control.

Far from being evidence of the lack of security consciousness of the civilians, the loss of the minute pieces of uranium 235 was evidence of awareness of security. For it was the AEC which reported the facts to the FBI. As for the fellowships, clearly the AEC should be relieved of the responsibility, and the selection of students be put in the hands of a National Science Foundation.

Acheson in action

Secretary Acheson is measuring up to his great responsibility. The way he cleared the decks for the lifting of the blockade of Berlin was admirable. He grasped the two nettles in our foreign policy, China and Spain, with deftness, and his ringing statement on the eve of his departure for Paris is worth pasting in many hats: —

"There is perhaps nothing more important in the world today than the steadiness and consistency of the foreign policy of this Republic. Too much depends on the United States for us to indulge in the luxury of either undue pessimism or premature optimism. . . . We cannot allow [our foreign policy] to become subject to the fluctuations produced by a raising and lowering of the international temperature. To accept these fluctuations as a guide for our policy would be to put in foreign hands a large measure of control over the conduct of our foreign relations."

Consider this counsel as background for a look at the agitations over Spain and China. Granted that it was unwise to remove the heads of missions from Spain at United Nations behest. But the agitation in behalf of Spain is not intended merely to correct this wrongheadedness. A triple combination of interests has been hard at work in the lobbies of Congress to bring Franco into the Atlantic Pact. The Roman Catholic Church, of course, always has been pro-Franco. The military want Spain as an

ally in case of any irruption in Western Europe. Cotton interests want to sell their surplus to Franco.

The French chief of staff is quoted as saying that in the event of war, the Russians could easily take over Spain by landing a couple of parachute divisions. As to the cotton interests, Spain is looked upon as a heavy buyer of cotton, provided she can get an Export-Import Bank loan. Secretary Acheson scattered all these advocates with his May 19 statement to the press, which had all the logic and smoothness of a state paper.

On China, Secretary Acheson has perhaps been a trifle too negative. While "waiting for the dust to settle," he contents himself with lambasting the cause of intervention in China which a sizable element in Congress has embraced. In off-the-record moments his comments on Chiang Kai-shek are blistering. He gives chapter and verse of the way that Chiang has been an American arms carrier for the communists.

But the pro-Chiang Senators refuse to accept any of the testimony they hear. This is explicable partly on the rounds of bewilderment and chagrin over the historical change in China, partly because China provides them with a stick with which to beat Mr. Roosevelt. One of the curiosities of the times is to see economizers such as Senator Bridges anxious to pour good American money, and billions of dollars, into the China sinkhole.

How do we meet the deficit?

The prospect of a larger than anticipated deficit in the administrative budget for the fiscal year 1949 worries both the President and Congress. But they have different prescriptions. The President still insists on higher taxes, Congress on lower expenditures. The argument the wisdom of the President's opposition to lower taxation last year is more and more apparent. But he is not on the same ground in seeking this year to remedy the mistake and add to taxes. Experts hold that the current economic readjustment might turn into a real recession if more money is taken away from the nation's taxpayers. But the alternative of paring expenses is none too easy to realize.

There are a number of schools of congressional thought on ways of

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advantage of widows and orphans. He pointed out the right use of money and the moral obligations of the wealthy.

Of course, Christ said nothing about Communism, Trade Unions, or Capitalism. These questions did not then exist. But certainly

to us they are every bit as important as those on which He spoke to the men of His day. And His voice is needed now to speak with the same authority for the solution of our difficulties.

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The Atlantic Report on Washington



economizing. One is the 5-per-centers. These would automatically cut 5 per cent off the dozen or so appropriation bills which still have to be enacted. This is rough justice. But the advocates of it, led by Senators Bridges and Ferguson, confess that selective pruning is an impossible task. Congress does not know enough about departmental operations to use the knife judiciously.

Next is Senator Russell's idea of a slash of 3 billion dollars as an amendment to the final appropriation. In practice this might not prove to be as arbitrary as the 5 per cent method. Then there is the idea of Senator Byrd, the Senatorial watchdog of the budget, who has devoted his Congressional service to retrenchment in and out of season. He wants Congress to repeal the exemption of the military agencies, the Veterans Administration, and other bureaus from the current Federal personnel ceilings, and to fix new over-all ceilings.

The Administration defends the budget

There is no support for any of these moves from the Administration. It is the Administration's contention that before the budgets go to the Hill the departmental requests already have been cut to the bone. In this respect the President was much more stern than is generally supposed. He cut the military budget, which for the fiscal year 1950 amounts to 34 per cent, from 30 billion dollars to 14.3 billion, resisting pressure from Congress as well as the military establishment. Another point is that about 75 per cent of the budget is more or less in the realm of the untouchable. This consists, in addition to the military budget, of interest on debt, international obligations, and veterans' programs.

Nor is there much that can be done, the Administration says, with the remaining 25 per cent, or 10 billion dollars. The major items in this bracket include social welfare, health and security, natural resources, administrative expenses.

Truman's appointments

Recent Presidential appointments have been bewilderingly varied. Mr. Truman could not have chosen a more capable man than John J. McCloy to succeed General Clay. The President showed a sense of statesmanship in this appointment, as he has done in other diplomatic appointments. On domestic appointments, however, Mr. Truman's taste is strange, if not Pendergastian. His idea of what constitutes competence for the Federal judiciary is pretty low. And though he pilloried the Congressional quest for subversives in government as a red herring expedition, he has named as Secre-

tary of the Navy one of the pioneers in launching it, Francis P. Matthews of Nebraska.

Perhaps he had nothing to do with the Matthews nomination. Perhaps this was the choice of the new Secretary of Defense, Louis Johnson, about whose vaulting ambitions much is nowadays whispered. "Win with Lou in '52" is the slogan. The President, however, earns whatever discredit there may be in Federal appointments.

The Mood of the Capital

The mood of the Capital is hardening into a fractiousness that is as difficult to melt as the President's stubbornness. Compromise is supposed to be the breath of politics. In the Eighty-first Congress, however, there is little compromise. The result is that almost the only progress in a session half finished has been on international business.

What is badly needed in the Senate is passage of Senator Myers's bill to set up a legislative timetable. The Senate drones on with little regard to the clock, and on one occasion spent a whole day listening to Senator Johnston's filibuster against a bill to provide a sales tax for the District of Columbia. There are those who long for the return of the "reactionary" Eightieth — on the ground that, after all, it did legislate.

Still, in spite of the legislative-executive impasse, liaison is improving between individual Congressmen and committees and the departments. In this respect the State Department is unremittingly patient and informative. It has had to go to immense lengths in satisfying the quest for knowledge on pending legislation and pending conferences. And some of the curiosity is unsatiable. Senator Watkins of Utah and Senator Donnell of Missouri never tire of asking questions in the form of windy orations.

Both of them got permission to attend the hearings of the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations. Chairman Connally, who has a pettish disposition, bore with them for a while, then broke out in anger; whereupon Watkins retired in high dudgeon. He never came back, but he left this record: out of a total of 1234 pages devoted to hearings, Watkins and Donnell consumed 455 pages, or 36.8 per cent. Yet they are neither members of the committee nor witnesses. Congressmen are entitled to be kept in the know, but the action of Senators Watkins and Donnell lends point to the suggestion that there should be a more formal way to secure information — for instance, through periodical seminars.

Germany

ANY valid assessment of the chances for Western Germany to become an economic partner in the European Recovery Program must start with the basic facts, however unpleasant. First of all, some 10 million out of the 45 million — more than one in five — are refugees; and since these people are mostly very old or very young, they are a continuing drain on West German resources.

Secondly, the complete absence of housing programs in the last four years has had two bad effects: it has rendered German manpower in the Western zones immobile and has indefinitely postponed transferring refugee and other German workers to the right spot in clearing up the ruins; it has made the 10 million refugees an added burden on housing facilities already reduced drastically by bombing.

Furthermore, while it is true that the present Western zones contained the Ruhr and most of the basic industries of pre-war Germany, the present Russian zone contained a high proportion of Germany's most profitable secondary, or processing, industries such as precision instruments, electrical apparatus (80 per cent of which lay in the present Russian zone), and textile and other machinery.

Will the regime of trade decided upon by the Russians and the Allies really give West German basic industries a share of the profits of secondary processing industries? Or will we and the Germans in Trizonia finally have to create entirely new German processing industries? If so, who will provide and invest the capital required? Or will we all just wriggle along as we have since the Americans and the British drew a logical conclusion from the Russian attitude and established Bizonia?

Make no mistake: lack of necessary working and long-term capital for German recovery — whether a united Germany or only Trizonia in the future — is the Achilles' heel of the whole Allied policy towards Germany's future.

Both the Germans and the Allies admit the remarkable extent of German economic recovery in the West after the Allied currency reform one year

ago. But Allied and German economists are less impressed by it than by the economic uncertainty which has descended on Bizonia's industries, particularly since Christmas.

This, the experts agree, is due to tightness of credit, lack of working capital, the hardness of Germany's new deutsche mark for foreign trade — since it is equivalent to dollars — and above all to the ordinary German workman's inability to make ends meet with existing wages. (Living costs have risen steeply since the new currency was issued, and payments in kind have been abolished; so he must provide for his family from earnings only.)

Who puts new capital in Germany?

It is generally said by economic experts in Frankfurt and elsewhere that all will be well once the financial powers of the new German federal government are exercised to expand credit and "manage" the West German economic position better. But the matter is not so simple.

It is true that henceforward the new central German government authorities can distribute the colossal burden of supporting 10 million refugees over all eleven states of Trizonia, and thus relieve the three states of Bavaria, Lower Saxony, and Schleswig-Holstein, which thus far have borne the brunt of this burden since most of the refugees are in those states. But the fact remains that such a rapid recovery as is foreseen by 1952 for Trizonia by ECA and ERP officials can only be ensured if much more than mere working capital (or short-term credits) is quickly provided.

On this point of the need for capital there has been an unnecessary amount of confusion and clashing interests among the Western Allies — including the three Benelux powers. Take the International Ruhr Authority agreed upon by the United States, France, Britain, and Benelux last December, and then add last winter's inter-Allied squabbles over the dismantling of factories and decartelization of industries.

Nevertheless, substantial investment of *somebody's* long-term capital in Trizonia must occur —



The Atlantic Report on Germany



and occur soon — if either Trizonia alone, or a united Germany, or some coöperative combination of both sides of Germany is to deliver its due contribution to ERP by 1952 and make outside aid unnecessary thereafter.

Both the Western Allies as a whole and the new German government *must* make a go at least of Trizonian economy. Otherwise German politicians will be tempted to throw in their hand, blaming us, and the only net gainer with the mass of the German people will be Russia and Communism. But to make a go of Trizonian economy demands the utmost industrial efficiency, the utmost economy in production, the utmost use of German manpower and other resources — if for no other reason than to release every possible economic resource for the building up of productive capital equipment, housing, and new processing industries.

The cost of dismantling the Ruhr

Yet the effect of the dismantling, and in particular of the decartelization in the Ruhr — which is breaking up the old and proved efficient low cost of productive units and big concerns — is to *raise* the level of German costs reckoned in the new marks — marks, be it remembered, which are pegged to the dollar as a hard currency.

One does not have to love the hard-faced Krupp and other ruling coal and steel families of the Ruhr to see that much of the Allied dismantling and decartelization policy, as now being carried out in practice and as finally agreed in order to please mainly the French or British, is replacing the former big and efficient integrated productive units in the Ruhr with a bewildering set of their former component units.

The component units must henceforth stand on their own feet, cover all separate costs, set up their own selling and distributing sections, and in general shoulder heavier single costs than they need have done if the Allies had been able to agree on running the big Ruhr *Konzernen* as competing trusts under different ownerships. The trouble really is that it suits French, Benelux, and British coal, coke, and iron and steel industries — whether socialized or not — to have the competitive ability of the Ruhr curbed.

With the stage now set for a new German government in the West, with Russia and the Allies committed to what must seem to the German masses outright competition for the German people's allegiance, it is a dubious moment to persist in

forcing through an Allied reorganization of Ruhr industrial control and managements, which must — at least in marks — raise all basic production costs in West Germany.

It must be admitted that the remaining reactionary industrialists in the Ruhr still hope that American capital can be attracted into that area, so that they can effectively oppose French, British, and Benelux views and policies. The Ruhr reactionaries are few and not typical. The bulk of German managements genuinely cling to the hope of fair and efficient integration of the Ruhr with the Western European Recovery Program, industrial investment programs for Western Europe, and rehabilitation of the age-long industrial and communications network involving France and Benelux.

The basic economic problems can be solved, and a floor be built beneath the West German social, political, and economic unit, only if leading protagonists in the ERP, Brussels, and Atlantic Pacts — that is, the United States, France, Benelux, and Britain — have the same plan and stick to it. That is the test.

Germany is not Communist

The effect of the economic difficulties on the German politicians and people depends on Allied policy too. The struggle between East and West is not simply a straight fight between the Russians and the Western Allies for the soul of the German nation. The Communist danger in Trizonia today is negligible, for the millions of refugees from beyond the Iron Curtain and Russia's open diplomatic confession of the failure of the blockade have had an enormous impact on all non-Communist Germans in the West.

There is every evidence for belief that they have also had an enormous impact on the 18 million Germans in the Russian zone and on non-Germans throughout Russia's satellite states from the Baltic to the Black Sea. Hence, perhaps, the sudden intensification of Russian jamming of American and British news broadcasts.

The greater danger in all of Germany, West and East, now is that the overwhelming majority of the Germans, who are bitterly anti-Communist and whose only morsel of hope and faith for any conceivable German future so far has depended on a realistic but decent partnership with the Western Allies, may have that hope dashed by inter-Allied conflicts of interests, administrative fumbling of the German ball, or outright indecision.



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The most striking feature of the ordinary German citizen after the lifting of the blockade was not happiness, relief, or upsurge of hope, but a continuation of a four-year-old political apathy, and a disbelief in the efficacy of his new post-war German parties and politicians (who seem to him unpleasantly like those who failed before Hitler's arrival in power). Again he shows the familiar German tendency in crises to wait for someone to tell him what to do.

What the German wants

Today, despite the new federal German government, your average German adult still really looks to, and believes in, the Western Allies. He wants an entire reunited Germany. He emphatically does not want any Western Allied occupation military forces to quit German soil.

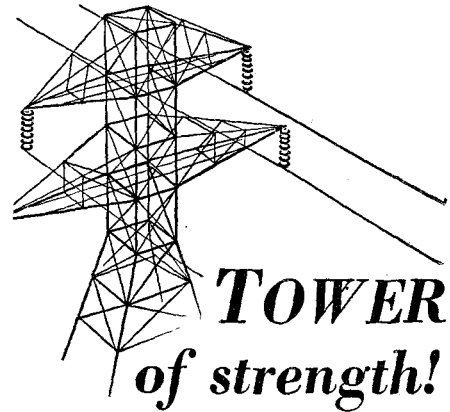
He does not believe in this hybrid federal-cum-separatist provisional West German Republic with its temporary "cultural capital" at Beethoven's birthplace. He shrewdly suspects all this to be as provisional as most of the Nazi setup was and as those who opposed Hitler knew it was all the time.

Your average German today after the blockade admires what Germans have long admired: the side that knows its own mind, says what it will do, and goes ahead and does it.

All this puts us Western Allies on the spot, because the German people still hope that we can give them something to believe in and work for — namely, a reasonable future.

In one year of the blockade we really made a West German economic entity. Henceforward, with or without Russian coöperation, our task is harder. It is to make that economic entity work so well that a social and political structure can be soundly raised on it, and can endure as the nucleus for an eventually reunited and democratic Germany.

None of us in the West ought at this crucial juncture in our post-war relations with Germany to kid ourselves into believing that Trizonia is a going concern, or even that it has a sound economic basis. It hasn't. And its own German leaders cannot give it one either, not by any purely German effort.



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Repartee

LETTERS TO AND FROM THE EDITOR

The Opal Whiteley Fund

Contributions for Opal Whiteley, who is now under treatment in a sanatorium in England and in desperate need of help, have been coming in steadily from loyal readers who remember her extraordinary diary, "The Story of Opal," which the *Atlantic* published in 1920. The Fund at this writing totals \$299, and we believe that others, especially in the Far West, will respond to the appeal which came to us from Miss Barbara Ward, Assistant Editor of the London *Economist*, who has befriended Miss Whiteley in her need. Checks should be drawn to Ellery Sedgwick, Treasurer, and sent to the Atlantic Monthly Company, 8 Arlington Street, Boston 16, Mass. — THE EDITOR

Resignation from Phi Kappa Psi

In the June *Atlantic* we published Alfred S. Romer's article, "The Color Line in Fraternities," speaking with indignation of the difficult situation which arose in Amherst after the pledging of Tom Gibbs. As a postscript to Dr. Romer's article, we now quote from his letter of resignation from the national fraternity Phi Kappa Psi. — THE EDITOR

Mr. C. F. Williams, Secretary
Phi Kappa Psi Fraternity
1940 East Sixth Street
Cleveland 14, Ohio

DEAR MR. WILLIAMS: —

I have felt a lifelong debt of gratitude to my Amherst fraternity, which was, until its expulsion this year, a chapter of Phi Kappa Psi. My connections with the national fraternity have not been as strong, but I had at least felt a mild pleasure

in association with an organization to which many fine men had belonged and whose supposed ideals were of the highest.

In recent months I have gone carefully over all evidence available to me of the actions of the present national officers in the persecution and eventual expulsion of my chapter following the pledging of Tom Gibbs last year. Review of their pitiful and disgusting performance has changed radically my feelings toward Phi Kappa Psi. I do not wish to be associated in any fashion with such a group as those now in control of the national fraternity, and ask that my name be taken off your records. . . .

It is, of course, your misfortune that Phi Kappa Psi . . . was the one whose moral standards happened to be placed on trial, for it seems clear that many another national fraternity would have been found equally wanting in ethics and decency, had it been put to the test.

This raises in one's mind the more general question as to whether national fraternity organizations have not outlived their usefulness. . . . The experience at Amherst suggests that there may be a real and profitable future for fraternities *locally*, as integral parts of a democratic college community. But the hold of national organizations over local fraternity groups appears (despite fine words) to be an unhealthy one. I understand that there have been many attempts in recent years by these national organizations to interfere, and not for the best, in the internal affairs of the colleges in which they have chapters. The present case is a particularly nasty example of such

interference, a deliberate attempt to lower the standards of a college body. Organizations following principles (declared or undeclared) of social and racial exclusiveness would have been more appropriate for Hitler's Germany than they are for democratic America.

Very truly yours,

ALFRED S. ROMER

Olivier, Freud, and Hamlet

SIR:

Extend to John Ashworth my profound gratitude for his article in the May *Atlantic* on Olivier's misinterpretation of Shakespeare's *Hamlet*.

Many of us resent the catchpen revisions (or reductions) of classic tales and the attempts to add to conventional (1890) "happy ending" to them for the better comfort of the subnormal intelligence.

JOHN H. COLE
Albany, N. Y.

SIR:

So complex a play as *Hamlet* admits of many interpretations. That of the Princeton scholar, Thomas M. Parrott, agrees substantially with Olivier's. Kittredge's was of course different, but he did not, despite his proprietary air, write the play. His ex-cathedra manner has at times led his disciples to assume that he was the only authorized interpretation of Shakespeare. Mr. Ashworth has the right to prefer Kittredge's, but he is hardly fair in charging that Olivier, using Freud, has invented a modern heretical version.

ERNEST EARNST
Temple University
Havertown, Pa.

SIR:

Mr. Ashworth's article raises the general question of the validity of applying modern psychological knowledge to the understanding of literary creations of the past.

I feel that the answer can lie only in the degree of greatness and intuitive insight of the specific author. The characters of a light drawing-room comedy of the twenties could hardly be studied except from a contemporary point of view. On the other hand, in the case of characters conceived by a supreme genius such as Shakespeare, who, as Granville-Barker has commented, appears to create in much the same way that Nature does, such an application appears entirely valid.

CHARLES K. HOFLING, M.D.
Topeka, Kan.

The Atlantic Pact

SIR:

May I be allowed the satisfaction of asking you to turn to the *Atlantic* for May, 1924, page 608, the six last lines on the page, written a quarter of a century ago?

RAMSAY TRAQUAIR
Guysborough, N.S., Canada

We share Mr. Traquair's satisfaction in the prophetic correctness of his article, "The Commonwealth of the Atlantic." The six lines to which he refers are:—

"The Commonwealth of the Atlantic is the fulfillment of our history; it is the greatest power that the world as yet seen, it exists even if we do not see it; and in it is our future."

—THE EDITOR

I Personally—

SIR:

In the June *Atlantic Repartee* I read with regret several letters charging a parishioner of mine, John P. Marquand, with religious heresy. I use the word "heresy" because the charges are obviously made by individuals whose religious frame of reference holds no place for deviation from their own standards as to the meaning of religion.

John P. Marquand is an active member of a church whose historic record in America is outstanding for its contributions to the social and political progress of our democracy as well as its appeal to those of rational faith.

He is a member of the parish, by laws, finance, and religious education

committees of my parish. He is a frequent attendant at services of worship, during which time he leaves his children at the church school in which his wife serves as a part-time teacher.

As a writer of realism he is performing an important educational function, but his realism has not embittered him toward spiritual matters. His spirituality, as I have noted, is not a verbal or dramatic display but rather is an all-pervasive attitude, worthy of Christian adjectives, in his life as father of a family, a community leader, and an active layman in the church of his choice.

After all, shall a man be judged to be lacking in "religion" for depicting life as he has found it, or for his failure to fit into the pattern of his readers' religious preferences!

REV. HEINZ RETTIG
Newburyport, Mass.

SIR:

That article in the May number by Stephen Potter, "Lifemanship, or How to Trip the Expert," was a most delightful extension of the principles of his *Gamesmanship* and the articles which he has developed in such a scholarly manner in the *Atlantic's* columns.

Even before you did us the favor of publishing that last article, I had thought of some points which on Mr. Potter's idea might go into "Debatesmanship, or How to Win Debates Without Debating." A few of these points (of course not arranged with Mr. Potter's skill and historical sense) are:—

"Our real difference is that you do not succeed in eliminating all selfish considerations from the discussion."

"No series of properly conducted experiments has yet demonstrated that honesty is the best policy."

"Of course anyone with your background would be bound to think that."

"I am sure that your grandfather used to think the same."

"I agree that one might think that, if all moral considerations are to be eliminated from the discussion."

"I am not arguing with you—I am merely trying to bring the discussion back to a sane basis of fact."

"Never forget the wise remark of Lord Acton: 'Those who most readily accept the new are those who least understand the old.'"

ARTHUR A. BALLANTINE
New York City

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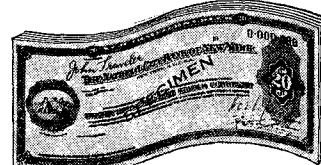
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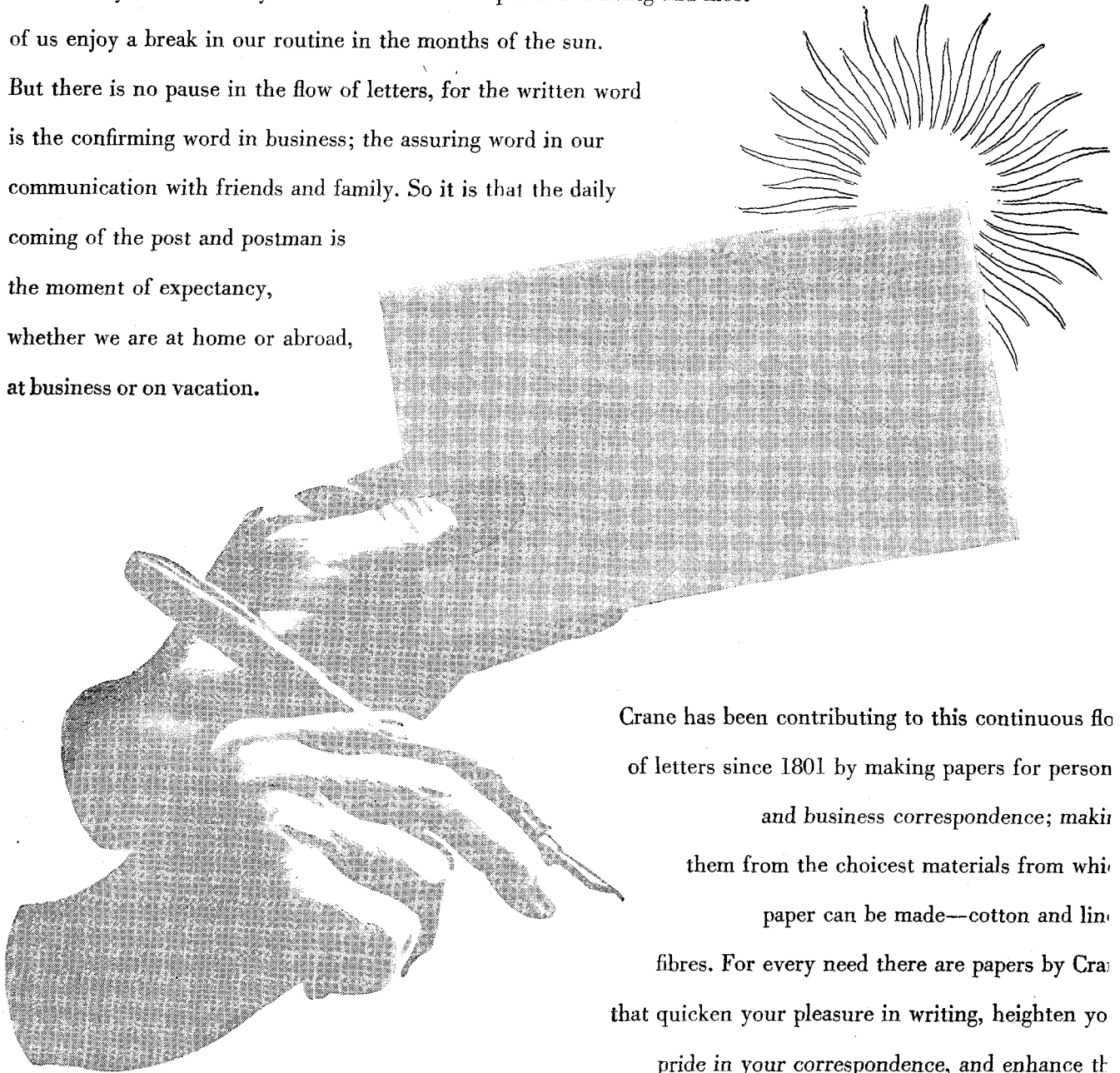
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The transcendent question facing the American people today is "What about Russia?" The Atlantic has invited the two leading writers on foreign and military affairs, WALTER LIPPMANN and HANSON W. BALDWIN, to discuss the situation realistically. Each has studied the possibility of war with Russia, each has weighed the cost and the alternative. Political economist and author whose widely read column has been syndicated by the New York Herald Tribune since 1932, Walter Lippmann has published three of his penetrating books under the Atlantic-Little, Brown imprint: The Good Society (1937), U. S. Foreign Policy (1943), and U. S. War Aims (1944).

THE RUSSIAN-AMERICAN WAR

by WALTER LIPPMANN

[THE military argument in this paper is a shortened but unexpurgated version of a lecture which I delivered early in April to officers attending the Air War College at Maxwell Field. I was speaking to men whose professional duty it is to prepare for war, and I was trying to make an objective and cold-blooded appraisal, as every responsible citizen must, of our fundamental policy towards Russia in the light of the military situation. — W.L.]

I BELIEVE there is no such thing as an all-purpose military doctrine, good for any kind of war. A special theory has to be formulated for the particular kind of war that a nation has reason to think it might have to fight.

Now it seems clear to me that our strategic air power would score heavily in a possible war with Russia. But that does not mean that strategic air power is a universal or absolute weapon good for any kind of military purpose that the nation might have to carry out.

It is useless, and indeed positively misleading, to debate doctrines of air power or of naval power or of land power as if there could be one general doctrine good against Germany, good against Japan, good for the Chinese civil war, good in Greece, and good against Russia. In our national security we shall have to develop a special theory of air power — one which defines correctly the uses and the

limitations of air power during a foreseeable period of time for a specific war with the Soviet Union.

Let us then remind ourselves why American military planning in relation to Russia, not in relation to anyone else, must be calculated in terms of air power.

The United States and its partner, Canada, are with respect to Russia and its satellites a continental island separated by the oceans and the polar ice from the Eurasian land mass. North America is for this generation, at least, superior in military technology and in industrial capacity. But North America is, and will continue to be, manifestly inferior in military manpower. Therefore, the American military establishment for a conflict with Russia must in the very nature of things be built around offensive weapons which can act at long range and do not require large numbers of men in the theater of war itself.

Strategic air power is obviously the only kind of military instrument which meets these fundamental specifications, and American military planning must, therefore, be built around it. For, as against the almost complete self-sufficiency of Russia, the command of the seas can never be decisive. It is necessary, to be sure, to have command of the seas in order to get near enough to Russia to wage war. But sea power cannot itself wage war against Russia as it did, for example, against Japan.

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Quite as evidently American military planning cannot be built around the ground armies. They too are necessary in order to hold and to capture positions required for the operation of air power. But no one can suppose that America could form, or that Americans could be so mad as to try to form, armies to fight the decisive campaigns of a war with Russia on the ground.

Consequently, strategic air power is the principal military instrument available to America which can be used with serious effect, be it to implement diplomacy in the cold war or to wage a shooting war. The American military establishment, American strategic planning, and American diplomacy have, therefore, to be adapted to and regulated by the requirements, the uses — and we must add at once the very great limitations — of strategic air power.

Now I come to some things which many airmen may not agree with. Having recognized the primacy of air power for America in relation to Russia, I am not at all of the opinion that we can or should accept the claims for air power advanced by the school of Douhet, Mitchell, and Seversky.

All that we can regard as certain is that strategic air power is indisputably the best military instrument available to us, to the United States, in this particular conflict of ours with Russia. But to say that it is the best instrument available to us is not to say that it is the perfect, the absolute, and the certain instrument, or that it can be used effectively and decisively to achieve any purpose which the State Department, the President, the Congress, or the people might happen to think was desirable.

I do not think it at all certain or even likely that strategic air power can be used to back a policy of compelling the Soviet Union to end the cold war by an unconditional surrender; that is to say, by agreement to all the political and ideological objectives which we should like to see attained and on which they and we are opposed to each other. Nor does it seem to me certain or even likely that we could terminate a shooting war with a surrender of the Russian Army, the liquidation of the Soviet regime, the transformation of Russia into a democracy, and the extirpation of Communism throughout the world.

2

STRATEGIC air power may be our very best available instrument and nevertheless be a limited instrument, effective only if employed to back up limited political objectives. In my view, given our geographical position and the fact that strategic air power is our best available instrument, we must take very good care that the policy for which we use it is suitable to its capabilities.

When we examine the use of air power as our principal military instrument in a conflict with the Soviet Union, we must distinguish between the de-

structiveness of air power and its decisiveness as a military and political weapon. We shall find, I believe, that air power can be employed more successfully to prevent a war than to win a war; that it can be used more effectively to deter aggression than to compel a retreat, to hold fast rather than to push forward. Air power will support a guarantee, as in the Atlantic Pact, against organized military aggression much more surely than it could enforce an ultimatum in a crusade against Communism. It can be used to tell the Russians what they may not do outside the orbit of their armies; it can be used with very uncertain effect to compel them to do anything inside the orbit of their armies. Thus, while air power is tactically the most offensive of all weapons, strategically it is only a deterrent weapon, and politically it is a defensive weapon.

This is not the orthodox doctrine of air power. The orthodox doctrine of the knockout blow by air power rests on the major premise that the enemy will present a fixed target: that its armed forces are surrounded, unable to retreat or advance; that its own industrial areas are in fact vital centers without which it can no longer attack or resist; and that its armies are incapable of capturing other vital centers which cannot be bombed.

When applied to Germany or to Britain or to France or to Italy in the war of 1914–1918, which is what Douhet and Mitchell were thinking about, the theory had a very high degree of plausibility. The British, living on an island, were surrounded by water and presented the fixed target which the knockout blow by air power assumes. France, with its back to the sea, and a superior German Army in front of it, was cornered and, therefore, liable to be knocked out.

Germany, on the basis of the 1914–1918 situation — that is to say, with a military front in the West which contained her — was also a fixed target. For had her cities been devastated, the only place into which the homeless people could have retreated was the overpopulated and industrially backward region of Eastern Europe. By the same token Japan with its large population living on islands proved in fact to be an ideal target for air power.

When, however, we apply the theory to Russia, we find that these postulates on which the theory rests cannot be taken for granted. The theory, as I said, supposes that the enemy can be cornered and then knocked out. But the very thing it is most difficult to do with the Russians is to corner them. Their territory is vast; it is one sixth of the surface of the globe. Were their principal cities, which are not large in number, destroyed, there would still be countless towns and villages in which the population could take refuge.

Moreover, their own territory is not surrounded. Their troops can march out of it in many directions. Above all, we must not forget that very considerable bodies of their troops are today well outside of

Russian territory, 500 miles west of their frontiers and in virtual possession of many great cities, from Berlin and Prague to Mukden and Shanghai. The Russians, therefore, are not cornered. The Russian cities are not the vital centers which the theory of a knockout blow by air power demands.

For when the theory speaks of vital centers, it means centers so vital that without them further resistance is impossible. In this sense of the term the Russian cities cannot be regarded as vital centers. Moreover, the Russians do not regard their cities as we or the French regard ours.

We must never allow ourselves to forget the historic defense of the Russians against an opponent who possesses superior military power. It has always been to abandon their cities, to scorch the earth, to evade his organized blows by retreating, and to wear him out by guerrilla warfare.

Now the Soviet leaders are not only Russians who remember how the Russians resisted Napoleon and Hitler. They are also revolutionary international Communists. And, as such, they are predisposed to the idea that Communism can be promoted in Berlin and in the Ruhr and in Paris, in Lorraine and in Rome, in Brussels and in Prague and in Warsaw, even if Moscow, Leningrad, Odessa, and the rest are bombed out. We must conclude that since the Russians cannot be cornered, the real objectives which General Mitchell had in mind do not exist in Russia. Therefore, it is not reasonable to believe that we could bring about the quick decisions which he taught could be had by the use of air power.

This re-examination of the standard doctrine of air power has shown, I believe, that the Douhet-Mitchell-Seversky theory, which was formulated between the two World Wars, is applicable in fact to wars of that type — namely, to wars in which the principal targets are presumed to be Germany, Great Britain, France, or Japan; to wars in which the enemy has not only lost command of the air over his territory but is cornered in that territory.

And so, while I repeat that I believe that our military establishment and our military planning and diplomacy must be built on the foundation of air power, I contend that the doctrine of air power, as formulated by Douhet and Mitchell, is obsolete for a war with Russia. If we do not reconstruct the doctrine, we shall once again, as the saying goes, be preparing for the next war with the methods and weapons which proved successful, or would theoretically have proved successful, in the last war.

3

I HAVE followed the public statements and propaganda of the Air Force in Washington, and I do not hesitate to say that in my view the American public and the Congress are being taught a doctrine of air power which would be sound enough if the hypo-

thetical enemy were Germany or Japan, but is dangerously misleading as respects Russia.

I realize, of course, that the Douhet-Mitchell-Seversky doctrine of quick decisions by the destruction of the vital centers is not accepted unreservedly by all airmen. But it is such a plausible theory, even if it is a wrong one, that I think it is fair to say it has come to dominate American thinking about the possible conflict with Soviet Russia.

For the American people would very much like to believe that there is a way of winning a decisive victory by a short war, fought with big machines and a small number of men. The fascination of the quick, decisive war, with few casualties for the victor, is irresistible. Reinforced by the invention of the atomic bomb, the intercontinental bomber, and the guided missile, the Douhet-Mitchell-Seversky theory exercises such sovereign influence upon public opinion that soldiers, diplomats, and public men are under strong pressure to accept it in shaping the grand strategy of any conflict with Russia.

If the theory were right, then when the air force was sufficiently equipped we could deliver an ultimatum calling upon the Soviet government to surrender unconditionally; and if it refused, we could compel the Soviet government by a short, sharp, and decisive war to agree to any terms — including its own dissolution — which the United States deemed it desirable, expedient, wise, or just to set down in the instrument of surrender.

But if, on the other hand, the theory is wrong, if it is reasonably certain that no such quick decision could be achieved by air power, then the air attack would be a gigantically destructive raid but it would be followed by a long-drawn-out, confused, unplanned and unplannable condition of violence and disorder of which no one could foresee the course, the character, the remedy, or the end.

So we have to make up our minds as to what air power is capable of doing against Russia. We have to make up our minds as to what kind of military instrument it is for a war with Russia. If it were the military instrument which the orthodox and popular air power doctrine says it is, then we could risk a diplomatic policy which made increasing demands upon the Soviet Union and culminated in an ultimatum and a demand for its unconditional surrender. But if air power is not an instrument which can compel a decision of that type, then a diplomatic policy based on the false assumption would result in the rejection of the ultimatum, leaving us with a choice of acknowledging a disastrous diplomatic defeat or of precipitating a war which we were able to begin but were not able to conclude.

I contend that no responsible statesman has a right to assume that there is even a reasonable probability that the raiding of Russian cities could conclude a war with Russia. When the great raids on the cities had been completed, he must still expect the Russians to continue to carry on the kind

of warfare to which they are conditioned by the military traditions of their wars against Napoleon and against Hitler — a kind of warfare in which, as Communists, they are peculiarly adept.

Indeed one might say that while guerrilla warfare is an old method of dealing with organized forces, which have superior weapons, the Communists are the first who have ever been well prepared in time of peace to wage guerrilla war. The Communist cells, the fifth columns, the partisan bands, the fellow travelers, the tactics of sabotage at critical points, the general atmosphere of secrecy and terrorism, are the guerrilla method in politics.

If, as Clausewitz put it, war is the continuation of politics with a mixture of other means, guerrilla war is the continuation of Communist politics. In occupied Europe and during the German invasion of Russia in 1941, the Soviet government and the Communists showed that they knew how to wage guerrilla war.

Therefore, when we make our plans, we should not think only about how it would suit us to wage war, but how the Russians would wage it. The Russians have devoted as much energy and conscious effort to preparing for guerrilla war, their traditional method of defending Russia and their method of promoting the Communist revolution, as the British ever devoted to the navy, or as we devote to the B-36's and to the atomic bomb.

There can be little question that, were the cities of the Soviet Union subjected to great raids, the reaction of the Soviet leaders, of the troops of the Red Army, and of the Communist civilians all over Europe would not be to surrender but to wage guerrilla warfare. For one thing, they would not believe it possible to surrender. In so savage a conflict, with the ideological issue so irreconcilable and so passionate, surrender would make Communists everywhere liable to arrest and in most parts of Europe to execution.

Moreover, to give up and surrender would not bring peace to the great mass of people who would be made homeless by the destruction of their cities, and would be faced with famine and unemployment by the dislocation of their industry. Their best hopes of individual survival would be as brigands and bandits infiltrating the less ruined regions of Europe and of Asia.

The question, therefore, which the conventional air power doctrine has to answer is whether there is any way in which air power could be employed so that effective guerrilla warfare could not be waged. I believe there is no way.

If the Red Army remained a force in being, even after the vital centers of Russia had been destroyed, then a long-drawn-out guerrilla war would be feasible and would have to be expected. We must assume, I contend, that the Red Army would still be a force in being. For Eastern Europe, from Berlin and Vienna to Helsinki and Bucharest, would be its

redoubt. It could not be expelled from that redoubt by air power even if we resorted to the unimaginable horror of destroying the nations we professed to be liberating. From that redoubt the Red Army could sally forth into the neighboring countries, into Scandinavia and the Middle East, into Italy and into Greece, into Western Germany and into Western Europe. It could sally forth, not necessarily as an organized force that could be engaged in a decisive battle, but as bands and raiding parties in conjunction with the Communist underground forces.

I think it would be well if we remembered the broadcast made by Stalin on July 3, 1941, after the initial break-through by the German armies: "In case of a forced retreat of Red Army units all rolling stock must be evacuated; to the enemy must not be left a single engine, a single railway car, not a single pound of grain or a gallon of fuel. Collective farmers must drive off their cattle and turn over their grain to the safekeeping of state authorities for transportation to the rear. All valuable property, including non-ferrous metals, grain, and fuel, which cannot be withdrawn must without fail be destroyed. In areas occupied by the enemy, guerrilla units mounted and on foot must be formed, diversionist groups must be organized to combat enemy troops, to foment guerrilla warfare everywhere, to blow up bridges, roads, damage telephone and telegraph lines, and to set fire to forests, stores, and transports. In occupied regions conditions must be made unbearable for the enemy and all his accomplices. They must be hounded and annihilated at every step and all their measures frustrated."

Therefore, I suggest that the strategists and planners of war by strategic air power need to study something more than whether bombers, radar, proximity fuses, and the other instruments of air power are technologically adequate. They need to study the little bands of men with tommy guns who, conducting guerrilla warfare, may be able to by-pass the air offensive. For it may well be that guerrilla warfare is to mechanized warfare what jiu-jitsu is to orthodox pugilism.

4

I HAVE spent much time emphasizing the limitations of air power. Where does this leave us? [What follows is a development of the conclusion of the original lecture — W.L.]

We are left, I think, with the balance of forces very considerably in our favor as we approach the time when, as Mr. Churchill once said, "the best chance of avoiding war [is] to bring matters to a head with the Soviet government and, by formal diplomatic processes, with all their privacy and gravity, to arrive at a lasting settlement."

The balance of military forces, reflecting as it does

the balance of all forces that could be brought to bear if the struggle cannot be dealt with by diplomacy, permits an acceptable accommodation. I am not talking about harmonious coöperation or about intimate collaboration, or about moral and spiritual agreement, but about an agreement to disagree, to live and let live. Often in history, that has proved to be the only outcome. Irreconcilably different ideological and political systems, though each contended that it was universal, have nevertheless come to rest in their own regions of the world.

The Soviet government knows that if there were war, its principal antagonist would be the United States, and that North America is for all practical purposes an invulnerable continental base. From that base immensely destructive, albeit indecisive, blows can be launched against Russia. Against it, against North America, no comparable blows can be launched from the Soviet Union. Within the foreseeable future which statesmen and strategists must consider there is no prospect that Russia can equal, much less surpass, the American power to deal out destruction at long range. For some years to come the United States can strike without being struck. If and when the time comes that we can be struck at all, our power to strike immensely harder blows will have been multiplied and magnified.

Therefore, the United States possesses the power to deter military aggression. It can prohibit the use of the armies of the Soviet Union against all the countries which the United States chooses to guarantee against armed attack. The Red Army cannot march beyond its present lines without precipitating a war with the United States. In that war the United States cannot be conquered by the Red Army. It cannot even be seriously attacked by any forces the Soviet Union possesses. If, therefore, the Kremlin were to decide to launch an aggressive war, it would be challenging an antagonist to a mortal conflict, knowing that the war against him cannot be won and that he cannot even be wounded.

But though this is an immense advantage in our favor, we must measure it accurately. The power to deter armed aggression is a limited power. It enables us to prohibit the expansion of the Soviet orbit and of the Communist revolution by *Russian military power*. It enables us to limit the conflict outside the orbit of the Red Army to a struggle waged by political, economic, moral, intellectual, and spiritual means. That is a great deal. But it is not everything. And if we were to exaggerate the effectiveness of our military power, thinking it can do more than deter armed attack, it would cease to be even deterrent.

For the power to deter is effective only if the nation at which it is directed has been convinced that it will not be struck if it refrains from striking. If the Russians should be seriously convinced, by their own propaganda, that the United States was planning to attack them even if they did not attack, then

our power would cease to be deterrent. If the Kremlin really should come to believe — I am not talking about what its propagandists pretend to believe — that our air power and our atomic weapons will be used not only to deter Soviet military aggression but to destroy the Russian cities and the Soviet regime, then they will not be deterred. If they believe our power is aimed not at what they may do, but at what they are, that we plan to destroy them and not merely to hold them, then they will be provoked. They will be men who expect to be hanged if they do, and hanged if they don't. They will have nothing further to gain by agreement and nothing to lose by aggression.

Therefore our power to deter military aggression by the Soviet Union can be deemed effective only if we succeed in eliminating the idea of a preventive and of an inevitable war, only if our diplomacy succeeds in presenting a clear alternative to war.

That alternative must in the nature of the case be a negotiated settlement in which, as Europe is liberated, the survival of the Soviet government and the security of the historic Russian homeland are not threatened by the power of the United States and of its allies in the Atlantic Community. If we make the issue one of Soviet survival and of Russian security, if the terms of the settlement we propose are unconditional surrender, then from the Soviet point of view and from the Russian point of view, the risks of war will be less than the consequences of appeasement. For then they will believe that war, however destructive, will still be indecisive, and that if they must go down, they will take all Europe down with them. They will believe that in the ensuing chaos their own chances of survival will be as good as anyone else's chances.

For these reasons our strategical doctrine cannot support commitments to unlimited aims — such as the triumph of democracy over communism throughout the world, the overthrow of the Soviet system, or the forcible erection of free states upon the ruins of the totalitarian police states. The State Department and the Pentagon can aim only at a settlement with the Soviet government and its allies. That settlement must aim to make freedom and democracy, where they now exist, more secure. It must aim by negotiation — which means by compromise, inducements, and by pressure — to terminate the military partition of Europe. But these aims can be achieved only by recognizing the vital interests of Russia as well as the vital interests of our friends and of ourselves, and of admitting that the world will have to be big enough to let differing systems of life and of government exist side by side.

If we attempt more than that we shall bring destruction upon ourselves and upon the world. Cold wars cannot be conducted by hot heads. Nor can ideological conflicts be won as crusades or concluded by unconditional surrender.



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WHAT KIND OF WAR?

by HANSON W. BALDWIN

1

THE prophets of doom — of a new Armageddon of atomic bombs and hurtling bombers — are loud in the land these days. The issue seems to be settled; most Americans take it for granted that a war with Russia is likely and that the atomic bomb will certainly be used; the only unknown is the date. Even the President who believes that his policies will restore stability to the world, and who cherishes the hope that history may know him as the peacemaker, brandished an atomic bomb a few weeks ago. If war comes, we would not hesitate — he said — to use it.

There is, I think, a basic fallacy in this thinking — a fallacy so major that unless corrected it might well undermine our hopes for a quick victory if war should come, and our aspirations for a more stable peace after victory. The nation's dangerous war psychosis, which has a good bit of the chip-on-the-shoulder attitude of the belligerent but frightened small boy, is delivering us into the hands of the political demagogues and bomb-rattling Douhets; we think war; we talk war and the bomb, but we never pause to figure out what the objective of a war with Russia should be.

Yet it is very clear that in a war with Russia, in any war, the kind of war we should fight should depend upon the objectives of the war — the kind of peace we want. We are putting the cart before the horse; we are following the same policies that we did in World War II — the goal victory, unconditional surrender, blitzkrieg — with no eye to the long grim road that lies ahead after the bombs are dropped and the radioactive ruins have shrouded the dead. If we fight a war with victory as the only objective; if we fight a war without first spelling out the political aims of the conflict, we can lose the peace again — as we have done twice in the last thirty years. The kind of peace we want dictates the manner of war we fight.

This is so self-evident that it should require no great emphasis, yet Americans always have been wishful thinkers and politically credulous people who have fought wars without knowing what they were fighting for. Wistful aspirations have too often been substituted for hard-headed political aims; we have seldom seen beyond victory. If we are to avoid the mistakes of the past, therefore, we must formulate first the things we want to fight for; only then can we determine the way we want to fight. In other words, sound military strategy stems from national policy, not vice versa.

If a war with Russia should come, what should be the objective of victory; what are our national aims? Do we want a Carthaginian peace? We might judge so from the *delenda est Carthago* threats of our Douhets and the incendiary words of some of our Congressmen. Is our objective to make Russia a desert, to tumble down the walls of the Kremlin, of Moscow, of Leningrad, of Rostov, of a score of cities, into the shards and dust of destruction, to plow the ruins and salt the fields? Is the aim of war against Russia annihilation of as much of the enemy population as possible and unbridled devastation and destruction?

These questions surely answer themselves. No war of attempted annihilation in history — save, perhaps, the destruction of Carthage by Rome — has resulted in a more stable peace, and Carthage was a compact city-state; Russia is a vast “heartland” of 200 million people. We professed in the Wilsonian days, and in the recent trials, that our enemies were not peoples but the tyrants who ruled over them and the totalitarian ideologies they espoused; it would be hard by any amount of rationalization and on any basis of expediency to justify a war whose objective was primarily destruction, devastation, and slaughter.

There is no moral or ethical aim to a war of an-

ihilation, nor could such a conflict be said to have aught but a negative political objective; certainly no such war could lead to a just peace or to a stable peace.

A war of annihilation, with the crushing consequences such a conflict would have upon the economy of the world and the world's political structure, could not help creating problems equal to, or worse than, those we now face. The wanton slaughter of millions — even if in the name of righteousness — would scarcely contribute to stability, much less to the triumph of ethics or justice; nor could we expect that political moderation — that antipathy for extremes which is the strength of the Anglo-Saxon democracies — would be fostered by such an aim. A war of annihilation is politically a senseless war, morally a reprehensible one.

What of the alternative aim of Balkanization? If Russia is not to be devastated as the Mongols once devastated Europe, should we not aim to split her into pieces, to amputate her provinces, to truncate her territory? But we do not want territory, and Balkanization always has led in past history to irredentism, to chauvinism and friction and future trouble. The greater part of the Soviet states proper have been Russian for centuries; it would be unjust ethnically and historically and politically to carve the Russian state into small bits. It would be, moreover, a most difficult and most impractical undertaking which would require the occupation of Russia — the largest land mass in the world — for years, and the constant policing of troubled artificial borders. Balkanization could provide the tinder for a fourth great war; it certainly would not lead to a more stable peace.

What, then, should be our peace aims? Are we out to loot Russia's treasures, to put an ikon in every fourth living room in America? Do we want the oil of the Caucasus, the minerals of the Donbas, the wealth of the Urals? The somewhat impatient answer is obvious: we do not covet any of these.

Our national aim in a war with Russia is — or should be — clear. The fangs of Russia should be drawn; that is, the power of the Soviet states to expand at the expense of their neighbors should be hobbled, and the aggressive expansionist philosophy of the Soviet Union eliminated. In practical political terms this means, I think, at least, two things: —

1. The monopoly of the Communist Party upon the governmental structure of Russia and her satellites must be broken, and the false appeal of Communist dogma refuted.

2. All territories and all nations that Russia has enslaved or occupied must be freed and Russia must return to her traditional frontiers.

The practical definition of these aims in terms of frontiers and peoples would not be easy; peace aims are never easy. The Baltic states and the Polish frontier would be but two of the problems, and

the Ukrainian separatist movement, always strong throughout the centuries, might present another major issue. There might well be added, moreover, a third requirement — the disarmament of Russia. This, however, should surely be a condition of military victory, not *per se* a peace aim, or we have forgotten the lessons of the past; for no victorious cabal, remaining armed itself, can ever force permanent disarmament upon the vanquished and hope for a more stable peace.

The essence of our peace objectives if a war with Russia occurs should be to eliminate the threat of aggression which, by virtue of the marriage of Communist ideology with Russian power, now casts a long shadow across the world. We can, I think, carry the argument one step further; these should not only be the national objectives if a hot war — a shooting war — starts, but they should be the national objectives of the existing cold war.

2

THESE objectives are not easily attained, but we can make the ultimate goal harder and more difficult to achieve, or easier to reach, by the methods we use.

Two principles can guide us in the determination of these methods: (1) You do not defeat ideas with a sword. (2) Unbridled devastation leads to economic misery and political extremism.

These principles suggest that in cold or hot war we should emphasize political and psychological and economic methods. The old principle of war — concentration upon the objective — demands the focusing of our efforts upon totalitarian Communism and upon Russian military power — the threat of Russia to the world — not the dispersion of our effort by an attack upon the Russian people.

There are, obviously, many weaknesses in the seemingly monolithic façade of Communism; the fissures of Titoism are widening in many of the Iron Curtain countries, and even in the Kremlin itself the death of Stalin, almost certain to occur within the next five to ten years, will exacerbate the differences that already exist in the Politburo and may produce, in the subsequent "palace" struggle for power, another Trotsky-like split and perhaps numerous defections. The peoples of the Soviet Union are not without their own differences; there are racial, religious, and nationalist minorities in Russia and dissidents such as the Ukrainians and the Don Cossacks who object to the rule of the Russians as much as to the rule of Communism. There are, after all, only about 6 million members of the Communist Party in Russia, a nation of perhaps 200 million and only about 120 million Russians; the rest are a medley of races with their own cultures, traditions, and histories, their own nationalist aspirations.

The above facts, which are not subject to suc-

cessful challenge, suggest that in cold or hot war we should try to drive a political, moral, and psychological wedge between the government and the peoples; that we should particularly encourage the oppositionism — underground but definite — in the Iron Curtain countries, and the separatism and nationalism of the Ukrainians and other minorities within Russia.

Lest such measures seem to be a weak reed for us to lean upon — and it is not suggested, of course, that these should be the *only* measures we should take — it might be well to remember that failure to exploit these Soviet weaknesses probably cost Germany the war, and that Ukrainian guerrillas, bearing arms against the Soviet government, still are fighting — though in small numbers — in the forests of this vast region.

Records produced at Nuremberg demonstrate that in the fall of 1941 the Nazi Party, disregarding objections by the German Army, transformed the invasion of Russia into brutal war against the whole Soviet people. The party, instead of the Army, took over the military government of conquered areas, ruled with a rigid hand, and tried to crush the slightest spark of opposition with more and more repression. Hundreds of thousands of Soviet soldiers surrendered with little fighting, and scores of thousands — including the Soviet general Vlasov — deserted to the German side in the first months of war; but instead of encouraging this spontaneous revulsion against Communist totalitarianism, instead of actively fostering by all possible means a Ukrainian separatism, instead of acting as liberators, not conquerors, the Nazi Party, by its war of annihilation and its cruelty to Soviet prisoners and to the conquered areas of Russia, consolidated the opposition of all Soviet peoples and kindled the flame of hate, which later devoured the Reich.

The foregoing indicates, at the very least, the great importance of the political, the psychological, and the moral in any conflict with Russia. Yet it is precisely these factors which our present concentration upon the atomic bomb — first as the primary means of deterring Russia from aggression; second as a weapon of victory in war — tends to subordinate. The bomb has become the cure-all, the white hope of American foreign and military policy.

Perhaps it justifies this reputation. It is a terrific weapon; certainly it is more than just another bomb, though it is not the “absolute” weapon. Given *enough* atomic bombs and assuming they could be delivered to their targets — both major assumptions — there is no doubt they could create a desert of rubble out of a modern city civilization, even in a large country.

But it might well be that wholesale atomic assault upon the Russian people, rather than upon the Kremlin and the Politburo, would tend to

consolidate the Soviet peoples instead of splitting them. Certainly we could not much hope to profit from the fissures in the Russian political structure if on the one hand we proclaimed we came to liberate, and on the other we slaughtered promiscuously millions of Soviet citizens — men, women, and children — regardless of their political beliefs or ethnic backgrounds or aspirations for freedom. In other words, the military weapon — if that weapon were unlimited atomic attack — might not complement our political and psychological warfare; as a matter of fact, even now in the cold war, there are strong evidences that the *threat* of the atomic bomb has been used by the Kremlin to unify the Soviet *masses*.

It is quite clear that atomic warfare — unless most sparingly used and unless the targets were most carefully selected — would fit into that category of senseless slaughter which so many authorities have rightfully condemned. If the aim of war be a more stable and just peace, promiscuous atomic bombardment cannot possibly contribute to that end. Even today, only four years after the war, the seeds of a new neo-Fascism are sprouting in the bomb-ruined cities of Germany, and economically impoverished Japan is turning slowly toward extremism of left and right.

3

THE primary question of atomic strategy is always the same: Will the atomic bomb stop the Red Army? If it will not, if — despite our devastation and destruction of scores of Russian cities — the Red Army marches into Western Europe, then certainly we are undone. Gone are the hopes of a quick-and-easy victory, of a “three weeks war”; gone, too, are the objectives of victory, the very objectives we are working for today — the preservation of Western Europe’s free political traditions, large economic resources, and cultural and historical and spiritual institutions from the clutching hand of extremism.

There is pretty general military agreement that the Red Army can move into Western Europe, despite our possession of the atomic bomb. The bomb is not a good weapon against dispersed land armies; land armies can best be immobilized and their forward movement stopped by opposing land forces with great firepower and high mobility, supported by tactical air power — fighters, fighter bombers, and light bombers, blasting with conventional bombs at bridges, railroad choke points, roads, and the enemy’s supply lines and advancing spearheads. The sort of interdiction used in Normandy is a classic example of the use of tactical air power to slow down and immobilize a ground army, yet even with the overwhelming air superiority we enjoyed there, the stoutness and duration of the German defense and the successful retreat of

the Germans to the Westwall attest the difficulty of interdicting an army by air power.

The advocates of the atomic bombardment of Russia do not contemplate the tactical use of atomic bombs against advancing Soviet forces; the atomic bomb is too precious and there are too few of them to warrant their attempted use against the well-nigh innumerable tactical targets. A bomb dropped in the Rhine at a key point might spread radioactivity over a fairly wide adjacent area and might contaminate the lower portions of that river for some time, but anyone who has seen the Russians clear mine fields — with their men as the human detonators — knows that this would not stop the Red Army; they would take their losses and keep moving.

The use of atomic bombs against the Russian home front, against Soviet cities, supply centers, oil supplies, factories, and nodal communication points in Russia, such as Moscow, would, however — some observers hold — hamstring the Red Army. The destruction of the factories in the rear would turn off the sluice valve of supplies; oil supplies would dry up; the destruction of railroad centers would cripple transportation. So the theory goes. Yet even the most hopeful theorists do not believe that this will halt the Red Army; while Soviet cities are being destroyed the Soviet armies will be taking over Western Europe's cities.

But once in possession of Western Europe, it is held, these armies would be helpless; they would become more of a loosely organized rabble than an army; they would "wither on the vine" as did the beleaguered Japanese garrisons on the by-passed islands of the Central Pacific.

There are several fallacies in this assumption. In the first place, the effects of strategic bombing are those of attrition; the strength of an opponent is gradually worn down; the bombardment of rear area installations is not immediately felt in the field. In other words, there would be a time-lag between the destruction of Russian factories and the drying-up of Russian front-line supplies — perhaps a long time-lag.

Destruction of home-front supply bases would have less effect on the Soviet Army than on a Western Army. For the Soviet Army, unlike conventional Western armies, lives to a large extent off the country; it utilizes captured supplies and does not depend solely or primarily on conventional systems of transportation. The advance of the Soviet Army is like the advance of a horde of locusts; its men move on foot, by horseback, clinging to tanks or buses, flatcars, trucks, in carriages, on mules, and in farm carts driving herds of cattle before them. The Soviet Army is much less motorized, and except for its heaviest equipment depends less upon railroads, than the Western armies; its mobility is built upon human and animal muscle-power.

These facts are not comforting, therefore, to those who believe that atomic bombing would bring about a quick Russian collapse and would isolate the Red armies in Western Europe and force them to "wither on the vine" quickly. But even if the atomic bombardment of Russia should produce fairly rapid deterioration in the fighting power of the Red Army, that would be of small comfort to Paris and Brussels and The Hague, overrun by the Mongol and the Tartar and the loosely disciplined fierce men from the plains of Central Asia. Would such soldiers, knowing that the cities of their homelands were being destroyed behind them, be prone to offer mercy to the inhabitants of the West, or would there be sack and pillage and rapine unparalleled for centuries? Moreover, once taken, are not Paris and Western Europe hostages for Moscow and Leningrad? Would we bomb Paris with atomic bombs?

I think not, and I think that the Russian occupation of Western Europe would mean, inevitably, not a short quick war, but a long and arduous one. The outcome would be certain; the United States and its allies with their greatly superior industry would eventually win, but at what cost! The reconquest of Western Europe by invasion, by land armies, would probably be necessary, and the red tide of war would tend inevitably to lap over three continents. It is precisely this — invasion — which Western Europe fears, and it would be precisely this — invasion — that would bring down into dust and ashes all we have been working to prevent since World War II, and all our aspirations for a better and more stable peace.

4

If the atomic bomb cannot stop the Red Army, what can?

The answer is not simple, but compound. The bomb cannot halt the Red Army short of Western Europe once that army has started to move, but as Winston Churchill says, it has been of persuasive value in influencing the men of the Kremlin not to order the Red Army's advance. Yet it is immediately clear that the deterrent value of the atomic bomb will progressively have less and less importance as Russia stockpiles bombs. She has none today, and the chances are that the United States will retain its atomic energy lead — quantitatively and qualitatively — for years to come. And even if Russia should produce her first bomb by 1952 — the "deadline" usually mentioned — one bomb of hers against several hundred bombs of ours would have little strategic meaning.

As both sides stockpile bombs, the strategic advantage of the larger stockpile steadily diminishes. It would be small comfort to us to have 1000 atomic bombs if Russia had 100. The deterrent value of the bomb, under such circumstances,

would be considerably less than it is now, for we would be certain to face retaliation in kind if we used it to halt Russian aggression; whereas Russia would probably not employ it against us — thus provoking our retaliation — so long as our numerical superiority was pronounced.

It is because in time we shall lose our atomic advantage, and because the atomic bomb will not halt the Red Army today, that the measures we have undertaken to restore some balance of power in Europe are of such pressing importance. That balance of power *must* be restored before Russia acquires a sizable stockpile of atomic bombs.

Any policy we follow must be a policy of calculated risk. The great danger is that we might try to follow the will-o'-the-wisp of absolute security — to disaster. The bones of nations that have tried to be too strong litter the graveyards of history. For a time in 1948, there was some danger that we might make this mistake; the military programs then outlined — and for a time supported by Congress — almost led to military expenditures of 20 to 30 billion dollars a year. This danger — the danger of trying to erect “impregnable” Maginot Lines whether of dollars, planes, or tanks — still exists but not in the acute form of a year ago.

The measures that will stop the Red Army, that will contain — and perhaps in time destroy — Communism, that will contribute to our national objectives, that will lead to a more stable peace, are not only, and not primarily, military in nature, but political, economic, psychological, and moral. We are trying to fill in the great political vacuums left by the war, to rehabilitate war-torn and war-ravaged nations, to give them some national self-respect by helping them to be self-supporting and self-protecting. Until these things are done, there will be no peace.

The first pillar in this program was the ECA, with emphasis on the ERP of it — not a program to be recommended to widows and orphans, but one without which Western Europe would have had no chance of resisting the onslaughts of Communism. The second pillar was the Atlantic Pact, political backing for Western Europe. The third and fourth pillars are military: lend-lease arms aid to Europe, and U.S. rearmament. The fifth pillar is moral and psychological: a reaffirmation of faith in the American ideal and assurance of U.S. support for all free institutions.

Obviously there must be balance in the development of this structure or it cannot develop into an edifice of peace. If the military phases are overweighted, they may promote what we are trying to avoid — war. If the economic is underweighted there could be disaster. Without psychological and political backing there is no meaning to the whole program.

The Atlantic Pact, the lend-lease arms program, and a strong United States are essential elements

of this structure. Europe cries for security. No economic measures can succeed unless European capital has faith in Europe's future; the continual fear of sudden invasion would force the continued flight of capital from the continent. The Atlantic Pact gives some measure of political security to Europe; it means, in effect, that the United States will enter any war brought about by Russian aggression. The arms-aid program and our own rearmament give military backing to this political “guarantee.”

Neither, of course, provides absolute security for the United States or for Western Europe; there is no such thing. But the Atlantic Pact, our own rearmament, and the arms-aid program — if properly implemented — can provide some relief from the insecurity which has pervaded Europe these past two years.

5

SINCE 1945 the real deterrent to the Red Army has been the presence of American troops in Germany, Austria, and Trieste, and the certainty that Soviet aggression in Europe would implicate the U.S.S.R. in a war against the most powerful industrial nation on earth, the United States.

Today Russia could probably start an invasion of the West (without any additional mobilization) with some fifty divisions and considerable tactical air superiority. Western Europe might be able to oppose this aggression with ten to fifteen divisions (including the equivalent of two U.S. divisions in Germany) and tactical air power grossly inadequate to the task of interdicting any army. It is these weaknesses in ground and close-support air power that our own rearmament plus European rearmament should remedy. Twenty-five to forty highly trained, mobile, excellently equipped divisions, plus considerable tactical air superiority, could stop the initial rush of the Red Army at the line of the Rhine — stop it at least long enough to permit mobilization and the dispatch of U.S. reinforcements. Forty divisions are impossible now — will not be possible for some time to come — but this *is not* an impossible eventual goal and we must provide a steady increment of military strength for Western Europe. As the years pass, ground and air power, armed with the new weapons, organized for the new tactics of tomorrow, must be prepared to substitute for the atomic bomb — in Western Europe — as a major *military deterrent* to war.

This does not mean, of course, that the Navy is unimportant. Control of the seas must be the basis of all our strategy; without it we cannot defend America. The United States and its Western allies have tremendous sea superiority today — an advantage we must be careful to maintain — but we have no such advantage on land or in close-range tactical air power. Yet until an adequate

ground and air force is built up in Europe, a balance of power cannot really be restored.

We have taken the first slow, painful steps toward the development of such a force today, but there are many who feel that the emphasis is insufficient, the plans too limited. The arms-aid program, it is true, stresses land power and tactical air power. But the scope of the latter development in particular is set in too modest a frame — all the more so since the U.S. tactical air strength is largely a shell, and present plans do not indicate the likelihood of quick improvement.

The overriding emphasis upon the atomic bomb and upon strategic air power is tending to subordinate tactical air power, close-support air power — the kind of air power that prohibits surface movement and stops ground armies. Our tactical air power today is the neglected stepchild of the Air Force; only the Navy, for its specialized purposes, has an efficient but small surface support arm.

The plain truth is that the United States today, on the eve of a crucial five years which may determine peace or war, has not formulated adequately our national objectives, nor have we even seriously considered any strategy that is not atomic strategy. The assumption that we will use the bomb to defeat Russia is the basic assumption underlying the dominant strategic concept that, with the advent of Louis Johnson as Defense Secretary, has now gained ascendancy, and it is the basic assumption underlying much of our political thinking.

It is in my opinion a dangerously oversimplified assumption; certainly neither our military nor our political planning ought to be based purely on one assumption. *We must have alternative strategies.* It may be, unhappily, that we shall be forced to use the bomb, but perhaps it can be avoided; as time passes and Russia acquires an atomic stockpile, we shall almost certainly find it to our advantage to avoid it. But even if we do use it, *how* we use it and against *what targets* deserve far more careful consideration than they have yet received. Our strategical thinking and our political thinking must not be imprisoned within an atomic concept.

It is clear that the military effectiveness of any atomic strategy depends first upon the number of

bombs available, and second upon the number of bombs the enemy has — and also upon a great many other space, distance, and defense factors. Today our political planners — and even many of our key military planners — not only have to guess at Russia's atomic potential, but they do not know how many bombs the United States possesses. A powerful argument can be made, as Senator McMahon has suggested, for stating that the secret has been too well kept; it is difficult to formulate sound military or political strategy without knowing the numbers of bombs available. This is the second lesson; we must not only plan alternative strategies, but *at least our top political and military planners — and perhaps sooner or later the world — ought to know the numbers of bombs on hand.*

The inevitable conclusion of such thinking and such planning and of a proper consideration of *numbers* of bombs as well as of the power of a bomb may well lead us to policies which may tend to *limit war*, if not to prevent it.

But above all, if we do put the horse where it belongs: before the cart; if we formulate national objectives and peace policies before we determine war strategy, we shall surely emphasize those factors now too often neglected which, if emphasized, could avert war. *Political, economic, and psychological weapons, properly used, are more potent persuasion than the threat of an atom bomb.*

For the past three years we have been engaged in a cold war with Russia. The threat of the atom bomb and the long shadow of military force always have loomed in the background, but the principal factors in this cold war have been political, economic, and psychological, and it is precisely where we have used these weapons wisely (Western Europe) that we have succeeded in containing the menace of Communism, and it is precisely where we have neglected them and have overemphasized military force that we have met checkmate or defeat (Greece and China). Russia and her satellites have great political weaknesses and we possess enormous economic strength. Let us lead from strength to weakness. If we do so, if we win the political, economic, and psychological war already joined, there need be no shooting war.



I Personally

RICHARD P. BISSELL is a young Harvard graduate who holds a pilot's license on the Monongahela and the Mississippi. He learned the river first as deck hand, then as Mate, and finally as Pilot; he knows the river towns and what goes on when the barges and the towboat are tied up and the crew is up the bank. The Coal Queen was his first towboat as Pilot, and his account of his adventures aboard her in the upper reaches of the Monongahela has been selected by the Atlantic editors for one of the I Personally Awards.

THE "COAL QUEEN"

by RICHARD P. BISSELL

I

I PLUGGED up and down the Illinois River for a couple of years as deck hand on the towboats, hauling coal from Havana up to Joliet, and then in the drainage canal up to Chicago, and the draft board took the second mate, so Captain Bloodworth called me up to the pilothouse and said, "You're the new second mate." I took my paper suitcase out of the pigpen and up to the mates' room, and one thing sure, that mates' room smelled better than the deck hands' bunkroom, and even had a light in the bunk to read by, and a clean blanket with no fuel oil or coal ground into it. You go out and carry ratchets and chains and those hundred-foot lock lines for a while and you will understand what I felt like to be a mate. I couldn't have felt any better if they'd made me governor of the state.

I was mate there for over a year. We brought up a lot of coal from down below, and if summer nights in the canal weren't much of a treat to the nose, and winter nights pulling ice cakes out of the lock gates weren't very romantic, still it was a hundred and forty-five a month and all you could eat, and ten days off with pay every forty, a good tavern near the dock at Joliet, and the boat was a home.

One afternoon a few weeks before Christmas when the wind from Lake Michigan was slicing down through the frame houses and factories, we had just tied off six loads at the Joliet landing and the shore watchman came hunting me up where I was having coffee in the galley.

"Ole Murphy he wants to see you up in the office," he said. "My, I wisht I was a big mate so's I could set in the galley drinkin' coffee."

"You wanna make this trip down river and back for me?" I said.

"I gotta get back," he said.

I went up to the office and Helen, the new office girl with the glasses, told me to go right in, that Captain Murphy was waiting for me.

"Not that I think you'll ever amount to a damn," says Murphy looking out the window at the canal

with a sour look, "but the pilot on the *Coal Queen* fell off a barge last night and got himself drowned like a jackass and the boat is tied up. Now you go and pack up and take the train for Morgantown — you can be there tomorrow afternoon."

"Okay," I said, feeling a little dizzy. "But I'm no pilot, and where in hell is Morgantown? I never heard of it."

"West Virginia," he said. "Monongahela River. You stand a few watches and you'll either be a pilot or in the nut house. Now get goin'. Expense money from Miss Rundel."

"I never knew the company had boats way over there," I said.

"There's a lot of other things you don't know," he said, "but don't let the strain injure your brains."

A couple of days later, after missing a train in Pittsburgh and other incidents, including a big drunk and a black eye and a girl from Donora called Hazel, I got off a crummy old day coach and there I was in Morgantown, and a guy comes up and says, "Are you Bissell?"

"Yes, I am, and where is the boat?"

He loaded me in his car and said we would go out to the landing and I could go to work right away, they had only been doing day work since the pilot drowned — the captain was working days and they tied up nights.

We came down across some tracks toward the river and I noticed a little old dirty boat with a telescoping pilothouse and a single stack, a piece of marine junk overdue for the scrap yard.

"Who owns that palatial yacht?" I said.

"Why, that's the *Coal Queen*," he said. "That's the boat."

"Uh-huh," I said. "Well, let's you and me go right down to the depot again. I can probably still get a train out this afternoon."

"Why," says the shore boss looking hurt, "what's the matter?"

"Why, man oh man, I just came off the *Inland*

Coal, 1350 horsepower Atlas Imperial. What makes you think I'm gonna live in this old converted oil drum?" I said. "Look at the stack, tied up there with baling wire. Look at that deck — looks like Blum's junk yard. Look at them tow knees all bunged over. And what are them two dwarfs standin' there all over coal dust? Deck hands, I suppose, or is that the captain and chief engineer?"

Well, I went aboard. What the hell, it was awfully cold back on the *Illinois*. I pretty near changed my mind again once I got aboard though. What a layout. First place, all the officers, the deck hands, and the cook slept in one bunkroom in a great pile of bunks, suitcases, pillows with no pillowcases, shoes, overalls, comic books, oily blankets, newspapers, shaving cream, oilskins, dirty socks, orange peel, cigarette butts, coffee cups, underwear, rubber boots, foot powder, razors, *Western Stories*, and cough syrup. And in order to get the most benefit out of all this, the system was to keep all the windows sealed tight and get an oil-soaked engineer and a couple of ripe deck hands in there, get the cook to fire up his pipe with some Plough Boy, turn the stove up high, and leave the whole thing to simmer for six hours at a time.

I opened the door and went in the bunkroom. A slim, swarthy-looking bird with curly hair and a sheik mustache was lying on a bunk reading *Blue Beetle Comics* and smoking cigarettes; he had his shirt off and his shoes off and his feet resting politely on the pillow of the next bunk.

"Ain't this here *Blue Beetle* the god-damnedest?" he said to me as I set down my case and lit a *Revelation* to kill some of the smell.

"They sent me over here to go pilot," I said. "Where's the captain at?"

"What a shame," he answered. "Now we got to go to work again. My it's been peaceful here since Happy drowned."

"You the captain?" I asked.

"I'm it," he said. "Ain't it the berries? What boat you come off of?"

"The *Inland Coal*," I said.

"Finding it kind of a shock so far, hey, buddy?" he said. He got up and stretched, and reached over and poked some old boy asleep in a bunk across from him and hollered, "Gas! Get the hell outa there. Here's the new pilot aboard and that's his bunk from now on. Come on, Gas, you'll hafta double up with National."

This deck hand was in between the sheets in his work clothes — an old pair of greasy pants and a check wool shirt — and even had his shoes on. You can imagine what a deck hand's shoes have to put up with in the way of oil, coal dust, water, mud, grease, and paint in a six-hour watch, so you can picture the sheets easily enough. He rolled out and fell on another bunk about four feet away.

"Where'd that guy get a name like 'Gas'?" I said.

"Come on up to the pilothouse," says the captain. "Why, that's because he comes from Edna Gas."

"Maybe I better go home," I said. "What's Edna Gas?"

"Why, man, it's one of these here coal mines up river a ways. That's his home. His ole man is blacksmith at the mine."

We got up in the pilothouse. There was just barely room for the two of us, quite a change from the big roomy pilothouses I was used to, with benches, chairs, stoves, water coolers, and so on.

"Hey, National," the captain hollered, sliding the windows back. "Get up off yer dead ass and turn that line loose. Come on, buddy, let's go!" And one of the dwarfs, who had been sitting on the bank looking at his shoelaces, got up and commenced to turn her loose.

"Where's he come from?" I asked.

"National Consolidated, up by Lock 14."

"Why don't you call him Consolidated, then?"

"Sometimes we do." He gave the engineer a backing bell, and the old Fairbanks-Morse shot a bushel basket of soot and rust out the stack, which was right behind the pilothouse, and the boat commenced backing away from the bank into the stream.

"Hey, National," he hollered down to the deck, "bring us up a couple coffees, okay?"

"Where we goin'?" I said.

"We're goin' over to the Dupont landing and pick up an empty and take off for Kingmont. You watch me make the pickup and this first lock and then you can take her."

"Okay, but understand this is all new to me, I never piloted anything bigger'n a *Illinois River* duckboat."

"Didn't you never steer on the *Inland* and them other boats?"

"Why sure, but any damn fool can steer out in the river. It's these here locks and landings makes it hard."

"Aw, have some coffee. It ain't bad."

2

WE GOT across the river and there was a fleet of about ten or fifteen barges, empties and loads, and a big coalyard behind them. And then piled up on the hill behind the heaps of coal was the damnedest-looking plant you ever saw, a monster — big buildings and towers, chimneys and trestles, cranes and sheds, smoke, flames, cinders. I don't know what they made there but they called it the Morgantown Ordnance and we expected to see the whole works blow up most any time and move Monongalia County down around Pittsburgh someplace.

We came up on the barge fleet and the captain rang a slow bell and then a stopping bell and we drifted up easy to an empty barge.

"What's your name?" the captain asked me.

"Bissell," I said.

"Okay, Beedle, now watch how we face up to this here empty," and he never called me anything else again as long as I knew him except when he wanted to borrow money, and then he used my first name.

The deck hand got up on the deck of the empty and grabbed the face wires and dumped them in place on the timberheads. Another deck hand trotted out to the other end of the barge and turned it loose, and before we even had the wires tightened up the captain gave a full ahead bell and we bounced alongside a couple of empties, cleared them, and sailed off up the river. The whole thing didn't take more than three or four minutes.

"My God, do you make all your landings that fast?" I asked.

"Beedle, we make 'em as fast as we can, boy," he said.

"How much coal do we deliver there?"

"All we can tow," he said. "We gave 'em 68,000 tons last month. Here, get the feel of this here thing," and he got up off the pilot's chair. "Set down, Beedle, and make yourself at home. I'm goin' down and get me a slice of salami. Just hold her off this point easy and the lock is around the bend."

"If you say so," I said.

"Call me Duke," and he climbed down the ladder to the deck.

It was a dreary day for sure, with a greasy sky, and a yellowish foggy smoke hanging in the air, and the whole world looked sick and sad. The damned old barge in front of me was a cheerless, banged-up derelict, I was 900 miles from home and still had a hangover from my picnic stopover in Pittsburgh, and I was very lonesome for Joliet and those familiar locks and landings — Dresden Island, Starved Rock, Brandon Road, and the canal into Chicago. I couldn't see myself sleeping down there in that rat's nest, even to be a pilot. However, the sensation of being at last a pilot, even on this tin can, grew increasingly pleasant, and I lit a cigarette, leaned back on the pilot's stool, and steered with my feet.

The door opened and National stuck his head in. "Say, Cap, you want some more coffee?"

That was the first time anybody ever called me Cap, and it sounded pretty fair after I had been crawling around on deck so long with my ears full of soft coal.

"No, no more coffee now," I said. "Say, where's that lock at?"

"You'll see it in a minute. You can blow for it anytime now."

Sure enough, out of the yellow winter fog I saw the lock and I found the whistle and blew a long and a short. Duke showed up with a pile of crackers with salami in between them.

"Now, I'll take you in, Beedle, and show you

how we do it over here. Want some salami?" He gave me a handful.

Man, I never saw anything like the way we went into that lock. We slammed into her like a taxicab on Wabash Avenue about 5 p.m. And when they had raised the water and opened the upper gate we came charging out with the barge alongside, turned it loose, picked it up again on the fly, knocked some concrete off the lock wall with our stern, and away we flew like a wild mustang.

"Peewee," Duke shouted down to the deck, "bring up a couple more coffees."

So I took her again and Duke went down and tackled *Blue Beetle*. This was the toughest, dreariest, most godforsaken-looking country I ever saw — the hills looked as though a battle had just been fought among the barren trees; they were desolate, dirty, scarred, and under the dull winter sky looked like there was not much hope left anyplace.

The mines, with their coal tipples and lines of coal cars, and the clusters of unpainted frame company houses, and slate piles and muddy streets and Royal Crown Cola signs, made you sick just to look at them. How a man could put in his time whacking away underground and come out into a mess like this and raise up a family in one of these terrible-looking shanties was more than I could understand. It was just homesickness working on me, I suppose — God knows there are some awful places along the drainage canal and in South Chicago, places that would give you the blues even on a spring morning.

Later on I got used to the burnt-over look to things, and it seemed natural and right to me that the world should consist of coal mines, coal trains, coal houses, coal taverns, coal trees, coal streets, coal children — coal everything.

This was bad enough on this dismal afternoon, but night came, and I had some pot roast and apple pie in the galley-messroom, a little hole aft of the engine room, and Duke said, "You lay down and I'll call you at midnight. Get some sleep, Beedle."

I lay down and tossed around for a couple of hours, dozed, woke up, heard shouts out on deck, dozed, woke, listened to National snoring, smoked a cigarette, finally fell asleep. Seemed like about ten minutes later the deck hand came and woke me. "Hey, Cap," he said. "Midnight."

The most dismal words in the world, the call for night watch. Getting up at midnight is bad enough if you're just a deck hand with no responsibilities, but to stagger up to a strange pilothouse on a strange river — well, no, thanks.

"She's rough and she's tough, Beedle boy, but oh how we love it," Duke said. "Well, call me if you get in trouble." And with this sad farewell he was gone.

My first night watch was a humdinger. I bounced off the bank; I wound up in the trees and backed out. I couldn't see and didn't know what to look for anyway — the mountains towered above me on

both sides and cast shadows that looked like islands, and the lights from the coal mines we passed made it even worse. I crawled in and out of a couple of locks, making them the slow old way instead of Duke's flying switch style, and finally, running on a slow bell in an intermittent fog, ran my barge head on into a riverside farmyard and practically into the barn.

I tooted the whistle for a deck hand and Peewee stuck his head in the door, eating a sandwich.

"It's 3 A.M.," I said, "and I've had enough of this. You get out on the head and I'll hunt up a tree and we'll tie her off."

"Oughta be easy to find a tree, Cap," he said. "You found a good many already tonight."

After that I stood a day watch until I found out what the river looked like, and in a couple of weeks I was running up through fog, smoke, and the black night, smoking cigarettes, hollering for more coffee, and paying no more attention to the river than High Street after midnight back home.

3

OH, we had some hair-raisers — it wouldn't be towboating otherwise. One night I was shoving my empty out of Lock 15 and I turned the boat loose and rang a backing bell to get behind the barge so I could face up to shove again. When I rang the come-ahead bell I got no answer and kept right on going back. I rang some more bells but nothing happened and then I opened the door and looked back to see how hard we would hit the lock gates.

The engineer had run out of compressed air to start the Diesel engine and was so mad he was picking Stillson wrenches off the wall and bouncing them off the deck plates. I never heard such a noise or such loud cussing, even in Illinois. That man went clear off his nut he was so mad.

He finally built up some air and we got the engines started again.

After we got hooked up I told National to ask the engineer to come up to the pilothouse. He showed up after a while eating a fried-egg sandwich.

"You got kind of a hot temper, ain't you?" I said.

"Well, look here," he said. "I see those indicator lights and I hear those bells a-ringin' and I know sure to God I'm all out of air and nothin' to do. Still you kep' a-ringin' them bells. Cap, that just made me so dang mad I had to do somethin', and I started with that ole 48-inch Stillson wrench and I pulled her off the wall and slammed her on the deck. Then I slammed the rest of them and I felt some better."

"Well," I said, "it's a lucky thing there's a film of ice up here above the lock. While you were down there slammin' wrenches on the deck, our barge ran out and stuck in the ice; otherwise she would of gone over the dam."

"How about an egg sanwidge?" he said.

"Okay, thanks," I said. "But don't put no salt on it." And he ducked out into the bitter cold again and fried me up an egg sandwich and we were the best of friends.

A couple of nights later he and the deck hand on watch fell asleep on the galley table, and if I hadn't jumped out of the pilothouse and gone down and yanked them off onto the floor, we would have taken the lock and all right on down to Pittsburgh.

Then we got into high water. Those locks have an open dam beside them, with the water going right over the top like a waterfall.

"There's some bad currents around these here locks in high water, Beedle," Duke told me. "Watch it close when you're comin' down with loads."

I got all messed up at Lock 13 one afternoon and the barge, with 800 tons of coal in it, and the boat commenced drifting crosswise right onto the dam. The cook was making an upside-down cake and he happened to look out and saw us right on top of the dam and he came hell-bent for the pilot-house and got up on the roof. I pulled the general alarm signal and Duke came up to the pilothouse in his underwear.

I rang the engineer for an overload — for once he wasn't asleep or dreaming — and he really poured it to that old tired-out engine. We hung there with our stern right on the crest of the dam, and finally she began to shove up out of it.

"Well, I ain't gettin' no sleep up here," Duke said, and he went back to bed.

When we got back down to Morgantown that trip, the cook went up the bank and back to home and mother, and then we lived on cheese and crackers for a couple of days until the shore boss sent us a new cook.

This old man was all in from forty-five years in the mines and thought he would make a good steam-boat cook. He couldn't cook anything but fried eggs and pork chops, and used the same dishwater for breakfast, lunch, and dinner until it looked like the Chicago drainage canal, so Duke fired him and he went uptown and got a job sweeping out the courthouse on Sundays.

The next cook was out of the mines but he was so dumb they couldn't make a miner out of him, so he came aboard and all he could do was roast. We had roast this and roast that and roast everything but roast eggs. He would throw a chunk of meat and some potatoes and carrots in the roaster and then sit out on the deck all day watching the mountains and the coal mines go past, or reading *Western Detective*.

"Listen, Roast," I said one morning when he was sitting on the floor of the pilothouse carving his fingernails with the paring knife, "why don't you just get down there and make a couple of pies for dinner? Them canned peaches are getting terrible tiresome."

"Cap, if I could cook a pie, what would I be doin' on this here boat? I could easier be boss of the Arkwright mine than I could make a pie." And he went down and stuck a fork in the pork roast and turned over the potatoes.

It was kind of a tie which was the most useless, the cook or the second engineer. This engineer I had on my watch was about twenty years old and one of these guys that can't stand to watch you pick your teeth without giving a few pointers.

I was coming down river one afternoon and he came up to the pilothouse to chew the rag for a while, and we talked about how to make seine nets and whether a horsehair would turn into a snake if you put it in rain water and a raft of other nonsensical topics, and after a while he said, "It ain't none of my business but you ain't in the channel here. You'll find deeper water over yonder."

"That's funny," I said. "Duke told me to run this stretch by holding her right about down the middle."

"It ain't up to me to make no suggestions," he said, "but all the other pilots run close down the left bank until they get down there to the powerhouse."

"All right," I said, and pulled her over toward that deep water he was raving about. In about four minutes the barge began to plow up mud and the engine commenced to labor.

"All them other pilots must of been dreaming," I said. "In another minute we'll be hard aground."

"Well, I didn't mean quite so far over. Now you got her in too close."

"Okay," I said. "In the meantime would you mind stepping down into the engine room and giving me a backing bell and I'll see if I can work her out of here."

"There used to be plenty of water in here," he said as he left for the engine room.

"I guess it all went for a trip down to Pittsburgh to see a ball game," I said.

4

THE Monongahela runs almost straight north to Pittsburgh, where it joins the Allegheny to form the mighty Ohio. We were about 100 miles from Pittsburgh, at the headwaters up in the mountains, and the river flowed in sharp bends and twists, past coal mines, wild timberland, villages, the B. & O. railroad yards, and two towns, Morgantown and Fairmont.

We ran into ice and bucked it, and froze in, and broke loose, and finally tied off our load of coal on a smoky Christmas Eve and took the boat down to the Morgantown landing and tied up for Christmas. There was no snow on the ground, and a damp smoky fog hung in the streets as we climbed up the old brick sidewalk to celebrate in a joint called the Imperial.

Seated in a booth and trampled by coal miners with their dome hats on, we drank Kinsey blended whiskey with Tube City beer for chasers, and I thought of home.

That was the worst Christmas I ever put in — everybody had on overalls or \$25 blue serge suits, and by midnight they were rolling on the floor and fighting and the girls were drunk and bawling, with their hair coming down, and there were pools of beer and spilled drinks everyplace. A couple of booths away there was a kid about ten years old who should have been home in bed dreaming of sugar plums — instead he was stealing drinks of beer and was the life of the party.

"How old are you, honey?" I said to my girl Emma, who was smoking cigarettes like her life depended on it.

"How old you think?" she said, draining another shot and chasing it with orange pop.

"Oh, about nineteen," I said, giving her the benefit of the doubt.

"Well, I ain't," she said. "I'm only sixteen. Wahoo! Frank! How's about some service over here?"

So about 2.30, while St. Nick was still busy filling stockings, I went back to my crummy hotel and turned in. Some Christmas Eve.

The winter slowly dragged away, and we had a succession of cooks, and it rained, snowed, sleeted, froze in, thawed, fogged up; and where the sun had gone to, nobody seemed to be able to say, but I swear I never saw it for four months at least — there were mostly poor people around here that couldn't afford to pay for it, I guess.

When spring came we opened the bunkroom door a little bit and let some of the fumes escape, tossed some odd shoes in the river, and we were even going to air out the blankets but Duke thought that would fade them. The smoke and fog cleared up for a while, and the sun came out, and I began to get a look at the country, and it was really something to look at. There were trees in bloom in the hills, and mountain laurel with big blossoms on it like I'd never seen before, and the meadows were the greenest green, and the air all through the valley commenced to smell of leaves and flowers instead of soft-coal smoke. With a few trees in leaf around them, these beat-up frame company houses at the mines looked a little better, and the people even seemed less like lost souls; you would see a little girl with a spring hat sitting in the slate piles and it was a big change from winter.

For some reason or other we began to run short of coffee cups about this time, just normal breakage I suppose, and Duke kept forgetting to order them until we were down to two cups for the whole crew. I started drinking my coffee out of a tumbler rather than use one of the coffee cups after National had rinsed it out and set it back.

"Send me up a cup of coffee, Gas!"

"I can't. The engineer got one cup and the cook got the other."

"All right, send it up in a tomato can, then."

This went on for several days and one afternoon I had just gone on watch and was bringing two loads into Lock 14 at Lowesville, West Virginia, and having my coffee out of a jelly glass. Duke came into the pilothouse and had on a clean uniform and his good hat.

"I'll get off here and ketch the bus and go to Morgantown and get us some coffee cups," he said stroking his mustache with the back of his forefinger. "Then I'll meet you at the landing when you get there."

"All right," I said. "My, you smell pretty, can I kiss you?"

"Listen, Beedle, that's the real stuff — that cost me over a dollar at the drugstore."

"Well, I hope Helen will like it," I said. She was one of his girls, that hung out up at the Union Bar.

"So long, Beedle boy, twist her tail, kid," and he went out onto the barge, jumped up to the lock wall, and took off for the highway.

That was about 1 P.M. on a Monday and the sun was shining and I felt pretty good. I was full of roast and Jello, and the rest of the world was grubbing away in factories or shooting each other up, and here I was in a little glass box with nothing to do but steer this cute little boat up and down the river and get paid for it. When you are going down the river on a spring afternoon and you pass some little town, you can often see the poor boobs leaning out the factory windows watching the boat go by, and then you feel good, because you know that man was not made to run a drill press, and you know that you have beaten the game. For me to be drawing wages for piloting a towboat, why that's just like paying a kid to watch the circus.

This time wasn't so enjoyable though. I got down to Morgantown about 8 P.M. and spotted the two loads of coal at the Dupont landing. We had orders to take an empty down river to Rosedale mine and bring back a load. I picked up the empty and went on down to the landing to get Duke.

No Duke.

So I went on down to Rosedale and brought up a load and spotted it at the Dupont landing and it was now midnight and no Duke. I picked up two empties and headed off up the river and I ran all night, thinking Duke would be at some landing up the river but he wasn't, and I ran all the next day. By nightfall I had been in the pilothouse thirty-two hours with no relief and I was feeling pretty sleepy and not so gay as on the previous afternoon. I should have tied the boat up but I had to cover up for Duke so the company wouldn't know he was up-ton — he would have done the same for me.

I got National or Gas to stay with me in the pilot-

house and let them steer in the straight stretches and I would take a quick nap on the floor. I was seeing things that weren't there by the time it got dark, and of course the deck hands couldn't even steer the straight stretches for me at night, they weren't used to seeing in the dark. I was all doped up on cigarettes and coffee and I figured if Duke didn't show up pretty soon I would really have to tie up.

I had been exactly forty-one hours on watch in the pilothouse when we finally picked him up at Lock 15. He came up in the pilothouse as fresh as a daisy but smelling pretty rich of whiskey.

"Okay, kid," he said, "I'll take her."

"That's nice. Sure you got everything uptown all taken care of?" I said.

"Well, they's a couple little matters I didn't get around to but I'll get them later. You ain't tired, are you, Beedle?"

"Hell no," I said. "I'm just gettin' warmed up to it."

"You tell 'em, Beedle, sing them blues, boy. She's rough and she's tough, this steamboatin' —"

"But oh how we love it," I finished for him.

I stepped out of the pilothouse and turned back. "You get them coffee cups?" I asked.

"Oh hell, I'll get them tomorrow," he said. "I forgot all about them blame coffee cups."

This was about the end of West Virginia and me, although I didn't know it at the time. A week later I was on the two-car steam train headed for Connellsville, Pa., to pick up the night train for Chicago — they had transferred me again, back to the canal, just in time for the hot weather.

The train followed right along the riverbank, and pretty soon I saw the boat coming up from Rosedale with a load, with that old stack kind of pushed back and a cloud of blue exhaust trailing behind, and as we passed abreast of her I saw Duke up in the glass box, and National out coiling down a line on the barge, and Roast was lying down on the deck sound asleep. I wanted to holler at Duke and say, "So long, Duke, meet me up at the Imperial," and "So long, Roast, don't forget them canned peaches," and I wanted to tell the guy sitting beside me here in the train, "That's Duke Harmison up in the pilothouse, he's the Captain. And that's the cook asleep there. He's a no good bum. They must have about 800 tons in that barge — looks like Rosedale coal. That deck hand's name is Wilfred Adams but we call him National. And I'm the pilot."

Then in a second we had passed them, and they faded in the distance, and that was the end of me and the towboat *Coal Queen* and the Monongahela River, Duke Harmison, and the coal mines.

"See that old boat?" said the fellow in overalls beside me on the green plush. "Ain't it a miracle what some fools will do to earn a living? Can you imagine living on a thing like that?"

"Yeh," I said, "I can imagine it."



An Atlantic Story



England's leading satirist, EVELYN WAUGH was born in 1903 and educated at Oxford. After graduation he spent a year in London studying art, wrote a critical biography of Dante Gabriel Rossetti, and then embarked on those mordant and hilarious novels, *Decline and Fall*, *Vile Bodies*, and *Black Mischief*, which took English Society for such a ride as it had not enjoyed since Thackeray. Mr. Waugh served in the Commandos during the war, and the novel which he wrote on his return, *Brideshead Revisited*, marks a new power in his work.

THE MAJOR INTERVENES

by EVELYN WAUGH

THE military organization into which Major Gordon drifted during the last stages of the war, enjoyed several changes of name as its function became less secret. At first it was called "Force X"; then "Special Liaison Balkan Irregular Operations"; finally "Joint Allied Mission to the Jugo-Slav Army of Liberation." Its work was to send observing officers and wireless operators to Tito's partisans.

Most of these appointments were dangerous and uncomfortable. The liaison parties parachuted into the forests and the mountains and lived like brigands. They were often hungry, always dirty, always on the alert, prepared to decamp at any move of the enemy's.

The post to which Major Gordon was sent was one of the safest and softest. Begoy was the headquarters of a partisan corps in Northern Croatia. It lay in a large area, ten miles by twenty, of what was called "Liberated Territory," well clear of the essential lines of communication. The Germans were pulling out of Greece and Dalmatia and were concerned only with main roads and supply points. They made no attempt now to administer or patrol the hinterland. There was a field near Begoy where aircraft could land unmolested. They did so nearly every week in the summer of 1944 coming from Bari with partisan officials and modest supplies of equipment.

In this area congregated a number of men and women who called themselves the Praesidium of the Federal Republic of Croatia. There was even a Minister of Fine Arts. The peasants worked their land undisturbed except by requisitions for the

support of the politicians. Besides the British Military Mission there was a villa full of invisible Russians, half a dozen RAF men who managed the landing ground and an inexplicable Australian doctor who had parachuted into the country a year before with orders to instruct the partisans in field hygiene and had wandered about with them ever since rendering first aid. There were also one hundred and eight Jews.

Major Gordon met them on the third day of his residence. He had been given a small farmhouse half a mile outside the town and the services of an interpreter who had lived for some years in the United States and spoke English of a kind. This man, Bakic, was in the secret police. His duty was to keep Major Gordon under close attention and to report every evening at OZNA headquarters. Major Gordon's predecessor had warned him of this man's proclivities but Major Gordon was sceptical for such things were beyond his experience. Three Slav widows were also attached to the household. They slept in a loft and acted as willing and tireless servants.

After breakfast on the third day Bakic announced to Major Gordon: "Dere's de Jews outside."

"What Jews?"

"Dey been dere two hours, maybe more."

"What do they want?"

"Dey're Jews. I reckon dey always want sometin. Dey want see de British major. I said to wait."

"Well, ask them to come in."

"Dey can't come in. Why, dere's more'n a hundred of dem."

Major Gordon went out and found the farmyard and the lane beyond thronged. There were some children in the crowd but most seemed old, too old to be the parents, for they were unnaturally aged by their condition. Everyone in Begoy except the peasant women, was in rags, but the partisans kept regimental barbers and there was a kind of dignity about their tattered uniforms. The Jews were grotesque in their remnants of bourgeois civility. They showed little trace of racial kinship. There were Semites among them but the majority were fair, snubbed-nosed, high cheek-boned, the descendants of Slav tribes judaized long after the Dispersal. Few of them, probably, now worshipped the God of Israel in the manner of their ancestors.

A low chatter broke out as Major Gordon appeared. Then three leaders came forward, a youngish woman of better appearance than the rest and two crumpled old men. The woman asked him if he spoke French and when Major Gordon nodded she introduced her companions — a grocer from Mostar, a lawyer from Zagreb — and herself — a Viennese, wife of a Hungarian engineer.

Here Bakic roughly interrupted in Serbo-Croat and the three fell humbly and hopelessly silent. He said to Major Gordon: "I tell dese peoples dey better talk Slav. I will speak for dem."

The woman said: "I only speak German and French."

Major Gordon said: "We will speak French. I can't ask you all in. You three had better come and leave the others outside."

Bakic scowled. A chatter broke out in the crowd. Then the three with timid little bows crossed the threshold carefully wiping their dilapidated boots before treading the rough board floor of the interior.

"I shan't want you, Bakic."

The spy went out to bully the crowd, hustling them out of the farmyard into the lane.

There were only two chairs in Major Gordon's living-room. He took one and invited the woman to use the other. The men huddled behind and then began to prompt her. They spoke to one another in a mixture of German and Serbo-Croat; the lawyer knew a little French; enough to make him listen anxiously to all the woman said, and to interrupt. The grocer gazed steadily at the floor and seemed to take no interest in the proceedings. He was there because he commanded respect and trust among the waiting crowd. He had been in a big way of business with branch stores throughout all the villages of Bosnia.

With a sudden vehemence the woman, Mme. Kanyi, shook off her advisors and began her story. The people outside, she explained, were the survivors of an Italian concentration camp on the island of Rab. Most were Jugo-Slav nationals but some, like herself, were refugees from Central Europe. She and her husband were on their way to Australia in 1939; their papers were in order; he

had a job waiting for him in Brisbane. Then they had been caught by the war.

When the King fled, the Ustashi began massacring Jews. The Italians rounded them up and took them to the Adriatic. When Italy surrendered, the partisans for a few weeks held the coast. They brought the Jews to the mainland, conscribed all who seemed capable of useful work and imprisoned the rest. Her husband had been attached to the army headquarters as electrician. Then the Germans moved in; the partisans fled taking the Jews with them. And here they were, a hundred and eight of them, half-starving in Begoy.

Major Gordon was not an imaginative man. He saw the complex historical situation in which he participated, quite simply in terms of friends and enemies and the paramount importance of the war-effort. He had nothing against Jews and nothing against communists. He wanted to defeat the Germans and go home. Here it seemed were a lot of tiresome civilians getting in the way of this object. He said cheerfully: "I congratulate you."

Mme. Kanyi looked up quickly to see if he were mocking her, found that he was not and continued to regard him, now with sad, blank wonder.

"After all," he continued, "you're among friends."

"Yes," she said, too doleful for irony, "we heard that the British and Americans were friends of the partisans. It is true then?"

"Of course it's true. Why do you suppose I am here?"

"It is not true that the British and Americans are coming to take over the country?"

"First I've heard of it."

"But it is well known that Churchill is a friend of the Jews."

"I'm sorry, madam, but I simply do not see what the Jews have got to do with it."

"But we are Jews. One hundred and eight of us."

"Well what do you expect me to do about that?"

"We want to go to Italy. We have relations there, some of us. There is an organization at Bari. My husband and I had our papers to go to Brisbane. Only get us to Italy and we shall be no more trouble. We cannot live as we are here. When winter comes we shall all die. We hear aeroplanes almost every night. Three aeroplanes could take us all. We have no luggage left."

"My dear madam, those aeroplanes are carrying essential war equipment, they are taking out wounded and officials. I'm very sorry you are having a hard time but so are plenty of other people in this country. It won't last long now. We've got the Germans on the run. I hope by Christmas to be in Zagreb."

"We must say nothing against the partisans?"

"Not to me. Look here, let me give you a cup of cocoa. Then I have work to do."

He went to the window and called to Bakic for cocoa and biscuits. While it was coming the lawyer said in English: "We were better in Rab." They suddenly all three broke into a chatter of polyglot complaint, about their house, about their property which had been stolen, about their rations. If Churchill knew he would have them sent to Italy. Major Gordon said: "If it was not for the partisans you would now be in the hands of the Nazis," but that word had no terror for them now.

One of the widows brought in a tray of cups and a tin of biscuits. "Help yourselves," said Major Gordon.

"How many, please, may we take?"

"Oh, two or three."

With tense self-control each took three biscuits, watching the others to see they did not disgrace the meeting by greed. The grocer whispered to Mme. Kanyi and she explained: "He says will you excuse him if he keeps one for a friend?" The man had tears in his eyes as he snuffed his cocoa; once he had handled sacks of the stuff.

They rose to go. Mme. Kanyi made a last attempt to attract his sympathy. "Will you please come and see the place where they have put us?"

"I am sorry, madam, it simply is not my business. I am a military liaison officer, nothing more."

They thanked him humbly and profusely for the cocoa and left the house. Major Gordon saw them in the farmyard disputing. The men seemed to think Mme. Kanyi had mishandled the affair. Then Bakic hustled them out. Major Gordon saw the crowd close round them and then move off down the lane in a babel of explanation and reproach.

2

THERE were thermal springs at Begoy. The little town had come into being about them. Never a fashionable spa it had attracted genuine invalids of modest means from all over the Hapsburg Empire. Serbian rule changed it very little. Until 1940 it retained its Austrian style; now the place was ravaged. Partisans and Ustashi had fought there, or, rather, each in turn had fired it and fled. Most houses were gutted and the occupants camped in basements or improvised shelters.

Major Gordon's normal routine did not take him into the town, for the officials and military were in farmhouses like his own on the outskirts, but he daily frequented the little park and public gardens. These had been charmingly laid out sixty years before and were, surprisingly, still kept in order by two old gardeners who had stayed on quietly weeding and pruning while the streets were in flames and noisy with machine-gun fire. There were winding paths and specimen trees, statuary, a band-stand, a pond with carp and exotic ducks, and the ornamental cages of what had once been a little zoo. The gardeners kept rabbits in one of

these, fowls in another, a red squirrel in a third. The partisans had shown a peculiar solicitude for these gardens; they had cut a bed in the centre of the principal lawn in the shape of the Soviet star and had shot a man whom they caught chopping a rustic seat for firewood.

Above the gardens lay a slope wooded with chestnut and full of paths carefully graded for the convalescent with kiosks every kilometre where once postcards and coffee and medicinal water had been on sale. There for an hour a day in the soft autumn sunshine Major Gordon could forget the war. More than once on his walks there he met Mme. Kanyi, saluted her and smiled.

Then, after a week, he received a signal from his headquarters in Bari saying: *Unrra research team require particulars displaced persons Jugo-Slavia stop Report any your district.* He replied: *One hundred and eight Jews.* Next day (there was wireless communication for only two hours daily) *Expedite details Jews names nationality conditions.* So his duty took him away from the gardens into the streets where the lime trees still flourished between the stucco shells. He passed ragged, swaggering partisans, all young, some scarcely more than children; girls in battle dress, bandaged, bemedalled, girdled with grenades, squat, chaste, cheerful, sexless, barely human, who had grown up in mountain bivouacs, singing patriotic songs, arm in arm along the pavements where a few years earlier rheumatics had crept with parasols and light, romantic novels.

The Jews lived in a school near the ruined church. Bakic led him there. They found the house in half darkness for the glass had all gone from the windows and been replaced with bits of wood and tin collected from other ruins. There was no furniture. The inmates for the most part lay huddled in little nests of straw and rags. As Major Gordon and Bakic entered they roused themselves, got to their feet and retreated towards the walls and darker corners some raising their fists in salute, others hugging bundles of small possessions. Bakic called one of them forward and questioned him roughly in Serbo-Croat. "He says de others gone for fire wood. Dese ones sick. What you want me tell em?"

"Say that the Americans in Italy want to help them. I have come to report on what they need."

The announcement brought them volubly to life. They crowded round, were joined by others from other parts of the house until Major Gordon stood surrounded by thirty or more all asking for things, asking frantically for whatever came first to mind — a needle, a lamp, butter, soap, a pillow; for remote dreams — a passage to Tel Aviv, an aeroplane to New York, news of a sister last seen in Bucharest, a bed in a hospital.

"You see dey all want somepin different, and dis is only a half of dem."

For twenty minutes or so Major Gordon remained, overpowered, half-suffocated. Then he

said: "Well, I think we've seen enough. I shan't get much further in this crowd. Before we can do anything we've got to get them organized. They must make out their own list. I wish we could find that Hungarian woman who talked French. She made some sense."

Bakic enquired and reported: "She don't live here. Her husband works on the electric light so dey got a house to demselves in de park."

"Well, let's get out of here and try and find her."

They left the house and emerged into the fresh air and sunshine and the singing companies of young warriors. Major Gordon breathed gratefully. This was the world he understood, arms, an army, allies, an enemy, injuries given and taken honourably. Very high above them a huge force of minute shining bombers hummed across the sky in perfect formation on its daily route from Foggia to somewhere East of Vienna.

"There they go again," he said, "I wouldn't care to be underneath when they unload."

It was one of his duties to impress the partisans with the might of their allies, with the great destruction and slaughter on distant fields which would one day, somehow, bring happiness here where they seemed forgotten. He delivered a little statistical lecture to Bakic about block-busters and pattern-bombing. But another part of his mind was all the time slowly being set in motion. He had seen something entirely new, which needed new eyes to see clearly: humanity in the depths, misery of quite another order from anything he had guessed before. He was as yet not conscious of terror or pity. His steady Scottish mind would take some time to assimilate the experience.

They found the Kanyis' house. It was a tool shed hidden by shrubs from the public park. A single room, an earth floor, a bed, a table, a dangling electric globe; compared with the schoolhouse a place of delicious comfort and privacy. Mme. Kanyi was hanging washing on a line outside and she led him away from the hut saying that her husband was asleep. "He was up all night and did not come home until nearly midday. There was a breakdown at the plant. It is always breaking. It is quite worn out. He cannot get the proper fuel. And all the cables are rotten. The General does not understand and blames him for everything. Often he is out all night."

Major Gordon dismissed Bakic and talked about Unrra. Mme. Kanyi did not react in the same way as the wretches in the schoolhouse; she was younger and better fed and therefore more hopeless. "What can they do for us?" she asked. "How can they? Why should they? We are of no importance. You told us so yourself. You must see the Commissar," she said. "Otherwise he will think there is some plot going on. We can do nothing, accept nothing, without the Commissar's permission. You will only make more trouble for us."

"But at least you can produce the list they want in Bari."

"Yes, if the Commissar says so. Already my husband has been questioned about why I have talked to you. He was very much upset. The General was beginning to trust him. Now they think he is connected with the British and last night the lights failed when there was an important conference. It is better that you do nothing except through the Commissar. I know these people. My husband works with them."

"You have rather a privileged position."

"Do you believe that for that reason I do not want to help my people?"

Some such thoughts had passed through Major Gordon's mind. Now he paused, looked at Mme. Kanyi and was ashamed. "No," he said.

"I suppose it would be natural to think so," said Mme. Kanyi gravely. "It is not always true that suffering makes people unselfish. But sometimes it is."

Major Gordon returned to his quarters in a reflective mood that was unusual to him.

3

THE partisans were nocturnal in their habits. They slept late in the mornings, idled about at midday smoking, ate in the early afternoon and then towards sundown seemed to come alive. Most of their conferences took place after dark.

That evening Major Gordon was thinking of going to bed when he was summoned to the General. He and Bakic stumbled along cart tracks to the villa which housed the general staff. They found the General, his second-in-command, the Commissar, and the old lawyer who was called the Minister of the Interior.

Most meetings in this room were concerned with supplies. The General would submit a detailed, exorbitant list of immediate requirements — field-artillery, boots, hospital equipment, wireless apparatus — and so forth. They worked on the principle of asking for everything and item by item reducing their demands to practicable size. In these tedious negotiations Major Gordon enjoyed the slight advantage of being the giver and the final judge of what was reasonable; all the partisans could do was dissipate any sense he might have of vicarious benefaction. He always left feeling a skinflint. Formal politeness was maintained and sometimes even a faint breath of cordiality.

Tonight, however, the atmosphere was entirely changed. The General and the Commissar had served together in Spain, the second-in-command was a professional officer from the Royal Jugo-Slav Army, the Minister of the Interior was a nonentity introduced to give solemnity to the occasion. They sat round the table. Bakic stood in the background.

His place as interpreter was taken by a young communist of undefined position whom Major Gordon had met once or twice before at headquarters. He spoke excellent English. "The General wishes to know why you went to visit the Jews today."

"I was acting on orders from my headquarters."

"The General does not understand how the Jews are the concern of the Military Mission."

Major Gordon attempted an explanation of the aims and organization of Unrra. He did not know a great deal about them and had no great respect for the members he had met, but he did his best. General and Commissar conferred. Then: "The Commissar says if those measures will take place after the war what are they doing now?"

Major Gordon described the need for planning. Unrra must know what quantities of seed corn, bridge-building materials, rolling stock and so on were needed to put ravaged countries on their feet.

"The Commissar does not understand how this concerns the Jews."

Major Gordon spoke of the millions of displaced persons all over Europe who must be returned to their homes.

"The Commissar says that is an internal matter."

"So is bridge-building."

"The Commissar says bridge-building is a good thing."

"So is helping displaced persons."

Commissar and General conferred. "The General says any questions of internal affairs should be addressed to the Minister of the Interior."

"Tell him that I am very sorry if I have acted incorrectly. I merely wished to save everyone trouble. I was sent a question by my superiors. I did my best to answer it in the simplest way. May I now request the Minister of the Interior to furnish me with a list of the Jews?"

"The General is glad that you understand that you have acted incorrectly."

"Will the Minister of the Interior be so kind as to make the list for me?"

"The General does not understand why a list is needed."

And so it began again. They talked for an hour. At length Major Gordon lost patience and said: "Very well. Am I to report that you refuse all co-operation with Unrra?"

"We will co-operate in all necessary matters."

"But with regard to the Jews?"

"It must be decided by the Central Government whether that is a necessary matter."

At length they parted. On the way home Bakic said: "Dey mighty sore with you, Major. What for you make trouble with dese Jews?"

"Orders," said Major Gordon, and before going to bed drafted a signal: "*Jews condition now gravely distressed will become desperate winter stop Local authorities unco-operative stop only hope higher level.*"

A fortnight passed. Three aeroplanes landed,

delivered their loads and took off. The RAF officer said: "There won't be many more of these trips. They usually get snow by the end of October."

The partisans punctiliously checked all supplies and never failed to complain of quantity or quality.

Major Gordon did not forget the Jews. Their plight oppressed him on his daily walks in the gardens where the leaves were now falling fast and burning smokily in the misty air. The Jews were numbered, very specially, among his allies and the partisans lapsed from his friendship. He saw them now as a part of the thing he had set out hopefully to fight in the days when there had been a plain, unequivocal issue between right and wrong. Uppermost in his conscious mind was resentment against the General and Commissar for their reprimand. By such strange entrances does compassion sometimes slip, disguised, into the human heart.

At the end of the fortnight he was elated to receive the signal: "*Central Government approves in principle evacuation Jews stop Despatch two repeat two next plane discuss problem with Unrra.*"

Major Gordon went with this signal to the Minister of the Interior, who was lying in bed drinking weak tea. Bakic explained, "He's sick and don't know nothing. You better talk to de Commissar."

The Commissar confirmed that he had received instructions.

"I suggest we send the Kanyis."

"He say, why de Kanyis?"

"Because they seem the most responsible pair."

"De Commissar says, responsible for what?"

"They are the best able to put their case sensibly."

A long discussion followed between the Commissar and Bakic. "He won't send de Kanyis."

"Why not?"

"Kanyi got plenty work with de dynamo."

So another pair was chosen and sent to Bari, the grocer and the lawyer who had first called on him. Major Gordon saw them off. They seemed stupefied and sat huddled among bundles and blankets on the airfield during the long wait. Only when the aeroplane was actually there, illumined by the long line of bonfires lit to guide it, did they both suddenly break into tears. When Major Gordon held out his hand to them, they bent and kissed it.

Two days later Bari signalled: "*Receive special flight four Dakotas 1130 hrs tonight stop Despatch all Jews.*" In a mood of real joy Major Gordon set about making the arrangements.

4

THE landing-strip was eight miles from the town. Before dusk the procession started. Some had somehow contrived to hire peasant carts. Most went on foot, bowed and laden. At ten o'clock Major Gordon drove out and found them, a dark mass, on the embankment of what had once been

a railway. Most were asleep. There was mist on the ground. He said to the Squadron Leader: "Is this going to lift?"

"It's been getting thicker for the last hour."

"Will they be able to land?"

"Not a chance."

"We'd better get these people home."

"Yes, I'm sending the cancellation signal now."

Major Gordon could not bear to wait. He drove back alone but could not rest; hours later, he went out and waited in the mist at the junction of lane and road until the weary people hobbled past into the town.

Twice in the next three weeks the grim scene was repeated. On the second occasion the fires were lit, the aeroplanes were overhead and could be heard circling; recircling and at length heading West again. That evening, Major Gordon prayed: "Please God make it all right. You've done things like that before. Just make the mist clear. Please God help these people." But the sound of the engines dwindled and died away, and the hopeless Jews stirred themselves and set off again on the way they had come.

That week came the first heavy fall of snow. There would be no more landing until the Spring.

Major Gordon despaired of doing anything for the Jews, but powerful forces were at work on their behalf in Bari. He soon received a signal: "*Expect special drop shortly relief supplies for Jews stop Explain partisan HQ these supplies only repeat only for distribution Jews.*" He called on the General with this communication.

"What supplies?"

"I presume food and clothing and medicine."

"For three months I have been asking for these things for my men. The Third Corps have no boots. In the hospital they are operating without anaesthetics. Last week we had to withdraw from two forward positions because there were no rations."

"I know. I have signalled about it repeatedly."

"Why is there food and clothes for the Jews and not for my men?"

"I cannot explain. All I have come to ask is whether you can guarantee distribution."

"I will see."

Major Gordon signalled: "*Respectfully submit most injudicious discriminate in favour of Jews stop. Will endeavour secure proportionate share for them of general relief supplies*" and received in answer: "*Three aircraft will drop Jewish supplies point C 1130 hrs 21st stop These supplies from private source not military stop Distribute according previous signal.*"

On the afternoon of the 21st the Squadron Leader came to see Major Gordon.

"What's the idea?" he said. "I've just been having the hell of schemozzle with the Air Liaison comrade about tonight's drop. He wants the stuff

put in bond or something till he gets orders from higher up. He's a reasonable sort of chap usually. I've never seen him on such a high horse. Wanted everything checked in the presence of the Minister of the Interior and put under joint guard. Never heard such a lot of rot. I suppose someone at Bari has been playing at politics as usual."

That night the air was full of parachutes and of "free-drops" whistling down like bombs. The Anti-Fascist Youth retrieved them. They were loaded on carts, taken to a barn near the General's headquarters and formally impounded.

5

THE war in Jugo-Slavia took a new turn. The first stage of German withdrawal was complete; they stood now on a line across Croatia and Slovenia. Marshal Tito flew from Vis to join the Russian and Bulgarian columns in Belgrade. A process of reprisal began in the "liberated" areas. The Germans remained twenty miles to the North of Begoy; but behind, nothing except snow now closed the road to Dalmatia. Major Gordon took part in many Victory Celebrations. But he did not forget the Jews; nor did their friends at Bari. In mid-December Bakic one day announced: "De Jews again," and going out into the yard Major Gordon found it full of his former visitors, but now transformed into a kind of farcical army. All of them, men and women, wore military greatcoats, "Balaclava helmets" and knitted woollen gloves. Orders had been received from Belgrade, and distribution of the stores had suddenly taken place, and here were the recipients to thank him. The spokesmen were different on this occasion. The grocer and lawyer had disappeared for ever. Mme. Kanyi kept away for reasons of her own; an old man made a longish speech which Bakic rendered "Dis guy say dey's all very happy."

For the next few days a deplorable kind of ostentation seemed to possess the Jews. A curse seemed to have been lifted. They appeared everywhere, trailing the skirts of their greatcoats in the snow, stamping their huge new boots, gesticulating with their gloved hands. Their faces shone with soap, they were full of Spam and dehydrated fruits. They were a living psalm. And then, as suddenly, they disappeared.

"What has happened to them?"

"I guess dey been moved some other place," said Bakic.

"Why?"

"People make trouble for them."

"Who?"

"Partisan people dat hadn't got no coats and boots. Dey make trouble wid de Commissar so de Commissar move dem on last night."

Major Gordon had business with the Commissar. The Anti-Fascist Theatre Group was organizing a

Liberation Concert and had politely asked him to supply words and music of English anti-fascist songs, so that all the allies would be suitably represented. Major Gordon had to explain that his country had no anti-fascist songs and no patriotic songs that anyone cared to sing. The Commissar noted this further evidence of Western decadence with grim satisfaction. For once there was no need to elaborate. The Commissar understood. It was just as he had been told years before in Moscow. It had been the same thing in Spain. The Attlee Brigade would never sing.

When the business was over Major Gordon said: "I see the Jews have moved."

Bakic was left outside nowadays and the intellectual young man acted as interpreter. Without consulting his chief he answered: "Their house was required for the Ministry of Rural Economy. New quarters have been found for them a few miles away."

The Commissar asked what was being said, grunted and rose. Major Gordon saluted and the interview was at an end. On the steps the young interpreter joined him.

"The question of the Jews, Major Gordon. It was necessary for them to go. Our people could not understand why they should have special treatment. We have partisan women who work all day and have no boots or overcoats. How are we to explain that these old people who are doing nothing for our cause, should have such things?"

"Perhaps by saying that they *are* old and *have* no cause. Their need is greater than a young enthusiast's."

"Besides, Major Gordon, they were trying to make business. They were bartering the things they had been given. My parents are Jewish and I understand these people. They want always to make some trade."

"Well, what's wrong with that?"

"War is not a time for trade."

"Well, I hope they have decent quarters."

"They have what is suitable."

6

THE gardens in winter seemed smaller than they had done in full leaf. You could see right through them from fence to fence; snow obliterated lawns and beds; the paths were only traceable by boot-prints. Major Gordon daily took a handful of broken biscuits to the squirrel and fed him through the bars. One day while he was thus engaged, watching the little creature go through the motions of concealment, cautiously return, grasp the food, jump away and once more perform the mime of digging and covering, he saw Mme. Kanyi approach down the path. She was carrying a load of brushwood, stooping under it, so that she did not see him until she was quite close.

Major Gordon was particularly despondent that day for he had just received a signal for recall. The force was being renamed and reorganized. He was to report as soon as feasible to Bari. Major Gordon was confident that word had come from Belgrade that he was no longer *persona grata*.

He greeted Mme. Kanyi with warm pleasure. "Let me carry that."

"No, please. It is better not."

"I insist."

Mme. Kanyi looked about her. No one was in sight. She let Major Gordon take the load and carry it towards her hut.

"You have not gone with the others?"

"No, my husband is needed."

"And you don't wear your greatcoat."

"Not out of doors. I wear it at night in the hut. The coats and boots make everyone hate us, even those who had been kind before."

"But partisan discipline is so firm. Surely there was no danger of violence?"

"No, that was not the trouble. It was the peasants. The partisans are frightened of the peasants. They will settle with them later, but at present they are dependent on them for food. Our people began to exchange things with the peasants. They would give needles and thread, razors, things no one can get, for turkeys and apples. No one wants money. The peasants preferred bartering with our people to taking the partisans' bank-notes. That was what made the trouble."

"Where have the others gone?"

She spoke a name which meant nothing to Major Gordon. "You have not heard of that place? It is twenty miles away. It is where the Germans and Ustashi made a camp. They kept the Jews and gypsies and communists and royalists there, to work on the canal. Before they left they killed what were left of the prisoners — not many. Now the partisans have found new inhabitants for it."

They had reached the hut and Major Gordon entered to place his load in a corner near the little stove. It was the first and last time he crossed the threshold. He had a brief impression of orderly poverty and then was outside in the snow. "Listen, Mme. Kanyi," he said. "Don't lose heart. I am being recalled to Bari. As soon as the road is clear I shall be leaving. When I get there I promise I'll raise Cain about this. You've plenty of friends there and I'll explain the whole situation to them. We'll get you all out, I promise."

Major Gordon had one further transaction with Mme. Kanyi before his departure. There fell from the heavens one night a huge parcel of assorted literature — the gift of one of the more preposterous organizations which abounded in Bari. This department aimed at re-educating the Balkans by distributing *Fortune*, *The Illustrated London News* and handbooks of popular, old-fashioned agnosticism. From time to time during Major Gordon's

tour of duty bundles of this kind had arrived. He had hitherto deposited them in the empty office of the Director of Rest and Culture. On this last occasion, however, he thought of Mme. Kanyi. She had a long, lonely winter ahead of her. She might find something amusing in the pile. So he despatched it to her by one of the widows, who finding her out, left it on the step in the snow. Then within a few days the road to the coast was declared open and Major Gordon laboriously made his way to Split and so to Bari.

7

BARI had much besides the bones of St. Nicholas. Those who were quartered there complained but they constituted the Mont Parnasse of the Allied Armies. One met more queer old friends in its messes and clubs than anywhere else in the world at this last stage of the war, and to those on leave from the Balkans its modest amenities seemed the height of luxury. But Major Gordon, during his fortnight of "reporting to headquarters" had deeper interests than on earlier leaves. He was determined to get the Jews out of Croatia and by dint of exploring the byeways of semi-official life, of visiting committees and units with noncommittal designations in obscure offices, he was in fact able to quicken interest, supply detailed information and in the end set the official machine to work which eventually resulted in a convoy of new Ford trucks making the journey from the coast to Begoy and back for the sole and specific purpose of rescuing the Jews.

By the time that they arrived in Italy Major Gordon was back in Jugo-Slavia for a brief appointment as liaison with a camp of escaped prisoners of war, but he got news of the move and for the first time tasted the sweet and heady cup of victory. "At least I've done something worthwhile in this bloody war," he said.

When next he passed through Bari it was on his way home to England, for the military mission was being wound up and replaced by regular diplomatic and consular officials. He had not forgotten his Jews, however, and, having with difficulty located them, drove out to a camp near Lecce, in a flat country of olive and almond and white beehive huts. Here they rested, part of a collection of four or five hundred, all old and all baffled, all in army greatcoats and Balaclava helmets.

"I can't see the point of their being here," said the Commandant. "We feed them and doctor them and house them. That's all we can do. No one wants them. The Zionists are only interested in the young. I suppose they'll just sit here till they die."

"Are they happy?"

"They complain the hell of a lot but then they've got quite a lot to complain about. It's a lousy place to be stuck in."

"I'm particularly interested in a pair called Kanyi."

The Commandant looked down his list. "No trace of them here."

"Good. That probably means they got off to Australia all right."

"Not from here, old man. I've been here all along. No one has ever left."

"Could you make sure? Anyone in the Begoy draft would know about them."

The Commandant sent his interpreter to enquire while he took Major Gordon into the shed he called his mess, and gave him a drink. Presently the man returned. "All correct, sir. The Kanyis never left Begoy. They got into some kind of trouble there and were juggled."

"May I go with the interpreter and ask about it?"

"By all means, old man. But aren't you making rather heavy weather of it? What do two more or less matter?"

Major Gordon went into the compound with the interpreter. Some of the Jews recognized him and crowded round with complaints and petitions. All he could learn about the Kanyis was that they had been taken off the truck by the partisan police just as it was about to start.

He had one more day in Bari before his flight home. He spent it revisiting the offices where he had begun his work of liberation. But this time he received little sympathy. "We don't really want to bother the Jugs any more. They really co-operated very well about the whole business. Besides the war's over now in that part. There's no particular point in moving people out. We're busy at the moment moving people in." This man was in fact at that moment busy despatching royalist officers to certain execution.

The Jewish office showed no interest when they understood that he had not come to sell them illicit arms. "We must first set up the State," they said. "Then it will be a refuge for all. First things first."

So Major Gordon returned to England unsatisfied and he might never have heard any more of the matter, had he not a cousin in the newly reopened Ministry at Belgrade. Months later he heard from him: "*I've been to a lot of trouble and made myself quite unpopular in getting information about the couple you're interested in. The Jugs are very close but at last I got matey with the head of the police who wants us to return some refugees we've got in our zone in Austria. He dug out the file for me. Both were condemned by a People's Court and executed. The man had committed sabotage on the electric light plant. The woman had been a spy for a 'foreign power.' Apparently she was the mistress of a foreign agent who frequented her house while the husband was busy destroying the dynamo. A lot of foreign propaganda publications were found in her house and produced as evidence. What unsavoury friends you seem to have.*"



Biographer, novelist, and lecturer of the homespun truth, ROLLO WALTER BROWN has written a series of memorable portraits in his most recent book, Harvard Yard in the Golden Age. Twenty-five years ago, when he was struggling to get his footing as a writer, Mr. Brown enjoyed the stimulating friendship of the MacDowell Colony. Out of that association and out of his abiding admiration for Mrs. MacDowell comes this tribute to a great American and the creative spirit which she has kept alive.

MRS. MACDOWELL AND HER COLONY

by ROLLO WALTER BROWN

1

IT is time to take a considered look at the life of Mrs. Edward A. MacDowell and the retreat for the creative-minded which she established in the hills of New Hampshire. For what she set out to do — at fifty years of age — was potentially one of the most significant enterprises ever undertaken in the United States. And now, after forty years, it should be possible to see something of the extent to which the cherished dream of her life has been fruitful.

Her understanding of the needs of workers in all the chief arts had its origin in her complete understanding of the needs and the tragedy of one composer. When she went as a young woman — her name was Marian Nevins — to study music in Germany, and was disappointed in her hope of becoming the pupil of Clara Schumann, she swallowed her pride about studying with a German and became the pupil of an American just then professor of pianoforte in the Darmstadt Conservatory — a brilliant young man named Edward MacDowell. In two or three years, without much awareness on the part of either of them, something deeper than a musical friendship developed. When she was ready to return to America, he confessed to her that he could now see that she was indispensable to his life.

From the time when he returned to America a year later, insistent upon marrying her, she never failed to reveal the understanding of the creative-minded that was to become notable in the last half-century of her life. She told MacDowell that she had five thousand dollars, and that she would marry him on condition that he would put aside all thought of teaching, live with her on three thousand dollars of the five thousand as long as it would last, and devote himself to composing.

He would do nothing of the sort. Did she think he was going to marry a wife and then settle down to live on her money? Yet he was sure he could not

live without the wife. In the end, he came to see how more than perfect her proposed arrangement could be made. And back in Germany in the 1880's they could live for a long time on three thousand dollars.

Within six months after their marriage, she explained long after, she sat down and arrived at a conclusion. "I had had fleeting visions of a good — even a big — career as a pianist. But MacDowell had the greater talent, and I meant to devote my life to helping him. For ten years after I made that decision I never touched the piano."

And when they were back in their own country she made her role as helper more inclusive. Much later, when MacDowell had come to be thought of chiefly — even exclusively — as a composer, it was not easy to think of him as a pianist that critics not diverted by the "newness" of his manner put near Paderewski — his exact contemporary. But his success at the piano was tremendous, and his wife meant to contribute anything she could toward its maintenance and its increase.

Very unobtrusively she looked out for him. She purchased railroad tickets, she traveled with him, she made hotel reservations, she unpacked and repacked his bags, she saved him from people who might have disturbed his mental preparation for his recital — she left him with nothing to think about except the perfect performance toward which he always looked.

He was full of the tenseness of the thoroughbred. Sometimes in the wings, before he was ready to step out on the stage and face the great audience, he was seized by the dread that this time he might not be able to come up to the very high expectations. Or he imagined that he was not quite completely concentrated, and found excuse for putting in time — until she assured him firmly, and possibly gave him a little push in the direction of the piano.

In a flash he was lost in the deep concerns of his program — and so thoroughly alive that he took his audience by storm, as always.

It was a great life — in an America youthful enough to think much more about performers in music than composers. And there would be a greater life still when he could give all of his time to composing. For he was a composer — this she knew. Her objection to his accepting the professorship in music at Columbia when he was invited there was that he would use up all his creative energies in teaching.

When it turned out that the duties of his important post did in fact rob him of much of his time for composing, they tried to make up for it in the long summers on their hill farm in New Hampshire. They had added a music room for him that was well isolated from the rest of the house by means of doors and hallway. But it was not well enough isolated from what was outside of the house — from admiring callers, for instance. So one season Mrs. MacDowell presented to him a Log Cabin that she had designed and that the workmen had brought near to completion. It was deep in the woodland, where he could be absolutely undisturbed, and where there was a view of Mount Monadnock through the trees — in his own words,

A house of dreams untold —
It looks out over the whispering treetops
And faces the setting sun.

Here he could come each day and work without interruption as long as he chose. When he was ready to go home, he could carry to his most perfect of all critics the record of what he had done or had been able to contemplate in fuller detail.

The Log Cabin was the happiest of all arrangements for getting the best of one's work done. And as his life as a composer suffered more and more at Columbia, the Log Cabin became a symbol of something perfect. He had a vast dream for music and the other arts at Columbia, but when Nicholas Murray Butler became president, MacDowell's dream did not meet with his approval. The roughshod administrative dismissal of his dream as "impossible and revolutionary" was heartbreaking. So also was the resolution of condemnation which President Butler and the trustees addressed to MacDowell after he had sought to show that President Butler's explanation in the press had been "misleading." The whole unhappy incident made only too clear the tragic hazards of a sensitive creative mind lost in a great depersonalized institution.

In the harrowing days of mental depletion and sickness that followed, MacDowell saw how he was only an instance of what was happening to artists in America. His concern for them became almost an obsession. They must have something of the undisturbed opportunity to work that he had found in the Log Cabin.

One morning at four o'clock, in great distress he awakened his wife to tell her how fearful he had been in his sleeplessness, how troubled about the future for her, for their New Hampshire homestead, and for all these others who needed the freedom and the enriching solitude that he had found in the hills. She comforted him by assuring him that she meant to begin at once on a plan. She would make this place where he had found sanctuary into a retreat where some of these others could come and enjoy something of his best experience.

2

THUS it came about that when she was fifty, and while Edward MacDowell still lived, she set out to extend the idea of the Log Cabin. And after his going, she only multiplied her efforts — for nearly four decades. In the beginning she found place each year for a few creative workers, not only in music, but in poetry, playwriting, fiction, painting, and sculpture. She organized an Edward MacDowell Association to acquire more land and build more studios — twenty or twenty-five eventually, she hoped. She would develop comfortable houses, too, in which the Colonists could lodge in quite normal fashion when they were not in their studios.

As for the necessary funds, she knew where she would get them. She would take up the piano again, and give recitals of MacDowell's music. His work was enjoying a steady popularity, and even if she had played indifferently, there would have been plenty of audiences to welcome her in a recital of this unusual kind. But when audiences heard her they were so startled and delighted by her mastery that in a brief time she was traveling to all parts of the United States to play MacDowell's music and earn money for her Colony.

She had a way of her own. She was a smallish woman, and often she gave a first impression of being matter-of-fact. As she walked modestly to the piano she somehow suggested that she was of course only of secondary importance on this interesting occasion. But when she was seated, very evidently in complete command of herself, and lifted her hands to the keyboard, suddenly her face was touched with a youthful brightness and her hands were alive with a youthful confidence that made her listeners sure they were hearing the young woman who had long ago played so convincingly for Edward MacDowell. At eighty, when she was ready to give a recital, she lifted her hands to the keyboard in the same characteristic fashion, and in a flash brushed from sight twenty or thirty years of her age.

Her audiences were enthusiastic far beyond their own prepared expectations. They felt as if they had never heard MacDowell's music played until now. She must play more, and still more. So somewhere along the way, before she played for them yet once again, she stood beside the long piano, with one

hand resting on it, and told them about her Colony, and how she cherished the idea of it, and how she knew they would. In consequence, individual friends of music sent her checks; music clubs and sororities sent others; organizations of those interested in one or another of the arts pledged themselves to annual contributions. And of course she turned her own fees for the recitals into the general fund with the rest. In the early period of the development of the Colony, something like eighty or ninety per cent of all the financial support it received came either directly or traceably from her recitals.

She was engaged in an effort to have the human spirit get free and be itself. Measured by what we like to think of as the American ideal, here was one of the most American enterprises imaginable. But representations of the American ideal always look best to us when the agony is over.

There was an old worn-out argument in which many "patrons of art" took refuge. Weren't artists born, not made? Could anything be done to help such people? If they had genius in them, wouldn't it just naturally come out, despite everything, without anybody's investment of money in them, until their symphonies were being played, and their poems were everywhere being read, and their pictures were hanging in the Metropolitan Museum?

"After all," a visitor with money in his pocket asked DuBose Heyward, "you could work somewhere else if you just had to, couldn't you?" When DuBose very courteously replied that as he understood the matter it was not a question of seeing how much resistance a man could overcome in order to get a chance at his work, the visitor said that his interest was in "the finished product." A dozen or a score of men and women quietly at work in the country on symphonies or choral works or sonatas, on poems or plays or biographical portraits, on significant landscapes, on figures or faces in cool clay, constituted such a simple fact that he could not feel sure that masterpieces would result.

Mrs. MacDowell was concerned with the earlier step when the symphony and the poem and the revealing fragment of fictional life had to come naturally from an honest creative experience that could be completely arrived at only when the outward circumstances of one's life collaborated with one's native ability in just the right way. She was sure that someone had declared a truth when he said that the best poem was the one that just escaped not being written at all.

So she worked on for what she knew, as well as anyone can know anything, was a sound idea. When the directors of the Association were skeptical about buying more low-priced New Hampshire farms with more barns and houses, she managed somehow — she was not without diplomatic skills — to keep the idea well planted in their minds until they were ready to admit that she had been right about the

matter from the first. Sometimes she was so skillful that some of them came in the end to think of her proposal as one that they themselves had originated. Farmers tilled the soil and cut the hay and corded up the firewood; and builders — in part the men who did the other work — kept adding studios.

3

SO THERE it was, by the middle 1920's, as she had brought it to a kind of first completion. Just out to the north and west of the village of Peterborough the several hundred acres stretched far over low hills, deep into heavily wooded hollows, and down into the valley of the cheerful little Nubanusit River. On a spreading plateau of a low ridge Colony Hall had evolved from an old barn that the swallows insisted was still there. Very close at hand, the farmhouse had been converted into a lodge for women — The Eaves, spelled by the light-hearted, "Eves." Just beyond that was a built cottage for married couples when both members of the family engaged in work in the arts. And off to the southward where there was a commanding view of Monadnock to the west and Pack Monadnock to the east, Mrs. MacDowell had spent six years in building a stone Men's Lodge. Dark lustrous areas of pine and hemlock that covered hills and filled hollows and surrounded orchards and meadows invited one constantly to pause and enjoy a silence that somehow seemed not to be broken by the echoing chorus of thrushes.

In the 1920's, too, the Colony seemed to arrive at mental maturity. The Colonists had great diversity of interests, and they had their own self-disciplined excellencies. Merely to watch them move off after breakfast, in their own freedom, in their own way, to an uninterrupted period of work that each one could make as long or as short as he liked, was to catch something of the whole purpose of the Colony and know the atmosphere of creative work that it had come to possess.

Edwin Arlington Robinson, in white golf hat and gray suit, enjoyed walking across the level meadow in the direction of his woodland studio and taking occasional rhythmic swings at clover heads or daisies; Henry F. Gilbert, who looked every inch the composer, seemed to be hurrying away to some movement of an awaiting symphony, lest it escape him; Mabel Daniels went so quietly toward her white studio in the broken shadow of the pines that one was scarcely aware of her coming and going; Elizabeth Sparhawk Jones moved off in such complete command of her proposed day of painting — and all other matters — that there was no reason for not hearing the brightest bit of news available; Thornton Wilder went cheerfully, but as if he were not only enjoying the world but thinking earnestly about it; Grant Reynard rushed away to a spot where he knew the light would be perfect just then;

Constance Rourke, very gray but youthful, walked thoughtfully; Herbert Gorman wore a kind of constant expression of appreciation of the place; William Rose Benét moved along in deep serenity; Elinor Wylie flowed across the landscape as regally as a Greek goddess, yet very humanly aware that she was doing the landscape no injury in looks; Leonora Speyer moved with a gust of poetic energy; Padraic and Mary Colum walking together seemed always to be moving at two different speeds.

DuBose Heyward and Dorothy worked in a double studio where they were undisturbed by each other's presence, but could talk together whenever they liked; Paul and Alma Ellerbe worked in one studio, as did Alfred Kreyborg and Dorothy; Hervey Allen required plenty of tree-chopping, as I did, and Mrs. MacDowell marked for us the excess trees that she would be glad to have us take out; Bashka Paeff worked so intently at what she was modeling that she never knew when another Colonist passed close by in the woodsy road; Roy Harris said, after the day's work was over for two of us, "This is what I am going to make into that symphony"; Aaron Copland seemed always to be looking circumspectly ahead; Percy MacKaye enjoyed working down close by the Nubanusit River; Douglas Moore found solitude in the most distant corner of the deep woodland, where only terrifying thunderstorms and the occasional visits of a harmless snake distracted him; Margaret Starr McLain, the youngest of all the Colonists at that time, found the whole world alive with poetic suggestions suited to the composer's needs; Stephen Benét crumpled discarded pages of manuscript into balls and fired them into a corner behind the sofa until his successor in the studio found a bushel or two of fragments of whatever was in mind that summer; Mrs. H. H. A. Beach, quietly alert, represented to everyone the full dignity of music.

Such as these were the ones for whom Mrs. MacDowell had been developing a retreat for work — a place that encouraged the creative-minded to do their best, and saved them from any compulsion to do their worst. And here they were — these very ones — together "under the same roof" in the course of a few summers.

4

EVERY two or three weeks Mrs. MacDowell drove up to each studio in a dogcart — drawn by a horse that had made the trips so many times that he required no guidance — and gave a little "Oh-ooh" of a call that meant that she wished to know whether one's firewood was getting low, or whether there might be any other need. Sometimes she would chat in undisturbed fashion for a minute or two, and then cluck to the horse and drive away. She avoided all impression that she was "running" the place. Once when she walked the half-mile from

Hillcrest to Colony Hall, a long automobile drew up in the woodland road and the man at the wheel asked if she did not wish a lift. She accepted. As they rode along slowly in the dusty warmth of August, he asked, "Are you one of the help?" And she replied very truthfully, and without amplification, "Yes, I am." That was how it was.

Not even lunch time was to be disturbing. A man drove round in a light truck and left one's lunch in a basket on the doorstep. There was no obligation to eat the lunch, or even to go out and get the basket, though Mary at Colony Hall did like to have the basket brought back for the next day. Of course, every now and then someone was accepted as a Colonist who had never heard of self-discipline and who found the unlimited vagaries of freedom altogether unmanageable. Perhaps he did nothing himself, perhaps he bothered others. Then Mrs. MacDowell very quietly asked for a conference over at Hillcrest and extended an invitation to go.

Nor were the evenings of these quiet days made tense by anybody's planning or programs. After dinner in a pleasant dining room where there were no visitors, Colonists bowled on the green, or walked to the village for the late mail, or watched Carty Ranck or Chard Powers Smith or Edwin Stringham try to beat E. A. Robinson at cowboy pool, or enjoyed centers of good talk round the fireplace — centers created by Elinor Wylie or Esther Willard Bates or Jean Starr Untermeyer or Morris Cohen or Margaret Widdemer or someone else. Sometimes DuBose Heyward read Gullah stories to the group with such brilliance that we knew what the story was saying even if we did not understand the language.

But Sunday evening was an exception. On Sunday evening everybody went over to Hillcrest to have supper with Mrs. MacDowell — and usually a few guests who were interested in the Colony. It was a diverting occasion, with Mrs. MacDowell busy as "help" in seeing that everyone had at least two servings of everything. And then in the presence of the sunset over Monadnock, the Colonists sat on the wide piazza and experienced a slightly different understanding of one another as they talked together away from "home"; or they walked in the garden of old-fashioned New England flowers; or they slipped away to have an informal hour or two of music; something from Bach, something from Gilbert and Sullivan — anything familiar — and occasionally something that Harold Morris or some other composer present had been working on and was willing to play. And then the next day, back to work.

It became a place of recognized importance. The merest list of books and compositions and works in sculpture and painting and black-and-white growing in whole or in part out of summers at the Colony fills many long pages. Edwin Arlington Robinson

is more than a fair instance, since he was longer at the Colony than most. But in the two decades of summers when he was there, he wrote either in whole or largely all but four or five of the score of volumes that he published in a lifetime — including *The Man Against the Sky*, *Lancelot*, *The Man Who Died Twice*, *Tristram*, *Cavender's House*, *Nicodemus*, *Talifer*, and *Amaranth*.

Yet in these years of recognized importance when everything possible was being done to give the Colony permanence, Mrs. MacDowell had to face the most terrible irony of her experience. The great hurricane of 1938 swept through the region and left the Colony such a pitiable lot of wreckage that many people quickly assumed that now the magnificent dream had come to an end. Vast areas of evergreen woodland had been flattened into a confused tangle of treetops and broken trunks and up-edged circular beds of roots still clinging to granite boulders. Studios which day before yesterday had stood unnoticed in deep seclusion were now left so completely exposed that it was difficult to believe they had been in the landscape all the while.

Mrs. MacDowell disclaimed thought of abandoning the Colony; yet she admitted that to reopen it would require hard work, and more money than was anywhere in sight. She wrote countless letters. She turned to the piano again — in her early eighties. In all, she needed at least forty thousand dollars.

The stump-pullers and the lumbermen went to work. In a year, areas that had been solid woodland were as bare as a pasture field. The Colony that one remembered was not to be seen. Yet somehow it was still the Colony. The idea had not been destroyed. The earth could be depended upon to heal its own wounded nakedness — in time. While nations were seeing how completely they could destroy one another in a second World War, the trees of Peterborough grew.

And the march of the years brought another problem — the basic inescapable problem that sooner or later presents itself in any enterprise that has been developed by an individual. This individual has the great necessary initial enthusiasm for the idea upon which the enterprise is based. In the course of time when inevitably he must step aside, how can his clear-sightedness and high faith be taken over and perpetuated by a board of directors whose members are primarily occupied with something else? There is danger that the original idea will become so deeply incrustated in substitutes for vitality, in casual trappings, in the machineries of organization, that the essential breath of life will be smothered. All kinds of basically important ideas pass through such a state of crisis, and whether they survive depends upon their good or bad fortune in having someone rise up who sees with the clairvoyance of the founder — and with something added to meet the new circumstances. At ninety-one, when Mrs. MacDowell can look back over forty years of the

Colony's life, she can know that her idea by its own nature has found so deep a response in the lives of those who have benefited by it that they will have it go on in perpetuity.

"If I had never done anything else," she once said, "than give Edwin Arlington Robinson a place to work for twenty years when he was sure he never would be able to find such a place, I'd feel that the Colony had been worth while." But it is not a matter of one such distinguished person; it is not a matter of the group that seemed in the 1920's to mark the Colony's arrival at maturity. She has the greater assurance provided by a vast procession of several hundred Colonists now working in the arts in America. Not all of them have the complete devotion to the Colony that Robinson had, but their total devotion is very great. And men and women who were not yet born when the Colony came into existence are every year arriving in Peterborough with their own fresh vitalities to perpetuate the original conception in new ways.

The creativeness of the idea touched Mrs. MacDowell's own will to live. It filled her with a great reason for going on and on. When her eyes were darkened by cataracts, she dictated her letters, talked to anyone who came to see her, and awaited the operation that would enable her to have some of her sight back so that she could do more work. When she was dangerously ill in her eighties, she nodded toward the nurses and attendants with an appreciative smile of tolerance and said to the village dentist, an old friend, "*They* think I am going to die!" When she was ninety and one day fell and broke her hip, everybody shuddered. But in two or three months she was going about on the latest-style crutches and riding to the village with her devoted friend Nina Maud Richardson. The Association had taken over the direction of the Colony, with Mrs. Parker Fillmore in charge, but one Sunday evening Mrs. MacDowell had all the Colonists come over to Hillcrest for supper with her, just as she had always done. Never was Charles W. Eliot more occupied at ninety with the fortune of ideas, nor Bernard Shaw keener of mind.

There had come to be an unusual kind of summing-up. Shelves in her house or in the very useful Colony library that she had patiently developed were lined with volumes written by Colonists and sent in appreciation — just as composers sent scores, and painters sent illustrated catalogues, and workers in black-and-white sent prints. In other parts of the country friends of the arts began to remember the Colony in their wills. In other parts of the country, too, where efforts were being made to give the creative-minded a fairer chance, the Colony was used as a model. And all these many evidences of what Mrs. MacDowell had set in unending motion found her actively here to see them. She has provided the ultimate demonstration that the creative spirit is in truth creative.



A bee hunter of fifty years experience, GEORGE HAROLD EDGELL is a man who really knows the sport. He learned his lore in the New Hampshire woods and has taught it to his sons. In the following article he gives the novice exciting advice on how to set up a beeline. Professor of Fine Arts at Harvard from 1925 to 1935, author, critic, and connoisseur, Mr. Edgell is today Director of the Boston Museum of Fine Arts.

THE BEE HUNTER

by GEORGE HAROLD EDGELL

I

BE E hunting is rapidly becoming a lost art. My interest in the sport began at the age of ten when I was initiated by an old Adirondacker who had sunk to driving my grandfather's mules in Newport, New Hampshire. George Smith was a character as fabulous as Paul Bunyan. He took his whiskey neat; he smoked and chewed at the same time and could spit without removing the pipe from his mouth. His profanity could take the bluing off a gun barrel. Withal, he was one of the kindest and most generous of men and a mighty bee hunter before the Lord. He introduced me to the simple equipment necessary, and though I have improved it slightly through the years, the fundamentals remain the same.

The most important item is the bee box, which you can make yourself. The box should be of wood and should measure about five or six inches long, three inches wide, and three inches deep. The wood of a cigar box is an excellent material, but the box should be left outdoors some time to weather, since bees do not like the odor of tobacco. The box should be divided into two square compartments, the front one with a hinged lid. In the lid there should be a small glass window which can be darkened by a wooden slide.

Between the front and rear compartments there should be an opening at the bottom, two thirds of an inch square, which can be opened and closed by a wooden slide manipulated from the outside. The back of the rear compartment should be of glass, covered with a wooden slide which can be raised on occasion to admit light to the compartment. The box should be tightly constructed, and shellacked after completion; it must also be lightproof. Remember, it will be out in all sorts of weather; and the older it is and the more weathered it becomes, the better the bees will like it.

In addition to the box, you need a couple of pieces of empty honeycomb cut square to drop

easily into the front compartment. The best is old, black comb from an old bee tree, but any empty comb will do. For nectar, it is not necessary to use real honey. A syrup of one third white sugar and two thirds water boiled together for fifteen minutes and then cooled seems to be as tempting to bees as real honey. If you keep it so long that it begins to ferment, don't worry. The bee's taste is not nice in such matters.

If used sparingly, oil of anise will attract bees, and the faint odor on a bee's feet will attract others. The cork of the anise bottle, rubbed on the honeycomb and the comb then licked with the tongue, will provide all the anise you need. More will make the bees drunk; they will refuse to suck but will buzz around looking for the anise and eventually retire to the flowers to sober up.

To fill the comb, a common eyedropper is very handy. It is handy, too, to have a stand made of an upright piece of wood such as a four-foot section of a rake handle with a flat board nailed on top and the lower end sharpened so that it can easily be thrust in the ground. Finally, it would be well to have a cloth bag or knapsack in which to carry the smaller articles, thus leaving your hands free.

The paraphernalia is, therefore, very simple, and a good bee hunter can get along, if necessary, with less. George Smith and I once started a line using an empty .32 caliber cartridge box and a bit of comb stolen dangerously from a nest of paper wasps.

Bees begin to work as soon as spring gets warm, and continue until severe frost. They are hard to find except during some definite honey flow such as the white clover or milkweed or goldenrod season. The last two are especially favorable. On the bee box I have used for a good many years, I have scribbled the dates of the findings of fifty-six bee trees. Eighty per cent are in July or September. Only occasionally did a finding occur in June or

August, and practically never in October. July and September mean milkweed and goldenrod to the bee hunter.

Let us assume that it is a warm day in mid-July and the milkweed is in bloom. You find a patch teeming with honeybees. Your first task is to catch a bee. This is done by bringing the box up sharply under him, as he sits on the edge of a bloom, and slapping the lid home as he tumbles into the box. It is not so hard as it sounds, especially if the bee is on a high bloom of milkweed or goldenrod.

Having caught the bee in the front compartment, cover the window to darken the compartment; then open the slide to admit him to the rear and uncover the rear window. Seeing the light, the bee will promptly go in there, seeking escape. Then you can close the rear compartment and open the front to catch another bee. You can start a line with one bee, but the chance of success is greater if you have a dozen; during a good honey flow, if the tree is not too far away, these can be caught in ten minutes.

Provided with a dozen bees, you are ready to start the line. Fill one of the pieces of honeycomb with syrup and put it in the front compartment. Open the door between the two compartments and admit three or four bees to the part with the comb. They will come if you uncover the window in front and darken the rear. Then put the box down gently, darken it, put your hat over it, and leave it for three or four minutes. Meanwhile, fill the other comb. After three or four minutes, place the box on the stand and gently open the lid. If conditions are right, the bees will have found the syrup and taken a load in the darkness. Sometimes one or two will not have finished loading and will sit quietly until they are stuffed to capacity. If they are loaded, they will fly comparatively slowly as they take off to return to the hive. When they have left, repeat the whole process and let out more bees until all have gone. You are now in the stage of starting to establish the line.

When a bee leaves for the first time, he is both suspicious and anxious to establish the position of the stand. He leaves in slowly expanding spirals and figure eights. It is not until a bee has come and gone eight or ten times that he becomes familiar with the stand, loses his suspicions, and on taking off goes in approximately the direction of the tree, thus at last creating a "beeline."

If conditions are right, of your dozen bees four or five will return for a second load. Again if conditions are right, in an hour or two these will communicate in some mysterious way with other workers in the hive that there is free lunch obtainable, and the number of bees on the line will increase. At best I have had a hundred or more bees running my line half an hour after the first bee left. Sometimes no bee will come back at all. Sometimes the original bees will go back and forth but bring no companions. Often the bees will refuse to suck, and

will return to the flowers. When that happens, you had best pack up and go home and wait for more propitious conditions. The most important quality for a successful bee hunter is patience.

2

THE behavior of the returning bee is very different from that of the departing one. He dashes in circles around the stand, darts away again across the field until you think he will not return, whizzes back to circle the stand again, and finally, in narrowing circles, poises above the comb like a helicopter, his buzz still shrilling. This is one of the most exciting moments in the hunt. You wait with bated breath. The buzz ceases. The bee has come to rest and is loading. The line is started.

Soon others arrive, and the firstcomer departs. Once more you try to take his line, but once more he fools you as he leaves in widening circles. However, you have the general direction and can take a position to see better. More information comes as each bee leaves. In an hour's time, the comb may have twenty bees on it at once, and the arrivals and departures are frequent. Now the bees have begun to be accustomed to the stand and frequently jump off and fly straight, so that in a good light the eye can follow one for fifty or a hundred yards. Thus you establish your beeline.

It is never exact, however. No two bees have precisely the same idea as to the best way home. If, for example, there is a large tree in the direction of the hive perhaps a hundred yards from the stand, one bee may by-pass it to the right, another to the left, and a third may lift and go over it. You are constantly revising your decision as to the true line.

By now you are ready to time a bee and see how long he is gone. This will give a fair estimate of the distance from the stand to the tree. A bee takes between one and two minutes to load and as much time to unload. He may also have to crawl some distance in the tree to reach the place where he will deposit his load. He flies at about the speed of a human sprinter, say a quarter of a mile a minute. If he is gone eight minutes, the tree is not too far away. If he is gone twelve minutes, the hunter has a long job ahead. If he is gone four minutes, the tree is very close. The longest time I have had a bee absent and still been able to run a line and find the tree was fifteen minutes. The shortest was two and one-half minutes, and then the tree was actually in sight of the stand though I did not know it at the time. Twenty minutes is hopeless. No bee will bring others back that distance, and it is better to abandon the stand, move a mile or more in the direction the bee has taken, catch more bees, and repeat the whole process nearer the tree.

To time a bee, it is necessary to be able to identify an individual. To your equipment as already described, add a small bottle of water, a tiny

camel's-hair brush, and a piece of carpenter's blue chalk. With the blade of a penknife, scrape some dust from the chalk onto the back of a smooth stone or the blade of a hand axe if you carry one. (Incidentally, a small scout's axe is a handy thing to have for clearing brush, making stands, marking the bee tree when you have found it, and blazing a trail from it if it is deep in the woods and would be hard to find again.) On the chalk dust, with the brush, drop a few drops of water and stir till the water is blue. Then, with the wet brush, dab the rear of a loading bee. This must be done deftly and gently. Bees do not like to be painted, but a good hunter can guess which bee is apt to be reasonably phlegmatic. One that is loading from a half-empty cell, with his shoulders buried and tail raised, can be painted without disturbing him.

Once he is daubed, the new decoration does not annoy him in the least and is not noticed by his fellows. When wet, the spot shows only slightly, but by the time the bee returns, the chalk dust will be dry and will stand out like a beacon so vivid that it can be spotted even before the bee alights. You now have an identifiable bee and can time him to get some idea of the distance of the tree from the stand.

3

THE next step is to move the stand. You might ask why, knowing the direction and the approximate distance, you do not hunt for the tree immediately. The answer is that there are ten thousand trees in the woods and only one of them is the bee tree. You can never be sure of the exact line or distance. Even when you have narrowed the problem to an area a hundred yards square, it is sometimes hard to find the tree. So once more the bee box is placed on the stand, a loaded comb is dropped into the front compartment, and the lid is left open. The spare comb should be hidden carefully.

When the bees return, they become suspicious and do not want to enter the box. As more arrive, the air is filled with disgusted humming. But eventually the temptation is too great, and one after another the bees drop down to the comb.

When ten or a dozen have done so, snap down the lid of the box and drive them into the rear compartment as before. They are reluctant to go, but a puff of cigarette smoke blown through a crack in the lid will send them scurrying to the rear in search of purer air. Close the slide, reopen the box, place it on the stand, and catch another lot. Catch all you can. Then pull up the stand, gather up your paraphernalia, and move three or four hundred yards down the line. Then set up the stand and release the bees in batches of eight or ten.

This is another critical moment. Will the bees stand moving? If you have mistaken the line and moved off it too far to the left or right, the bees

may not come back, and you will have to return to the first stand and start over again. The same is true if the swarm is weak or the flowers are too tempting. The time seems interminable. I have a theory, which I cannot prove, that on the first move the bees return to the first stand before investigating the possibilities of the second. Conditions are right on this day, however, and after a while you hear the welcome hum of the first returning bee, quickly followed by a second and a third. Success seems assured.

Theoretically it is. All you have to do is to continue to move the bees until the tree is reached or passed, in which case the line reverses and proves that the tree is between the last and the next to the last stands. If it were as simple as that, bee hunting would not be the art and the fun that it is.

Released in the woods, a bee circles up into the trees and disappears. Sometimes it is hard to tell whether he goes forward or back. The moves have to be shorter. Often if you move beyond the tree, the bees will not come back, and you have lost your line. Above all, the lining must be straight. If you meet a swamp, you must go through it. If you meet a cliff, you must go up it. If you meet a pond, you must go round it and set up at just the right point on the opposite side. All this takes time. You must be prepared to spend two or three days before finding the tree. Meanwhile, as you get nearer to the tree, the bees tumble out in greater numbers until there are literally hundreds buzzing about and going back and forth, and you have to refill the comb frequently.

This brings up another point: the danger of being stung. The newcomer is apt to be terrified as the bees buzz round his head while he is tending the stand. I can make the statement categorically: there is no danger whatever of being stung while running a line. The bees are entirely friendly. They will fight among themselves if two swarms are involved. They will fight a hornet if he has accidentally found the comb. The hunter who is supplying them with free syrup, they would not think of molesting. The only possibility of getting stung is some careless accident.

I was once stung when a friendly bee lighted on my khaki shirt and, not noticing him, I put my arm down and squeezed him against my side. Naturally, he let drive at my ribs. You can even imprison a bee in your cupped hands and he will not sting you if you do not squeeze him. On one occasion I was lining a swarm in the middle of the goldenrod honey flow when a terrific hailstorm came up and leveled all the flowers. The next day the bees were desperate. Their bee pasture was gone, and they were mad for syrup. I soon had what seemed to be half the hive around me. They came not in hundreds but in thousands. Even to an old hunter, it was a little terrifying but absolutely harmless. Feeling a curious tickling on the

left side of my breast, I discovered that some two dozen bees had found the anise bottle in my shirt pocket and had gone in to investigate. It was quite a job to get the anise bottle out and persuade the bees to come too, but I did it without accident. The only danger to the amateur is that he may lose his head and try to slap a bee he thinks is dangerously near his face. If he does, he may be stung.

4

A BEE tree can be extraordinarily hard to find. The likeliest trees are maples, beeches, and hemlocks, but the hunter must look everywhere. Smith used to have a theory that if the bees rose high as they left the stand, the hole was high in the air. If they pitched low, the hole was low. He also pretended to guess the kind of tree that the bees were in by the color of the bees. Light-colored bees were likely to be in a maple. Very dark ones might be in a dead pine.

There is something in all this, but not much. Once we were running a line of light-colored bees that pitched high, and I told Smith we had better look high up in maples. His reply was: "You look high in the maples and low in the cedars and up and down all trunks and branches, hard wood and soft, big enough to hold a hive, and you can be sure of just one thing. When you do find them, they'll be where you don't expect them." A sound aphorism and worth following.

The greatest thrill of the hunt comes when you find the tree. Sometimes you come upon it abruptly, if the hole is in an unshaded limb or bole in plain view. More often it is where you have to maneuver to see it, and the first warning comes when you see the flash of wings in the air and, in an agony of hope and doubt, move about until the hole can be seen and the presence of the swarm verified.

Even when the tree is known to be between two stands, finding it may take a long time. I remember one tree that we had so pinned. I had with me my son, who is a good bee hunter, a companion of his, and a couple of rank amateurs. The five of us tramped the area between the two stands for an hour before I found the hive. It was in a smallish swamp maple that divided into two boles four feet above the ground. Neither bole was big enough to hold bees, so we had passed it unsuspectingly. In the crotch where the boles divided was a hole, and into this the bees were dropping, making their home in the short trunk near the ground. After we had found it, we noted that we had actually trampled a path through the ferns within fifteen feet of the tree.

The commonest and most foolish question I am asked is how long it takes to find a bee tree. According to my experience, it takes somewhere between forty-three minutes and two years. I have already told how I once set up a stand acci-

dentally within sight of the tree, which we found in less than an hour.

Now for the other end of the scale. Years ago when I was still a boy, Smith and I started a line that ran up the steep slope of the southern saddle-back of Croydon Mountain. The timber was thick, the slope at times ladder-like, and the hunting difficult. We made several moves and then hunted for the tree. We could not find it and eventually gave up. The following summer we struck the same line and hunted again. Evidently the bees had wintered well, but still we could not find the tree. The next summer we got the same line. By that time our dander was up, and we determined to find that tree. We ran a line as well as possible. Then we began to examine the timber horizontally back and forth across the line, blazing our paths to make sure that the whole area was covered. After a time, I heard a yell and considerable profanity accompanying it. It was below me, and I scrambled down the steep slope. The profanity seemed to come from a clump of young spruce out of which projected the old bole of a fallen maple. Smith had stepped on the bole, slipped, and shot through the young spruces, ending with his legs on either side of the stump of the fallen tree. The bees were in that. You could have passed within ten feet and not known that there was anything there that could harbor a colony of bees. We had our tree, but it had taken a little over two years to find it.

I have been fortunate in that the bulk of my hunting has been within the preserve of the Blue Mountain Forest Association in Sullivan County, New Hampshire. There, if you start a line of bees, you can be sure it is a wild swarm, since no farms with domestic bees are in the area.

Most hunters, however, have to hunt in country districts where there are farms, the owners of which may well keep bees. It will be wise, therefore, before going hunting, to ascertain the localities where tame bees are kept. Nothing is more frustrating than to start a line, get it going well, run it several moves, and end in a farmer's back yard with the revelation that a hard day's work has done no more than adulterate his honey with a half pint of sugar syrup.

The amount of honey you get from a bee tree varies enormously. My record is ninety-seven pounds of unstrained honey from one tree. It was not a large tree but had a large hollow. On the other hand, you may "take up" a tree and get only a pound or two. I remember taking up an old rock maple. Its branches were so wide that when we cut it down, it merely leaned on its elbows, and we had to cut it three times before we could get to the entrance to the hive. The wood was so heavy and the grain so gnarled that a steel wedge held against the wood and struck with a sledge would bounce off. To get into the hollow was about as easy as cracking a safe, and it took three of us over three

hours. Our reward was one piece of filled comb smaller than the palm of my hand. As an average, you can expect eighteen to twenty pounds of strained honey from a tree.

5

A WORD or two about the taking up of a bee tree may not be amiss. It brings us face to face with one unpleasant fact: the cruelty of the performance. For, once a tree is taken up, the bees soon die. If it is done in the autumn, the cold soon kills the bees. They have labored hard and are pitilessly robbed not only of the fruits of their labor but of their very lives. They have been friendly during the running and you have acquired an affection for them. How then can you bring yourself to destroy them?

I can give a reason, though I do not maintain that it is an excuse. Bees are perhaps the most thoroughly communistic creatures extant. The individual counts for nothing. The spirit of the hive is all. I am told that the life of a working bee during a heavy honey flow is only six or eight weeks. The workers work themselves until they shortly die; the hive is kept alive by the steady hatching of larvae who in turn carry on the work and die. The queen, who alone of the colony lives several years, has one nuptial flight and spends the rest of her life crawling over the comb and dropping an egg into each cell. Though she, more than anything else, is responsible for the spirit of the hive, she is more of a slave than her workers. As autumnal cold descends, work stops, and the bees torpidly cling together for warmth and maintain existence by consuming their store of honey.

In the spring, work and laying start, and the worn workers live just long enough to see the process started once more and enough larvae hatched to replace them and assure the continued existence of the hive. A bee will do anything for the hive, nothing for a fellow bee. A bee from a strange swarm, alighting on the comb, will be instantly attacked. On the other hand, if you try the experiment of killing a bee on the comb, pinning him with the blade of a knife, he will set up a screaming buzz that sounds horribly anguished even to the human ear — and his fellow worker, loading a half an inch away, will pay no attention to him. When a tree is taken up, the spirit of the hive is killed then and there. The queen is usually crushed or lost. For the individual, the hunter has merely hastened dissolution by a little. He has killed the hive with the crash of the tree.

To take up a tree, you will need a couple of axes, a crosscut saw, a sledge, and at least three stout steel wedges. Plenty of twine is essential. Take as many bee nets as necessary. These can be made extemporaneously out of black mosquito netting, but it is safer to get the regular professional beekeeper's veils. For every participant there should

be a stout pair of linesman's gauntlets. Wear old clothes, dungarees or old riding trousers. You are sure to get pretty well smeared with honey before you are done. Select a clear day. If any water finds its way into the honey, it might as well be thrown away. It will surely ferment and spoil.

You will need help — one or, better yet, two good woodsmen. Lastly, bring a large iron spoon, a couple of table knives, and plenty of receptacles for the honey. The humiliation of returning with a few pounds of comb in a wash boiler is nothing, compared with the exasperation of filling a couple of buckets and finding you have no way of transporting the rest of the honey in the tree.

The woodsmen put on their nets and gloves and fell the tree. Then they cut deep scarfs above and below the area where the honey is supposed to be. When rotten wood or honey shows on the blade, you can be sure the hollow is entered. Then a wedge is placed at the base of one of the scarfs and driven home with the sledge. Another, parallel to it, is driven in further down and a third parallel at the lower scarf. As the wedges are driven home, the bole will split, and a great section may be lifted off like a lid, exposing the honey and the bees.

Of course, I am describing an ideal performance. Often the tree makes trouble — has to be sawed several times and the opening enlarged with the axe. As the crack widens under the impact of the wedges, the bees pour out and the fight is on. They will attack viciously, and you are aware of the ping of bees dashing themselves against the wire netting of the veil. If you have taken proper precautions, you are safe, though — to be honest — you usually get stung once or twice in taking up the tree.

Once the fight is on, it is well to get at the honey as soon as possible. When the comb is well broken, the bees lose most of their fight. They will dash around in a bewildered way, bunch up on a bush, gorge themselves with spilled honey, and generally give evidence that the spirit of the hive is dead.

Bee hunting combines almost everything that is desirable in a sport. It is played out of doors. It requires exercise both of the muscles and the brain. It is a sport of brawn and of craft. It can be played alone. Moreover, it can be played at any tempo. Time was when I could scramble up and down Croydon Mountain like a squirrel and could push the pace. That I can no longer do, but I move more slowly, consider more carefully, draw on the craft and knowledge of long experience, and find as many trees as when I was young and impetuous. The sport is one of infinite variety, of suspense, disappointment, perseverance, and triumph. Your ostensible object is honey. It is the least of your rewards. The reward is when, after hours or days of trial and error, your eye catches the flash of wings in the tree and you are able to say "Check-mate" in one of the most difficult, complicated, and fascinating games in the world.



Shortly after leaving the University of Chicago, VINCENT SHEEAN set out on that long odyssey which he has described in his most popular book, *Personal History*. It was to lead him as a foreign correspondent to Europe and to Morocco as an observer of the Riffi; it was to show him the trouble brewing in Spain and in Munich which made him so certain that what we and the British were facing was Not Peace But a Sword. From 1942 to 1944, Mr. Sheean served with the Army Air Forces; at the war's end he went for an extended visit to India. The Atlantic, which published several chapters of his *Personal History*, now welcomes his return.

ON LOVE

by VINCENT SHEEAN

I

ONE of the expressions most often heard in a matter which concerns every human being is "lucky in love." What does it mean? I think the phrase itself shows an attitude towards love, and the prevalence of the phrase shows that the attitude has influenced most people's thinking. They might deny the implications, but then why do they use the phrase?

What it implies is that love is a sort of gambling game, that it is a roulette wheel upon which any number may turn up, and that it is only by the sheerest chance that the right man and woman ever meet at the right time. We may sometimes hear this implied by even the happiest of people, as by the unhappiest. What it comes to is a disclaimer of any personal responsibility for whatever has produced either the happiness or the unhappiness — a relegation to some mysterious goddess, fate or fortune or whatever she might be called, of the motive power in this central interest of human life.

We may readily admit that chance does play a part in all the affairs of men, but to give it the sovereign role in anything so important as love would be to reduce the human personality to a good deal less than it really is. Actually, although we can all name cases in which circumstances decided, it is commoner for the personality itself to determine its desires and their fulfillment.

I do not pretend that this is always conscious, but that it is in general true I can have no doubt. I have seen it work too often, and these observations have harmonized with much that I have read in psychology. (In psychology it depends a good deal on which school you favor, but throughout the present century there has been a general emphasis on the human personality as the determinant of its own fate.)

For an example, let me mention the story of a

young man who was in his early twenties about ten years ago. He was a romantic: that is, he had aspirations and desires which outran the limits of his own life, he read poetry and books of travel, he disliked his excellent job and encountered a brief and early disappointment in love (chiefly, I think, because he was short of temper and it brought him to grief). It was in the nature of this young man to throw up his job and make off into the wilds. What he did was to go to Spain and drive an ambulance there during the civil war. It was also a part of his natural inclination to romanticize the strange, the new and the far-away. I consider that what happened was inevitable, given the structure of his personality. He fell in love with a Spanish girl, a nurse, and against the innumerable difficulties provided by war conditions they were married. It has been a happy marriage ever since.

You may inquire how it happened that the *right* Spanish girl came along at the right time. My answer is that within my young friend's nature there was a combination that demanded the right girl, sought her out, and perhaps influenced her to become even more right than she was to begin with: it could almost have been predicted. And on the girl's side — although I only knew her afterwards — I think a character instinctively inclined to more freedom than is usual for women in Spain made her well-disposed toward the American at the start. The other mysteries of love — its electricity, its overwhelming impetus of the one to the other — do not need to be explained. They occur if everything else is in accordance with the preceding nature, the natural demands, of the given personalities.

This is not to underrate the *appearance* of chance in such matters. It must always, or nearly always, look like chance. Love at first sight is an extremely usual phenomenon and to the persons involved it

must always seem to some degree miraculous or at least extraordinary. But according to the view I have set forth, this was predetermined by the characters involved, and the appearance of chance is a delusion.

Chance plays a greater part, I believe, afterwards, when two persons are embarked upon a journey which even for one is not easy. Accident, sudden death, misunderstandings of a woeful nature, may all play havoc with what set out to be a happy relationship in love. Here again the personalities may supply the clue, but not always. There are many vicissitudes in human life which are quite beyond the control of anybody, and in an era which has contained so many wars, revolutions and general upsets these need hardly be indicated. But in the dawn of love, its strange early magic and transfigurement, I believe that each personality — each soul, if you like — realizes a dream it had carried about within itself for a long time, and thus in a sense creates the beloved. That this should occur is inevitable, and “luck” has nothing to do with it: we see it happen every day.

Nobody can pretend, on the other hand, that these magical moments are not very often followed by disillusionment. It depends thereafter upon the depth of affection and loyalty, the strength of the fundamentals, whether such disillusionment can be seen to be a mere change in the weather, due most of all to self-deception, and the maturing of a permanent relationship set in. This does happen often enough for us to be confident that it is probably the rule rather than the exception, even though the whole point of view has greatly changed in the past three decades. What it depends upon is most of all a willingness — on both sides — to accept that little thing, the passage of time, and to recognize that in each phase the light and shade (or rewards and disappointments) are different.

2

To generalize about “men” and about “women,” when the varieties are almost as numerous as the examples, is a hazardous business. At the same time one observation has been made so often that it must contain at least a grain of sense, and in my own life I have verified it a large number of times. It is this: that divergence of interests is, or can easily become, a danger to love. Most men have interests which grow upon them with the years and sometimes become almost obsessive — larger, more impersonal interests than any contained within the relationships of the sexes. This, very often indeed, is the shipwreck of a marriage, the end of the story or its transference to another ground altogether. And it sometimes happens — although less often — that the reverse takes place: a woman may become so concerned with some impersonal interest that her life affords little place for love.

Examples of both would probably come to any mind: all they mean is that the capacity to love, in the fullest sense — as practically every human being has it at least once in life — does not always abide. When this takes place there is no going back to the lost dynamite, although it would be a rash man who could ever say there would not be recurrences. (Two of the most notable English novels of the past seventy years, Meredith’s *Beauchamp’s Career* and H. G. Wells’ *New Machiavelli*, were based upon the sudden recurrence or occurrence of love in the life of a man ostensibly entirely given over to the impersonal interests of high politics.)

What I have tried to indicate for love between the sexes is equally true of any form of human affection. That is, it arises most of all from the personality which experiences the emotion. That may sound harshly unsentimental, but it can be proved on a little observation. For example, how clearly the capacity for love as mother is indicated in many girls long before they can have any idea of what it means! The differences are far more marked, even in quite small children, than most people are willing to believe until they have watched it.

Mary Jane is cut out for motherhood and Susan Joan is not: that can be seen at the age of twelve. Susan Joan may, by dint of a certain amount of self-discipline, correct the balance, but her emotions will never take quite the same track as Mary Jane’s. (Good thing or bad? Who knows?) The object of human affections or passions must, of course, conform to certain demands, meet certain anterior requirements, but it is not the object of love that creates the feeling. Many a time quite unworthy children benefit by a devotion they have never deserved, as everybody knows. The secret lies in the heart of the giver; the one who loves creates.

And on a quite objective scale this act of creation sometimes brings about changes of character which astonish the beholder. The wild youth who “settles down,” the belle of the ball who becomes domesticity itself, are familiar enough in life: they are not mere legends. They became proverbial because they happened often enough to enter the general consciousness. I have seen some very grown-up examples of the alteration in character brought about by this singularly creative emotion, and so have you. The one I am about to cite is extraordinary only in the extent to which the change has brought happiness, so that even the most casual observer can see it.

Camilla, let us call her, is the example. She was born very well off, had an altogether privileged upbringing, and may have been — probably was — spoiled by admiration before she was twenty. She married a rich man not much older than herself and they had a life of the kind most Americans are supposed to desire. That is, they had two big houses and all the domestic assistance they needed or thought they needed to keep them going. California

and Europe were the suburbs of their existence. Camilla had a talent for clothes, for giving parties, for making people enjoy themselves in her house, and even — within limits — for a certain amount of serious conversation. Her husband's interest in all these things was at least equal to hers, and since they were a handsome, lively pair with every external advantage, nobody in their circle of acquaintance thought their marriage would ever go on the rocks.

It did, however, and for — I think — one main reason, and that the least expected: Camilla was bored. It was not the intervention of a third person — this is well established — but the underlying sameness of her life, wherever and however it was led, its general aspect as an invariable pursuit of pleasure, that sapped and eventually destroyed its emotional basis. (She has since told me that it was selfishness, his, hers and theirs, that ruled their life and thus made it empty of meaning.) In any case she could not endure it; she divorced; she took up about a year trying to find something of a time-consuming character to occupy her mind, something as different as possible from what she had hitherto known.

In the course of this effort she met a man who seemed to her far more wonderful than she had learned to expect. (I know him well; he is not wonderful at all, but does that matter? He is at any rate all right.) He was an advertising man in New York and had one overweening ambition: to be a farmer. They had just about reached the point of making plans when the war came along and he had to go. They were married.

Now this was where Camilla's startling change began. She went along with him to a prolonged term of service in the West, living as a GI wife on a great deal less money than she had ever had in her life. You might say that this would be all right for a year or two; and so it was; but there came a severer test. He was then sent overseas and remained there for two and a half years, during which time Camilla's life became busier than ever in the normal job-hunting and job-holding activity of a GI wife who had very little money to fall back upon.

(Her alimony had ceased, of course, and her parents were much less well-to-do now.) She learned, she says, a great deal during that time, and I can well believe it.

When her man came home they scraped together everything they could, and between them they bought the farm. It is by no means a life of privation or overwork that they lead — in fact it is a good farm in a beautiful country and they make enough to live in comfort, what with a little extra here and there (he is not only a farmer but an occasional writer). They seem to enjoy their unfashionable neighbors and friends, among whom I count myself, and Camilla would not go back to her earlier existence for anything you could mention.

The full effect of Camilla's change, upon anybody who had known her before, I have to take on hearsay: I barely knew her in her golden or at least gilded days. She now cheerfully does the work that used to be done by others, and does not regret them; she is gay as a lark in the evenings; she says she has more time now than she used to have when she did — as she puts it — “nothing at all.” In my opinion her Steve, for whom and through whom and by whom all this transformation was worked, is no way remarkable, but he is to her; and it would be worse than useless for me to attempt to explain to Camilla that in my view her own character and personality performed the whole process — that she in effect invented Steve, and by inventing him created them both.

Returning, then, to “luck,” good or bad, it is my conclusion that in love as in every other element of human life you make most of it yourself. There is chance; there is accident; but more powerful than these, for practically every purpose involved in the destiny of any man, is the personality itself. Strands far back may determine our significant actions, those which bring about a train of consequences, but the nature of man is such that these, too, can be changed by experience and by the exercise of the will, so that the whole product — the human being — is more self-contained than we are usually willing to imagine, and must make his way alone through the darkness to the stars.





THE ENGINE AND THE POOL

by DAVID McCORD

MEN coming to the river in the spring
Before the ice had gone, before the sun
Found time or latitude for northern Maine,
Led speculation on that trembly timber
Bridge across the water
Above the salmon pool.

How many Aprils
Solid down to May locked both abutments
With the blue clamp that keystone-ice can shape
To counter structures poised the other way!
Many:

But year to year, as yet no winter,
I mean no roaring spring, had done the damage
Long on the cards that said it would be done.
The bridge still stood — still stands.

A kind of causeway
Led out to it, off from it, safely spanning
The three dried oxbows of the fluvial past
In riding straight as Euclid to its purpose —
A crossing good for grade, exact for angle,
And right to cheat the morning sun that glittered
Largely on the upper pool.
One way the bridge looked off to pleasant prospects,
Distant and wild: the other to the mountain
Round which the tracks made quick to disappear.
The lean men with brown beards and poles and
peaveys,
Who followed the first race of logs and ice
That piled the one like jackstraws on the other,
In disentangling what the sun was melting
Were always glad on rounding bends above
To sight that lonely bridge beside Todd's logan —
You don't say salmon pool except on paper —
The last they'd trouble with that spring, that river.

2

Todd's logan? Logan is a Maine lagoon:
Out West, a fellow who became a berry.
Well, this Todd was a man, a passer-out of Maine,
Who disappeared but wrote his name in water
About the time Thoreau and Joseph Polis,
His Indian guide, were riding rough and smooth
The Mattawamkeag somewhere in the fifties.

Then salmon filled Maine's rivers, running and
spawning
In water choked with nothing worse than logs,
Bateaux, canoes, ice — all in season.
No chemicals, no shavings, bark; no circular
Saws to swirl the amber dust of death.
The green state, clean of stream.
Some wretched history since has touched Todd's
river.

The darkest chapter deals with his lagoon:
Industry above, black water to the sea.

Todd's was the sweet pool up or down for twenty
Green Maine miles; the years had only shaped it
Better for resting fish and fishing men.
Even the bridge shared in it, cleaving current,
Fencing the water with a latticed shadow.
A few trout, wise old squaretails, came to live there;
Moved in a long succession of long summers
After the great pollution stopped,
And figured large in dreams of anglers prowling
In happy accident those happy banks.
Then one day in the nineteen-thirties
Somebody said *salmon* casually, almost,
And there they were returned — testing the clear-
est current,
Fresh-run, home, up in the shelving waters
Where ancestral eggs had hatched pure silver
That ran like silver: quick, alive, and gone.

3

One morning in a coastal town a doctor,
Haunted by what was hanging in his closet,
Fevered a little by toxemic summer,
Tired from his rounds of measles, coughs, and
Cardiacs, the newborn nameless, suddenly
Cut the umbilical of his stethoscope,
Rummaged in mothball darkness and emerged,
A new man with an old dream headed north.
The sun was hardly on the eastern faces
Of convening mountains when the doctor,
Breasting a growth of fern fronds in his path,
Heard the sweet mumble of that stony water
And saw, like the flag of a just frightened buck,

The foaming rapids from the salmon pool, and the
old bridge beyond.

A big blue heron leaned away in flight,
His slow wings steady as a sleeper's pulse.

Busy with rod and ferrules, Silver Grays,
And other dear-named articles of trade,
The doctor paused to loop with his deft fingers
Familiar gut to tapered line — the suture
Happiest of all he knew. Then quietly
He slipped away upstream to where the trail led
Out on a little promontory starred with moss.
There he knelt and, scanning the light low water,
Observed two salmon by the wonted stone,
Twelve yards above the tail. Two gray destroyers,
Submarines: powerful, poised, alerted, and aware.
Just below them, once in the old days, thought the
doctor,

A little clinic of us fishing here
Along in May were just a bit astonished
When the distinguished surgeon applied to his
Snell hook — a number six — the juicy vermiform
Appendix he had brought down in a bottle.
It took too, was the funny part.

4

But now
To other business. Into the shallows just above.
We'll fish this wet, downstream; swing the fly over.
Over and over, three times. So it went. A rise. . . .
And then the long cast ceased and the doctor
smoked,

Watching the water for a hatch of flies.
How still the air was now, with the sun climbing.
The birds gone, one lone teetertail collecting
At water edge each washed-up grub and bug
On each emerging rock up to the bridge.
Listen!

Why, yes, it could be. That's the rumble
Of a train behind the mountain. So they must
Be using the old railroad still! I thought it
Was abandoned — up for scrap.

Some louder now. . . .

And pretty soon the doctor
Perceived the antiquated engine puffing

Round the spiral easement of the grade
That led up to the pool.

A hand waved
From the cab. A blue shirt and a red bandanna
Leaned far out, and the hand was lifted. The other
Hand seemed somehow to get hold of
That invisible throttle and whatever,
Grinding, creaking — those were the timbers
creaking —

And blessed if that queer train, with Mr.
Westinghouse helping a little with a burst of air,
Didn't come full stop in the bridge's middle —
Three flat cars and one box, caboose
Hanging to landward in a thread of smoke.
Whispers and sighing and subsiding creaks, and
"Say, Doc, what you got?"

"Not yet." The doctor
(Rightly addressed by chance)
Stood up now — quietly too, as not forgetting
He was a fisherman first. The engineer
Just shook his head. "Too clear," he said. "The
Water's low."

"I know it."

"And besides,
You ain't just where they're lyin'.
That would be right here." A canvas glove
Pointed downstream, off left. "Three good ones
there.

I'll just pull off. You try 'em."

And he pulled
Across the three dried oxbows of that long ago,
Ground to a second squeaky stop, and waited.

The doctor
Knocked out his ashes, fiddled five long minutes
With a change of fly, and waded in.
The strangest clinic a man ever had
In this beloved art!

"He's got a schedule,
I suppose," the doctor muttered. "I hope the pa-
tient lives.
Instruments ready: well, here goes." His wrist
Flexed backward, forward . . . pause.

So that's the story.
The fish?

The fish weighed sixteen pounds, four ounces.



A novelist turned agronomist and now an American farmer with a Cause, LOUIS BROMFIELD has been rousing the conscience of this country in the fight for conservation. In his books Pleasant Valley and Malabar Farm, in his vigorous speeches from coast to coast, and most of all by the yields he has produced with modern methods on his own Ohio farm, he has shown that run-down, eroded acres can be transformed into fertile, productive fields.

WE DON'T HAVE TO STARVE

by LOUIS BROMFIELD

I

AFTER more than a hundred years the ghost of Thomas Robert Malthus is walking again. At the end of the eighteenth century, Malthus set forth the theory that while food supplies of the world increased by arithmetical progression, population increased by geometric progression, and that the day was certain to arrive when the population of the world would exceed its capacity to feed itself.

In Malthus's time, vast areas of the colonial world were opening up and the prospect of a world shortage of food seemed preposterous to many of his contemporaries. But now we know that in most cases these areas filled up almost at once to the limits of their capacity to feed their populations under existing agricultural practices.

Some of the newly opened areas, instead of becoming treasure houses of food, turned out to be unsuited to productive agriculture because of the soils or climates; and some, because of excessive rainfall and its leaching effect, produced only food of an unbalanced and deficient nutritional value. Moreover, advances in medicine, sanitation, and nutrition have increased the average life span and kept alive millions of people who in Malthus's time would have died at middle age, or earlier.

All in all, time and man's progress — as well as his ignorance and greed — have served to vindicate Malthus and have produced a world in which food shortages have become an increasing menace. A school of Neo-Malthusians has sprung up crying "woe" and "havoc," and on the surface evidence they appear to be right. They see a world with steadily increasing populations in which productive agricultural land is constantly being destroyed by wind and water erosion and a wretched agriculture, and in which yields per acre have been constantly going downhill.

Opposed to the Neo-Malthusians is a less pessimistic group of experts which believes that the

world can feed itself if it will change its ways and if peoples and governments will recognize the vital role that food plays in the question of world war or peace. Beyond these two groups there exists a school of so-called experts which, often through the medium of newspapers and national magazines, has been conducting a "Pippa Passes" campaign — "God's in his heaven: All's right with the world" and there is nothing for us to worry about. This silliness is inspired in some cases by ignorance and in others by bureaucratic and academic feuds and jealousies.

As a practical working farmer I am inclined to believe that the answer lies somewhere in between. The world is not feeding itself and actually is on the downgrade, but it could feed itself if it chose.

No nation has a worse record than ours in exploiting and destroying its natural resources. Yet, at the moment, we are beginning to provide what might be called an historically astonishing spectacle: that of a nation and a people doing something about a grave situation before it actually becomes a disaster.

Today it could be said, I think, that the world is turning more and more to this country for the answers to the problems of soil erosion, depletion, and waning food supplies. Perhaps 50 per cent of these answers have come out of the billions spent annually upon Federal and state agencies, and the remainder from the better farmers — those possessed of intelligence, imagination, curiosity, and the capacity to learn, and blessed with the powers of observation.

The truth is that during the past generation a great revolution has been going on in American agriculture, which until recently has passed almost unnoticed. It is a revolution which involves many factors — mechanization, technology, economics, plant breeding, and wholly new approaches to soil, nutrition, and disease — and which presents an

amazingly complex pattern with its threads extending into the fields of chemistry, physics, medicine, nutrition, health, and almost every manifestation of science and human endeavor. It could have an immense effect upon the establishment of world peace, since food and raw materials and markets and purchasing power all lie at the very root of war in our shrunken modern world.

I suppose it could be said that modern agriculture began with Justus von Liebig and the invention of commercial or chemical fertilizers. Liebig's creation of chemical fertilizers gave rise to a school of agriculturists who, with the oversimplification which sometimes handicaps specialists, looked upon these new fertilizers as *the* solution to the problem of producing great quantities of food and fiber continuously and at a comparatively low cost. The assumption proved to be disastrous. As a result of the use of chemical fertilizers alone, millions of acres of good farm lands declined rapidly in production and some millions were virtually destroyed — a costly example of the scientific error of concentration upon one factor to the exclusion of many others.

By the persistent and *sole* use of chemical fertilizers the textures of soils were destroyed, erosion and the attacks of diseases and insects were promoted, and adequate moisture was eliminated, together with the bacteria, fungi, molds, earthworms, and countless other organisms — some of them as yet undiscovered — which we know now are indispensable to a real and maintained agriculture and a sound soil capable of optimum production.

At one time the advertisements of chemical fertilizer producers read as if one needed only to sprinkle a little chemical fertilizer on an asphalt pavement, sow the seeds, and eventually harvest bumper crops. But all this has changed. Today the manufacturers of chemical fertilizers are among the greatest advocates of organic material in soils, for they have come to recognize that their product is beneficial or destructive in exact ratio to the amount of organic materials in the soil. They realize that a good and permanent customer is a satisfied customer, and that a farmer who understands soil and good agricultural practices must be satisfied with the results of chemical fertilizers if he is to purchase them persistently and in quantities profitable to the manufacturer.

The chemical fertilizer error which began the agricultural revolution has been almost entirely corrected in good agricultural practice and teaching, and much of the correction has come from the chain of new discoveries which have brought the agricultural picture back into balance.

Productive soil is not simply an accumulation of inert minerals: it contains within its limits the whole process of birth, growth, death, decay, and rebirth which is the inexorable law of all continuing organic life. To produce the optimum in quan-

tity and quality a cubic foot of soil must contain an intricate series of balances: a balance between minerals and organic material, a balance among the major elements — nitrogen, potash, phosphorus, and calcium — and finally a balance between all these things and the whole range of the trace elements such as manganese, boron, magnesium, cobalt, sulphur, and many others which need exist only in minute quantities, but the absence of which can create sicknesses and low yields in plants, and sicknesses and even deformities, both physical and mental, in animals and people feeding from the deficient or unbalanced soils.

It is very likely that the laws governing perfect soils of high production both in quantity and quality are as exact as those governing chemistry, physics, or astronomy. Beyond these purely mineral and organic balances there exist also other elements and perhaps balances, still unexplored, having to do with the molds, fungi, hormones, enzymes, antibiotics, vitamins, and other factors. Both this field and that of the trace elements (of which we know almost as little) open up fabulous possibilities, in relation not only to quantity but to quality nutritional factors in agriculture, in animal husbandry, and in human life, vigor, and character.

The point is that if every cubic foot of the world's soil now under cultivation could be made into a perfect, balanced soil, not only could we raise many times the amount of food the world is now producing but we could improve its nutritional quality to such a degree that, save for inherited organic deficiencies or weaknesses, we could alter the physique, character, and intelligence of millions of the world's population for the better. In other words, instead of coolies or poor whites, living perpetually on the borders of malnutrition and even starvation, we should be developing well-fed, intelligent physical specimens capable of producing and enjoying economic wealth and of making continuous contributions to civilization.

The task of converting the agricultural soils of the earth to this degree of organic and mineral perfection would be a colossal task but not an impossible one. The means are known and available to every government and every people if they choose to use them.

2

ONE is accustomed to hearing the expression "worn-out farm" applied to farms which have reached a low stage of production or been abandoned altogether. I am inclined to believe that there is no such thing as a "worn-out farm" except in the case where erosion by wind or water may have carried off all topsoil down to the level of unproductive hardpan or actual rock. All soils were originally nothing but accumulations of min-

erals and rocks in broken-down form. As life progressed and developed on this planet, and the process of organic birth, growth, death, decay, and rebirth advanced with increasing rapidity, these inorganic mineral accumulations became overlaid with deposits of minerals in the organic form of dead and decaying or decayed animals and vegetation. In this organic form the minerals were highly available for the nutrition of succeeding animals and vegetation.

When man began the first agriculture, he began destroying this thin organic residue in two ways: (1) by encouraging it to wash away down the streams and back into the ocean; (2) by burning it up rapidly through cultivation. Not only did he gradually destroy all the living qualities of the soil (the moisture, bacteria, fungi, molds, and other factors dependent upon decaying organic materials for their existence) but he also destroyed the process by which these organisms operated to break down chemical combinations of inorganic minerals, unlocking them and making them available to plants and consequently to animals and people. In other words, he interrupted a natural chain reaction together with the balance by which soils are created and re-created and by which they can constantly restore themselves.

On the whole this destructive process has been called agriculture for thousands of years. Only here and there in very limited regions and among a few farmers throughout history have there existed exceptions to the general pattern.

It is one of the common assumptions of the layman that crops consume great quantities of minerals out of the soil, thus depleting it rapidly. Actually no such thing occurs. No plant, even greedy corn or cotton, takes as much as 5 per cent of its weight or growth from the soil. Many plants take much less than that. The rest comes out of sunlight, air, and water through the miraculous process of photosynthesis, which ends by providing us with the proteins and oils necessary to our existence. A small amount of minerals, however, *is* necessary in order for the process of photosynthesis to take place, and the capacity for production of fiber and seed is in turn largely determined by the quality of balance or imbalance existing among the minerals in the soils.

In many cases, it is not actual mineral depletion which reduces crop yields to the point where a farm becomes "worn out," so much as poor agricultural practices which make the minerals unavailable. The same minerals are still in existence but they have been reduced virtually to the same condition in which they existed at the time that organic life began on this planet.

In the hands of a truly modern, intelligent farmer these "worn-out" farms can be restored rapidly, and at an economically possible cost, to the level of their original production; and sometimes — through

the addition of fertilizers to correct poor mineral balances and by new hybrid and more productive plants — they may be raised above the level of the original virgin soil production in terms of quality as well as quantity.

This is an operation which I have observed as taking place or having already been achieved on a great number of so-called "worn-out" farms through the South, the Atlantic seaboard, and the Middle West. It is exactly the process we have employed on our own worn-out land at Malabar Farm, where today we are growing more of most crops per acre than has ever been grown before on this land. In the process we have spent less money on fertilizer than is spent annually on many farms providing much lower yields. The process is neither expensive in terms of money nor is it in any sense a short cut. We work with Nature rather than against her, following the very method by which Nature built up some of our richest soils, and speeding up the process immeasurably through technology and mechanization. In an area of once eroded land, no more erosion occurs today with the land under intensive cultivation than occurred when the same land was covered by hardwood forest. Possibly there is even less erosion.

It is to these low-production or "worn-out" farms that we must turn in this country for further increases in agricultural production since we have no more rich virgin land. To a great extent this is also true of the rest of the world.

Nature, to be sure, laid down her accumulations of minerals in a haphazard way and in combinations of great variety so that, contrary to the belief of the average person, not all virgin soils are good or productive soils. Indeed some virgin soils are miserably unbalanced and deficient in many elements. The point is that today, for the first time in the history of agriculture, we know pretty well what *does* make a productive soil and we have the means, within economic reason, of eventually making all soils of *any potentiality whatever* into balanced and very nearly perfect soils.

If our agriculture in this country were operating 100 per cent on this kind of soil, we could without question feed three to four times our present population at the nutritional levels to which we are accustomed. Moreover, our food would cost much less and the farmer would be making a greater profit since the rule which has made American industry supreme in the world applies equally to agriculture — the rule that the more you produce per unit, per man-hour, per dollar invested, the cheaper is the cost and the greater the profit.

3

IN laying down minerals and in the process of translating these from inorganic to organic form, Nature has created a few soils which were originally

very nearly perfect. Among these, perhaps at the very top, are the Black Belt soils of Alabama, Texas, and the Ukraine. In Alabama these soils, first depleted of organic materials and converted into "dead" soils, have been allowed to erode away until in the greater part of the area the soils are no longer black, but gray. In Texas the same soils, put under the plow from seventy-five to one hundred years later, have also suffered from erosion, though to a lesser degree. But while they remain black, the yields per acre have fallen off as much as 50 per cent or more during the past few years. This is not because of mineral depletion, but because the destruction of organic materials and the failure to replenish them has made the Black Belt soil a dead soil in which the natural mineral fertility has become largely unavailable.

Soil specialists in the area do not recommend the use of chemical fertilizers, because the natural mineral fertility of these soils and the quality of their mineral balance are still so superior that chemical fertilizers would add nothing to the potential fertility. But organic material of any kind mixed into these soils produces miraculous results. A crop of hubam or annual sweet clover plowed into a field can raise production in one year 30 per cent or more, merely by reintroducing into the soil the natural process of birth, growth, death, decay, and rebirth which maintains moisture and makes the native minerals available to plants and consequently to animals and people. This is only one of the many instances in which, simply by proper agricultural methods, the yields of soils can be increased enormously—in some areas, similar to our own in Ohio, even increased many hundred per cent.

The great wheat area of the Southwest offers another striking example of the effect upon production of applying knowledge and common sense to agriculture. In the past the rule for three years was on an average one total crop failure, one fair year, and one good year. There has been no failure in the wheat crop since 1939, and in nearly every year the crops have been of bumper proportions. It could be said that the dust storms (and this was the great Dust Bowl area) have virtually ceased, or at least become almost wholly localized.

This change was not brought about through altered climatic conditions, but by a simple change in methods of agriculture. The old-fashioned mold-board plow has been abandoned and a "ripping" plow, which tears up the soil without turning it over and burying all rubbish and organic material, has been substituted. No longer do the farmers who know on which side their bread is buttered burn over the residue of straw, leaving the ground bare. Instead they chop it or work it into the surface, sometimes to a depth of four to five inches. Some farmers are using subsoilers or great chisels which rip up the soil to a depth as great as twenty

inches or more, breaking up the hardpan and admitting to the mineral reserve, deep down, both the air and the moisture which help to make it available to the crops growing on the surface.

The rubbish left on the surface or chopped into it has the power of reducing the velocity of a sixty miles an hour gale to about eight miles an hour on the surface of the fields. Thoroughly worked ground, full of surface rubbish, entraps virtually *all* the rainfall which on the clean worked fields of the past largely ran off the hard and sometimes caked surface, creating soil erosion and downstream floods.

Today, under the new agriculture, all of this rainfall, eccentric and undependable and generally in the form of heavy downfalls in this area, is trapped and carried deep into the ground as a reserve for crops during the dry season that follows. Moreover, it is protected from subsequent evaporation by wind and water by the insulating layer of rubbish and straw mixed into the surface of the earth above. The result is an immense conservation of the moisture so vital to all crops, and a noticeable check upon erosion by wind and water.

In the past the success or failure of a wheat crop was virtually determined by the amount and timing of rainfall. Today this element of chance has been nearly eliminated through a purely technological change in agriculture. Although rainfall has been below normal in the area during the past three years and not too well distributed, there has been no crop failure. The answer is, of course, that through intelligent methods backed by modern machinery a twelve-inch total rainfall is as valuable as a sixteen-inch rainfall under the old pattern of agriculture, since nearly all rainfall is trapped and insulated. At least one great source of the world's most valuable food, wheat, has been largely insured against the caprices of weather.

4

On the horizon, there exist countless other factors contributing to the world's potential ability to feed itself well. Germany has led the way in producing high-protein foods and feed for cattle out of sawdust and the wastes of the forestry industry.

The manipulations of yeast and the use of algae to produce high proteins and even fats is already in an advanced stage and is completely practical as a means of increasing supplies both of high proteins, by which we live, and fats and oils which are indispensable to our health and eventually to our existence. The government station at Woods Hole, Massachusetts, is experimenting with the planting of clams to be harvested as a crop. An acre of the waters of Chesapeake Bay produces more high-protein food than any acre of land under cultivation anywhere in the world, and this production can be increased still further by the program of

management being worked out by the Federal government and the states adjoining the Bay area. The control of soil erosion and of industrial and city pollution alone in this region would doubtless add an increase of 25 per cent or more to the yields.

The wholesale advance of grass farming by which hilly or marginal land unadapted to other agricultural uses can be developed for growing high-quality grass forage for cattle, sheep, poultry, and to some extent hogs, thus releasing grain supplies for direct consumption by people, offers further possibilities of augmenting the supply of such high-protein foods as meat and the whole range of poultry and dairy products. All of this is involved in a program of proper land use, of understanding soils and their fundamental inexhaustibility, and of getting optimum production off each kind.

In all these advances technology, and in particular mechanization, cannot be overlooked. Today if a farmer has a few bright days he can — through the proper use of mechanization — plant, cultivate, or harvest a crop and save it all, where in the past he might have lost part or all of it. Mechanization has introduced as well a great number of tools such as the subsoiler, the field tiller, the Graham-Hoehme “ripping” plow now in use throughout the Great Plains area, and many other implements adapted to the new agriculture and designed to achieve optimum production. Moreover mechanization, together with all the other factors dealt with above, can bring down the cost of food, increase profits to the farmer, and expand the purchasing power of the dollars of all of us.

Agricultural scientists are now making valuable new discoveries through the use of the spectograph, which had hitherto been used to determine the mineral contents of distant planets. Today this instrument can be used not only to determine the mineral composition of soils, down to the smallest trace elements, but also to determine the mineral content of vegetables and so fix their nutritional value. These values are not all the same in the same vegetable, as many housewives assume. Two heads of lettuce can vary as much as 75 per cent in their nutrition content, according to mineral content and balance of the soils on which they were grown.

In a half-dozen places agricultural research workers are using radioactive isotopes of various minerals to trace the part each mineral plays in the growth and productivity of any plant. It is highly probable that in the near future these workers will be able to understand and explain one of the miracles of the universe — how a plant is able, by the process of photosynthesis, to turn sunlight, air, and water into proteins and oils, and to provide us and the whole animal kingdom with the basic means of existence upon earth. The prospects opened by such a discovery are almost endless.

At Freeport, Texas, the Dow Chemical Company, pushing further and further the processes by which magnesium was extracted during the war from sea water, is succeeding in the recovery of many other valuable elements. The sea, to be sure, is the source from which all of us came when the first fish went ashore to live, and all the elements of the sea are still necessary in the production of human beings who are intelligent and healthy. The sea is the repository of all the minerals and elements which have been washed down into it since the beginning of time, and if they can be recovered at a reasonable economic cost in great quantities, they can make agricultural land highly productive. The supply, of course, is inexhaustible. In the past the process of recovering elements directly from the sea for use in agriculture has been economically prohibitive, but today the prospect of recovering an incredible amount of potential fertility at a reasonable cost is within sight.

If what we already know were simply applied to all the agricultural land of the world and the problem of proper distribution were given consideration, the world could feed itself well. The means are at hand and available. The solution is up to man and his governments — whether he chooses to go on raising less and less and increasing his numbers meanwhile, or whether he and his governments choose to settle down and produce those great quantities of food which it is potentially possible to produce.

It is an apparently valid law of biology that, as diet and living standards move upward, the increases in population coming from the lower economic levels tend to stabilize themselves somewhere within the limits of reasonable potential food supplies. The poorer the diet and living conditions, the faster the population tends to breed, apparently in agreement with the Darwinian theory that plants and animals under adverse conditions reproduce frantically in order that some of the species may survive. It is not impossible that once we begin to feed the world properly, particularly the more starved areas, the population problem in relation to the food supply will tend to correct itself.

The truth is that man, since agriculture began with the first cave man who burned over a little plot of grass or forest and worked it until it would no longer produce, has been living off the countryside like an invading army destroying everything as it moved. Largely speaking, he has fought Nature instead of working with her, and now finds himself face to face with perhaps the most formidable problem of his existence.

We know today how to produce food and to produce it in great and increasing quantities. We know how to create soils that are better and more productive than all but a very few of those created by Nature in her haphazard way. We don't have to starve.



In Paris in 1919, JAMES NORMAN HALL, who had served as a machine gunner in "Kitchener's Mob" and later as a pursuit pilot, collaborated with his friend Charles Nordhoff in writing the official history of the Lafayette Escadrille. This was the beginning of a literary partnership unique in American letters, which produced during their twenty years residence in Tahiti a number of notable narratives of the sea, including Mutiny on the Bounty, Men Against the Sea, Pitcairn's Island, and The Hurricane. "The dream of the G-Note Road," Hall wrote us, "is no fiction. It has had an extraordinary influence on my life from the days of my childhood."

THE G-NOTE ROAD

by JAMES NORMAN HALL

1

IN the days of my childhood when internal-combustion engines were still a menace of the future and dirt roads were as common as motor highways are now, there was one road leading south out of my home town that I loved above any other. Like all Iowa roads of those days it remembered the old prairie; in early summer the fragrance of wild roses, geraniums, honeysuckle, sweet William, and other field flowers hung over it, and in autumn it was a narrow ribbon of scarlet and gold. I sometimes traveled this road with my father to the neighboring town of Prairie City, six miles distant. About halfway to Prairie City this southward-leading road was joined by one running west. Near the junction was a pond scarcely twenty yards wide that lay in a meadow enclosed by low green hills. Morning Sun Pond we called it, and whether it was there or not depended upon the amount of rainfall earlier in the year.

Ponds, to say nothing of lakes, were few indeed in my part of Iowa, and this one became a place of pure enchantment to me. It was fringed by willow and cottonwood trees whose clear reflections in the water gave me an inexpressible emotion: something between joy at what I actually saw and a kind of breathless expectation of something wonderful yet to be revealed. On the slope beyond was a red barn like many another dotting the landscape thereabout, but owing to its nearness to the pond it was bathed in a glamorous light that came from the water and spread its magic for a considerable distance around that particular spot.

How is one to make clear, in words, the kind of emotion that floods the heart of a child upon viewing some commonplace sight which his elders pass by with scarcely a glance? It cannot be done. All I can say is that the small green meadow with the pond in the center seemed, somehow, sacred, as

though it had been set apart for all time from the world of everyday. And the road leading westward away from it was sacred as well. Sacred to me. I seemed to know that it would remain as it was, lonely, empty, untraveled, until the time came for me to make the westward turn by the pond and follow it toward some unknown destination in the direction of the rising sun.

At this same period of childhood my favorite rainy-day amusement was to stand at my mother's piano and strike various notes along the keyboard with my ear pressed closely against the piano so that I could hear the sounds dying away. Each note had its own haunting quality and seemed to go in a predestined direction. At first they would follow streets, then roads, familiar to me in the vicinity of my home town, but soon they would enter undiscovered country toward the far north, the east, west, and south, stretching away across deserts, over mountains, through island-dotted seas, the landscapes on either side dimly seen through the glamorous haze of blue distance. The G-Note, just below the middle octave, followed the road to Prairie City, but not all the way there. At the crossroad this side of Morning Sun Pond it would turn west, traveling farther and farther in that direction until it became the mere ghost of sound, as though the faintest of the Horns of Elf-land were summoning me from the further side of Silence.

It must have been around my tenth or eleventh year that I first dreamed of the road. My father had given me a bicycle for my birthday, and in the dream I was walking along a sandy stretch of the road, pushing my bike, in a fret of eagerness to reach the top of the hill where I would catch the first glimpse of Morning Sun Pond and the junction where I would turn west to explore the untraveled

road that had been waiting for me all this time. I could both see and hear the G-Note, a shining golden thread, already turning there, then dying away far in the distance.

This dream repeated itself two or three times during my adolescent years, then it ceased to delight and tantalize me; in fact, it all but faded from memory until I was a young man attending Grinnell College, or Iowa College as it was then called. At Grinnell I was given my first taste of music in the high sense, and never, surely, could a youth from a small country town have been more ravished by such an experience. There was a School of Music connected with the college, and the head of it then was Professor George L. Pierce. His name will be revered and remembered by the students of my day as long as they have memories, for it was thanks largely to Professor Pierce that their lives were so filled with music.

Most of us came from small towns where our knowledge of music had been limited to school songs, church and Sunday-school hymns, and Saturday-night band concerts. I say nothing in disparagement of such music, for I am still fond of it, but young men and women, often without realizing the fact, are ready and eager to go on from there.

At Grinnell we were privileged to do so, some as participants, some merely as auditors. My only means of participation was as a member of the men's glee club, and if there is any experience more delightful and deeply satisfying than that of singing in chorus with other young men I would be at a loss to name it. My idea of perfect happiness would be perpetual membership in a glee club singing songs as celestial as those old songs seemed to me then. "In days of old when knights were bold . . ." "Ask if yon damask rose be sweet . . ." "Comrades, pour the wine tonight . . ." "Still, still with Thee, when purple morning breaketh . . ." "Awake! Awake, ye lords and ye ladies gay . . ." Merely to mention the titles or fragments of first lines of some of those songs sends a shiver of delight up and down my spine, and a formidable accumulation of years topples off my shoulders as though they had never been.

Beyond the glee club heaven was that of orchestral music which I heard for the first time at Grinnell. There was a college orchestra, directed by Professor Pierce, and the string quartet in which he played the cello; both gave concerts throughout the year, and I must by no means forget the pipe-organ music of Professors Scheve and Matlack, heard daily at chapel and at the Sunday vesper service. (My debt to Professor Scheve is only a little less than that to Professor Pierce, and some day I hope to make a small payment upon it.) The vesper service was at five in the afternoon, and I doubt whether, at any college in the U.S.A., a more beautiful one could have been heard.

Then, in the spring of every year was held the

May Festival when members of the Chicago or the Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra visited the college for a series of concerts; and what these meant to the students of my "vintage" could not be measured in terms of words. It was at one of these concerts that I first heard Mendelssohn's "Midsummer Night's Dream" music. Shortly thereafter, having reluctantly received my degree at Grinnell, I was offered employment as an agent for the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, in Boston.

The office and home of the Society was, and still is, on Beacon Hill, at 43 Mt. Vernon Street, and every weekday morning I would set out from there with a sheaf of blue complaint-sheets in my pocket to investigate cases of cruelty reported by the police, charitable organizations, or private individuals. This was grim work for a young man whose life up to that time had been spent in country towns of the Middle West. I knew nothing of poverty in the urban sense; I didn't even know, except academically, that there were class distinctions in American society, but my education in Boston was rapid and convincing. Nevertheless, my job was so varied, in such close contact with human lives and problems, that I took keen interest in it. But subconsciously I must have been appalled by many of the experiences because they began to trouble my sleep. I would dream of walking up Joy Street — anything but a Joy Street in the dream — knowing that when I reached 43 Mt. Vernon I would find the spindle on my desk overflowing with blue complaint-sheets reporting cases of cruelty to children, all of which would have to be investigated before nightfall. Concern as to what I would find usually worried me awake at the beginning of the dream.

2

IN the Boston of that era — the drab and hopeless purloins of the Boston I knew best — there were many rag-and-bottle collectors, bag-coal peddlers and the like, and at all hours of the day, summer and winter, one would hear their calls: "Regs-ah-re-e-egs, bottles," "Co-o-oal! Co-o-oal," "So-o-oap gre-e-ase!" as they drove slowly through the tenement districts of Boston, the North End, South and East Boston, Charlestown and Roxbury. Strangely enough, some of these calls, despite their import, were beautiful to hear. I remember one that would make the slums of Boston vanish for me; I could imagine that I was high up in the lonely mountains of a lonely land, listening to the song of some shepherd giving perfect expression to the peace and beauty of a windless, cloudless midsummer day.

Nothing gave voice so effectively to the bitterness of existence for the poor as the cry of the bag-coal peddlers on a midwinter morning. It was one of these who carried me beyond the "complaint-sheet" phase of the dream mentioned above, back

to the G-Note Road of boyhood. I was tramping through dirty snow along a seemingly endless street lined with bleak rows of tenements, searching for a house I didn't want to find; then of a sudden it was midsummer, and I was riding in the back of the coal pedler's wagon. He was calling, not "Co-o-oal!" but "Go-o-old! Go-o-old!" and a cloud of golden dust traveled slowly with us up the hill that would give the view, from its summit, of Morning Sun Pond. I was conscious of the old sense of breathless expectation, and heard the G-Note dying away in the distance, far to the west.

Then the bag-coal pedler vanished with his horse and wagon and I found myself at Morning Sun Pond, transferred into a glorious lake in the midst of a forest whose magnificent trees were like those in pictures I had seen of the giant redwoods of California. Shafts of misty sunlight slanted down through their branches and lay in shining pools on the forest floor. The red barn, too, had been transformed. It was now a pavilion, a place for concerts, yet it had a close resemblance to the Grinnell College chapel. There was a stained-glass window high in the back wall representing the figure of Christ, and beneath was the inscription: "Behold! I stand at the door and knock," the sunlight streaming through it in shafts of green and gold, blue and crimson. In the body of the pavilion were rows of turn-up seats like those of the chapel, and on one side of the orchestra platform was a grand piano, with a pipe organ set into the opposite wall.

Mrs. Chapin who had been my landlady at Grinnell — for in those days there were no dormitories; the students roomed and boarded in private houses — was coming slowly down the center aisle, sweeping a heap of dust before her. A little girl of seven or eight whose name was Jenny stood near me, her hands clasped behind her back, looking at me with an air of earnest appeal, as much as to say: "Don't you see who else is here?" Then, in the dim light I observed Professor Pierce sitting in one of the aisle seats, holding his director's baton lightly in one hand. Although the bag-coal pedler had vanished, I could still faintly hear him calling "Go-o-old!" as he traveled farther along the westward stretch of the Road. Professor Pierce smiled and nodded, indicating the dust heap that Mrs. Chapin was pushing along the aisle, as though he would say: "That's right; it is golden, as you can see for yourself."

Mrs. Chapin came on, sweeping slowly, not appearing to know that we were there. I knelt down to examine the dust more closely, taking it up in my cupped hands and letting it trickle through my fingers. Of a sudden I recognized it for what it was: the dust of music, of all the beautiful music that had been played or sung there in the past. I could see the tiny notes, some held together in measures and fragments of measures, some detached, gleaming with all the colors of the spectrum, as beautiful as

the organisms found in a drop of pond water when examined through a microscope by lamplight, with the light reflected from the small mirror beneath.

The joy at discovering the true nature of the dust was of the purest kind, experienced only in dreams when one is living timelessly in the stream of Time. Presently, glancing up, I saw that Professor Pierce had left the pavilion and was standing outside in the forest, beckoning with his baton. Jenny and I understood at once what he wanted. Each of us took up a double handful of dust and ran out to him. Then, at a nod from him, we threw the dust high in air. It floated up in a golden cloud, and as it passed through the shafts of sunlight we could see the notes like tiny soap bubbles with sticks to them, some separate, some in lacy festoons, forming ever changing patterns like ribbons of smoke rising in still air. His head upturned, Professor Pierce watched them rise. He knew what symphonies, concertos, trios, quartets each fragment belonged to, and as they scraped lightly through the branches far overhead he beat time with his baton and the music came faintly down as though from heaven itself. I heard fragments of old glee club songs, but all were mere fragments stirring within me gusts of feeling that died away before I could fully recognize and enjoy them.

Professor Pierce stooped to whisper something to Jenny. She returned to the pavilion, and a moment later came running out, one arm upraised, holding between thumb and forefinger the end of a long series of measures joined together, floating out behind her and gleaming in the sunlight like a cobweb streamer. She hung it carefully over Professor Pierce's baton outstretched to receive it. He examined it carefully, and glanced at me as though he would say: "Norman, this is especially for you"; then he wafted it gently into the air. I can still see those gossamer-like, note-bestarred threads of music floating slantwise up, and Professor Pierce, his baton poised and ready as he waited for them to strike the branches high above us. The music I then heard was that soaring passage, about two thirds of the way through the Scherzo of the "Midsummer Night's Dream," carried aloft to

... the starry threshold of Jove's court
... where those immortal shapes
Of bright aerial spirits live ensphered
In regions mild of calm and serene air.

Never, either before or since, have I wakened from so happy a dream.

3

I WILL not venture to say how many times the G-Note Road has threaded its way through, or partly through, the dreams of adult years, but this has happened often enough, at widely separated intervals, to convince me of the deepness of the im-

pression that south-and-westward-leading road and Morning Sun Pond made upon me in the far-off days of childhood. Sometimes they have appeared together, sometimes separately, and I have glimpsed one or the other in dreams that were confused and meaningless.

I wish that I had kept a record of the dreams, but unforgettable fragments remain. Once the Pond appeared in a landscape of ideal beauty. The willow and cottonwood trees had become tree ferns and banana plants. To me, there is nothing in nature more beautiful than banana leaves rocking and swaying on their long stems, whether seen in sunlight or moonlight. In this dream I saw them under the midday sun, like flames of white fire lighting up the Pond and the green glades around it. Brown-skinned island children were bathing there, and I heard the voices of an unseen choir — undoubtedly, the Vesper Choir of Grinnell days — singing: —

By cool Siloam's shady rill
How sweet the lily grows!
How sweet the breath, upon the hill,
Of Sharon's dewy rose.

This is one of the hymns I particularly loved, at college. It belongs in a class apart with such hymns as "Oh, Master, let me walk with Thee," "Dear Lord and Father of Mankind," and "Oh, love that wilt not let me go," never to be forgotten by those who sung them, or heard them sung, in youth.

At another time when I had been reading Thoreau's Journals for days together, looking up all the references to be found there to the "telegraph harp" that so delighted him, the experience seems to have been filed away to be made use of years later in a dream in which I was again on the G-Note Road in wintertime, half running, half walking as I hauled my sled toward the wished-for summit. This time the sound of the G-Note was not dying away in the distance. I heard it more and more clearly and then caught up with it, imprisoned in a telegraph pole, humming, through the frozen air in the dusk of early evening, an obligato to the beautiful words of a childhood song, "Good-bye to Summer," which have in them the very "feel" of a winter night:—

The fireside for the cricket,
The wheat-stack for the mouse,
When trembling night-winds whistle
And moan all round the house.
The frosty ways like iron
The branches plumed with snow, —
Alas! in Winter dead and dark,
Where can poor Robin go?

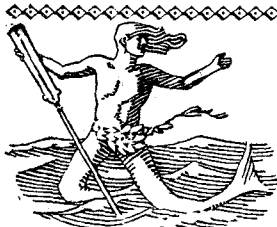
One rainy autumn evening, I passed through Grinnell under circumstances that limited my stay to scarcely an hour. I stood in the darkness outside

Professor Pierce's house, my face wet with rain that might well have been tears at thought of a meeting that would have to be so woefully brief. I rang the bell and Mrs. Pierce came to the door. She was as happy to see me, I believe, as I was to see her, but there was time only for a few inadequate words of greeting. "George," she told me, was at the chapel attending a concert of chamber music.

"Why," I thought, as I hurried on to the campus, "have I been so foolish as to stop at Grinnell with less than an hour to spend?" Among the faculty and townspeople there remained a few old friends who had been there in my student days, and a full week of evenings would not have sufficed for the pleasure of seeing them once more. I passed the library where the lighted windows beckoned as temptingly as they had years ago. There would be no familiar faces in the reading room, but many a familiar back would I have found in the stack room. I longed for broad margins of leisure for searching them out once more. I wanted to take down, handle and thumb through the identical volumes I had read there, with such deep pleasure, in the old days.

Going on to the chapel I mounted the steps, tiptoed across the vestibule, and looked in. The audience was small; not half the seats were occupied. I soon discovered Professor Pierce; he was sitting in his well-remembered listening, enjoying attitude, one arm resting lightly along the back of a vacant chair. The quartet was in the midst of a number and I could all but see the golden dust of music drifting down from the vaulted roof, powdering his head and shoulders and those of the other listeners. My heart ached with the longing to steal quietly in and take the empty seat beside him. If I lost this chance, who could say when another would come? But . . . could I disturb him at such a moment, knowing that I had time for no more than a few words of greeting and farewell? Better no meeting at all than one so poignantly brief.

As I stood there, half listening, half dreaming, I heard the G-Note as though coming from an infinite distance. Professor Pierce heard it, too; it must have been so, for when I reached Morning Sun Pond I found him awaiting me a little way within the border of the forest. We were out of the world of change and decay. The pavilion, the great trees that sheltered it, the shining lake — everything was just as it had been and would always be. I heard the soaring passage from the Scherzo of the "Midsummer Night's Dream," and glancing toward the pavilion, I saw Jenny running toward us through shafts of misty sunlight, holding aloft another gossamer-like, note-bestarred streamer from Mrs. Chapin's dust pile.



The Atlantic Serial



The sinking of the Bismarck was the most dramatic naval engagement in European waters. In the June Atlantic, we published the first phase: the detection of the Bismarck and its accompanying cruiser, the Prinz Eugen, as they left the Norwegian coast on May 21, and the head-on fight with the Hood squadron, in which the Hood, the most powerful ship in the British Navy, was sunk after only a few minutes of intense salvos. Our accounts of that battle and its sequel have been drawn from The Bismarck Episode, by CAPTAIN RUSSELL GRENFELL, R.N. — a book based on the testimony of almost every surviving officer and on the material in the captured German archives. The Bismarck Episode will be published by Macmillan.

THE "HOOD" AND THE "BISMARCK"

The Hunting of the "Bismarck"

by CAPTAIN RUSSELL GRENFELL, R.N.

8

THE *Bismarck* had administered a swift defeat to the *Hood's* squadron and had continued on her southwesterly way apparently unscathed. She was now well in advance of the British Commander-in-Chief's squadron. To the heads of the Naval Staff, the loss of so famous a ship as the *Hood* was a heavy blow. It was essential that the *Bismarck* be overtaken and destroyed.

On May 21, before the *Hood's* squadron had left Scapa, the *Victorious* had been transferred to Sir John Tovey's command and the *Repulse* had been ordered north from the Clyde to join his flag.

There were at this time ten convoys at sea in the Atlantic, some of which had battleship or cruiser escort, while others had only a screen of lighter vessels, destroyers, frigates, corvettes, or sloops. Of all these various escorting ships, only the battleships, cruisers, and fleet destroyers could be regarded as having any battle value against the *Bismarck*. These classes could, however, be considered as a potential reserve to be brought in against her, provided she came within reach of them and provided the risk of removing them from their convoys was acceptable.

In addition to this reserve of warships actually at sea, there were forces in harbor which might also play a useful role, either for direct combat purposes or as "replace" ships for convoy escorts summoned

away from convoy duty. The most important was Vice-Admiral Sir James Somerville's Force H at Gibraltar, consisting of the battle cruiser *Renown* (sister ship to the *Repulse*), the aircraft carrier *Ark Royal*, the cruiser *Sheffield*, and six destroyers. Force H's normal duty was to seal the western exit of the Mediterranean against the Italian Fleet, and hitherto all its activities had been inside the Mediterranean. But with its seagoing mobility, the Force was equally available at a moment's notice for operations in the Atlantic, and it was decided to bring the Force in against the *Bismarck* herself.

The cruiser *London*, which was escorting a convoy from Gibraltar to the United Kingdom, and the cruiser *Edinburgh*, which was near the Azores, were ordered to proceed as necessary for shadowing the *Bismarck*.

Hundreds of miles to the northwest, the battleship *Ramillies*, with Convoy HX127 in mid-Atlantic, was ordered away from her convoy to close and intercept the enemy from the westward. As was usual when with a convoy, the *Ramillies* had been steaming at 8 knots. Captain Read rang down for 18 knots, but his 27-year-old ship took some little time to work up to this speed and in the process unavoidably emitted volumes of black funnel smoke. Captain Read felt very awkward about this, since he had made a number of proving signals during

the previous days to various merchant ships of the convoy for doing the same thing, and he felt that the Masters must now be enjoying themselves. In half an hour he had left the convoy behind and was steering northwest to get to the westward of the *Bismarck*.

Back on the eastern side of the ocean, about 500 miles from the Irish coast, the battleship *Rodney*, with the destroyers *Somali*, *Mashona*, *Tartar*, and *Eskimo*, was escorting the *Britannic* en route to the United States. They had left the Clyde at 1 P.M. on May 22, the *Rodney* being due to refit at Boston on arrival in America. She had not been properly refitted for over two years, and her machinery was in a most precarious condition. One engine room had broken down twice during the previous month, leaving only one propeller on which to return to harbor, and the boilers were in a similarly shaky state. She was to show what an invalid ship could do in an emergency.

Shortly before noon on the 24th, a signal came through from the Admiralty for the *Rodney* to leave one destroyer with the *Britannic* and, with the others, to steer an intercepting course for the *Bismarck*. As the *Rodney* was already steering it, she went on as before, increasing speed and taking the *Somali*, *Tartar*, and *Mashona* with her.

Thus within six hours of the *Hood's* destruction two additional battleships, one battle cruiser, one aircraft carrier, three cruisers, and nine destroyers had joined directly in the chase.

9

THE *Norfolk*, the British cruiser which had been following the *Bismarck* and the *Prinz Eugen* ever since their entrance into the Atlantic, and her sister ship the *Suffolk* had automatically gone on shadowing after the dawn battle. The *Suffolk* was again on the starboard quarter, this time assisted by the oily wake the *Bismarck* was leaving behind her; while the *Norfolk* was once more out on the port quarter, with the *Prince of Wales* on her quarter again. The two cruisers continued sending out signals of the enemy's position, course, and speed about every twenty minutes during the periods when they were severally in contact.

For some hours, the weather was clear all round the horizon and the task of shadowing was therefore comparatively simple. The cruisers kept the enemy ships in sight at fifteen to eighteen miles distance and were able to conform to their movements without much difficulty, even though the Germans kept making large alterations of course to one side or the other in the evident endeavor to shake off their trackers.

About 11 A.M., however, banks of mist were sighted ahead, and soon the shadows were contending with the same treacherous and uncertain weather conditions that they had experienced on the

previous night, the visibility again varying between seventeen or eighteen miles and two or three. Both cruisers closed in as much as they dared, but about noon they lost sight of the enemy in mist and drizzle.

Three hundred miles to the eastward, the Commander-in-Chief on the *King George V* was pushing on after the enemy at his squadron's best speed. Sir John Tovey was steering a mean course chosen with a view to competing with any of the three possible enemy courses of action: namely, raiding operations based either on Greenland or somewhere in the south, passage on to an Atlantic or Mediterranean dockyard, or a return to Germany.

The *Norfolk* sighted the enemy again for a short time at 2.35 P.M., and again at 3.15 P.M. when the visibility increased. The *Suffolk* began to pick up the *Norfolk's* signals based on visual sightings and by their aid was again in radar touch and was resuming her reports by 4.10.

Before 5 P.M., more mist had appeared and the *Norfolk*, in turn, lost touch with the enemy. But by this time the *Suffolk* had him firmly held by radar and so was able to keep her blinded colleague informed of the enemy's movements. Thus did science and human eyesight supplement and reinforce each other in keeping continuous track of the escaping ship.

Air contact was maintained until 4.40 P.M. when the Catalina G/210 which was then shadowing the *Bismarck* developed engine trouble and had to return to its base. No more air contacts were made during the day.

Admiral Tovey was worried about the possibility of an attempt by the *Bismarck* to escape from observation by the use of high speed during the night. If she put on a sudden spurt, she might give her shadowers the slip before they realized what was happening.

Sir John knew about the oily wake she was leaving behind her, but he was not inclined to attach overmuch importance to it. Oil spreads out quickly on the sea surface and a very small leak can make a broad oil track. It was necessary to credit the *Bismarck* with having still her normal full speed available on demand, and thus with being capable of an increase of 7 or 8 knots whenever she chose. Sir John had therefore to find means of slowing the *Bismarck* up before darkness set in. There was only one way of doing this at present — an attack by the *Victorious* aircraft. If they could only get some torpedoes into her and so inflict underwater damage, they might reduce her speed sufficiently to scotch any inconvenient spurts during the night.

Sir John signaled that the *Victorious*, escorted by the 2nd Cruiser Squadron under Vice-Admiral A. T. B. Curteis, was to close the *Bismarck* and fly off to the attack when within 100 miles.

With no risk from hostile air attack, the *Victorious* aircraft could be ranged in plenty of time and there was ample opportunity for discussion with the

Squadron Commander and the pilots. The weather was getting worse, and Captain Bovell had grave doubts whether any of the pilots, untrained as many of them were, would be able to land on after the attack. He hoped, however, that they would at least be able to save themselves, even though they crashed their aircraft. He noted with satisfaction that the squadron leader, Lieutenant-Commander Esmonde, was full of confidence that all would go well, and under his leadership the whole squadron was so keen and enthusiastic that it was difficult to think they would not succeed.

10

EVER since the onset of misty conditions, Captain Ellis of the *Suffolk* had been expecting that the *Bismarck* might endeavor to round on one or other of the shadows under cover of low visibility and trap them at close range. About 6.30 P.M. the enemy, being some 26,000 yards ahead of the *Suffolk*, disappeared into a fog bank. Captain Ellis had been resting his radar during a clear patch, but when the enemy ships were lost to sight he brought it again into action. It was just as well that he did, for the radar began to report the range as quickly decreasing.

When it was down to 22,000 yards, Captain Ellis, on the alert against an ambush, put his wheel over for a turn to port and increased to full speed. As the *Suffolk* swung round under helm, the *Bismarck* appeared out of the mist ahead at a range of 20,000 yards and opened fire with all her guns. Captain Ellis immediately ordered funnel smoke to be made, but before the ship had got under cover of this screen, the enemy had fired nine salvos and some more came down in the smoke. By great good fortune, the enemy's initial salvos were a long way out — at least 1000 yards short and out for line — and by the time they were getting dangerously close, the *Suffolk's* pall of smoke was streaming out and she was hidden by it.

This brief action took both ships over towards the *Norfolk* and *Prince of Wales*. The latter opened fire in support of the *Suffolk* as the battle came her way. Her range from the enemy was, however, very long — about 30,000 yards — and though she fired a number of salvos, it is doubtful that her shooting was effective. The *Bismarck* in any case was clearly in no mood for an action with a heavy ship. She hauled off and made away to the westward at high speed.¹

The *Suffolk* herself had naturally opened fire, and as she turned away to open the range from the *Bismarck*, her guns came round more and more onto an after bearing, until the foremost turrets at high

elevation had their muzzles pointing unpleasantly close to the bridge. As one of their salvos went off, there was a crash of glass and all the bridge windows were blown in. Since there were no wind baffles or other weather protection once the windows had gone, the Captain and others on the bridge soon began to feel the effects of exposure to the bitter wind.

The enemy's westward retirement had adversely affected the *Victorious's* approach problem by lengthening the distance she would have to go. Instead of reaching the 100-mile circle from the *Bismarck* at about 9 P.M. as previously expected, she was still 120 miles away an hour later. Since the rate of closing on the *Bismarck* was very slow and the weather was still deteriorating, Captain Bovell decided he could wait no longer for starting the flight.

There were still some hours of daylight, as sunset was not till fifty minutes past midnight. The ships were keeping double British summer time, which meant that their clocks showed 10 P.M. when it was really 8 P.M. at Greenwich. And they had also now reached a point a long way to the west of Greenwich, more than two hours behind Greenwich by the sun. The ships' clocks were therefore more than four hours ahead of the sun.

The wind was blowing fresh from the northwest and increasing, and there were heavy rain squalls, with much low cloud. The visibility was, however, good near the surface, except during rain squalls. The scene from the *Victorious's* spray-swept flight deck was an uninviting one of breaking seas and driving rain clouds. As he saw his nine aircraft all get safely off, Captain Bovell reflected that it would be a good deal harder to get them back.

The attack was pressed home with great gallantry. All nine machines dropped their torpedoes. As the machines roared away after making their attack, they were able to see at least one torpedo take effect. Shortly afterwards, those on board the *Victorious*, who had endured a seemingly interminable wait since the aircraft had taken off, were overjoyed to receive a signal that the attack had been carried out and that one hit was claimed.

The aircraft were now on their way back to the *Victorious*, and Captain Bovell was full of apprehension about their safe return. The majority of the pilots had not landed on a ship's deck before they had flown onto the *Victorious* four days before. The two or three practice landings they had been able to do before leaving for this operation had all been in daylight.

It was now rapidly becoming dark. And to make matters even worse, the *Victorious's* homing beacon was discovered to have gone out of action, and so the returning aircraft could not be guided back to the carrier by this means. In his anxiety, Captain Bovell waited till the aircraft should have been nearing the ship, and then switched on all his searchlights and flashed them round the heavens.

¹ It is now known that the *Bismarck's* behavior did not originate in a desire to catch the *Suffolk* napping, but was intended to cover the breaking away of the *Prinz Eugen*, which was to make her separate way to an oiler.

He was promptly ordered by the Vice-Admiral of the escorting cruisers, fearful of attracting enemy submarines, to switch them off. Captain Bovell, who was much more concerned to get his aircraft back, delayed switching off until the receipt of a second signal, when he felt obliged to obey. But he then started a long signal to the Vice-Admiral with a very bright signaling searchlight, asking permission to switch on again. Before this signal was completed, however, he heard the welcome sound of aircraft in the distance.

By now it was pitch-dark, raining heavily, and there was considerable motion on the ship. As he turned into the wind for the landing on, Captain Bovell frankly had little hope that any of the aircraft would get onto the deck in safety. There was, however, not a single crash, every aircraft landing on in some sort of fashion. Lieutenant-Commander Esmonde came up to the bridge to report. He thanked the Captain for the searchlights, but said that the first lights the aircraft had actually seen were the red signaling lamps of the cruisers. Ironically enough, these lamps had been specially designed to reduce the distance at which they would be visible.

Shadowing dispositions for the night were then taken up. The *Prince of Wales* was placed astern of the *Norfolk*, and the Rear-Admiral signaled to the *Suffolk* that she was to act independently for the operation of her radar. The other two ships would conform to her movements. As a result of the re-disposing of the force, she was now well up towards the *Bismarck's* port beam and about ten miles away from her. All the British ships were zigzagging against submarine attack, a warning that the British forces might be running into U-boat concentrations having been sent out by the Admiralty some hours before. The bearing of the enemy being what it was, the *Suffolk's* zigzag kept jeopardizing her contact with the enemy. On the outward leg, the *Suffolk* not only opened the range from the *Bismarck* but her radar came near the after limit of its effective arc and sometimes got shut off. But on the inward leg, contact would be picked up again. So Captain Ellis went on for about two hours, occasionally losing radar touch as he zigzagged out, and finding it once more on the leg back.

Had the *Suffolk* been occupying her previous position fairly fine on the enemy's quarter, the zigzag would have had no such risky element. Moreover, the placing of all three shadowing ships on one side of the enemy was of itself distinctly hazardous, since it left his starboard side entirely unguarded. If the *Bismarck* had radar, as she might have, she would presumably soon become aware that there was no British ship to starboard of her and that a way of escape in that direction was open.

Presently, radar touch was again lost by the *Suffolk* on her outward zigzag. But this time it was not regained on the inward. Captain Ellis went on

with the inward leg, hoping and expecting to pick up contact again at any moment. The minutes passed, however, without the welcome mark re-appearing on the screen. In his report, Captain Ellis considers he was slow in realizing that touch had actually been lost. If he was, it was not surprising. His brain was numb with cold and fatigue. He had had no sleep for four nights. For the past thirty hours, he had been under the continuous heavy strain of unflagging watchfulness, punctuated by alarms, ambushes, and shellfire, while he was frozen to the bone through the breaking of the bridge screens hours before.

The *Suffolk's* signal announcing the loss of contact was taken in by both the *King George V* and the Admiralty. Sir John Tovey was snatching some sleep when the signal came through. But the news that the enemy had at last shaken off pursuit brought him back to the plotting room.

11

THE *Suffolk* had lost contact with the *Bismarck* at 3 A.M. on May 25, after shadowing her for thirty-one and a half hours. It took exactly thirty-one and a half hours to resight her.¹ She was finally spotted by a Catalina aircraft of the Coastal Command. The scene has been graphically described in *Coastal Command*, the Air Ministry handbook:—

"'George' [the automatic pilot] was flying the aircraft," said the pilot, "at 500 feet when we saw a warship. I was in the second pilot's seat when the occupant of the seat beside me, an American, said: 'What the devil's that?' I stared and saw a dull black shape through the mist which curled above a very rough sea. 'Looks like a battleship,' he said. I said: 'Better get closer. Go round its stern.' I thought it might be the *Bismarck*, because I could see no destroyers round the ship and I should have seen them had she been a British warship. I left my seat, went to the wireless operator's table, grabbed a piece of paper and began to write out a signal."

This was the signal that first told the British forces and shore authorities that the *Bismarck* had been found again.

On the direct course for Brest, the *Bismarck* now had a lead of about fifty miles over the *King George V*. But this course was not the decisive one. What counted more was the *Bismarck's* quickest course to get under German air cover; and for this purpose her lead was more like 100 miles, since she could afford not to point as high as Brest itself but could make for the center of the Bay.

Could the *King George V* overhaul her before she got within comfortable German bomber range? If the *Bismarck* maintained her present reported speed of about 20 knots, she could be within that

¹ Limitations of space do not permit a report of the action of the Fleet in following false leads to regain contact with the *Bismarck*. The full account will be found in Captain Grenfell's book *The Bismarck Episode*.

range by daylight the next day. Thus, if she were to be brought into action at all, her speed would have to be considerably reduced — down to 15 knots at least — and the reduction must take place on this day, the 26th.

But how could this be done? Only by torpedoes. The major hope lay in the *Ark Royal's* aircraft. If they could get in some attacks, they might be able to slow the *Bismarck* up. It had to be remembered, however that these attacks, if they eventuated, would represent only the second occasion in history of a battleship at sea being attacked by carrier aircraft: the first being the very recent one of the *Victorious* aircraft attack on the *Bismarck* on the evening of May 24, which had not been an overwhelming success.

At 8.40 A.M. Vice-Admiral Somerville had sent out ten aircraft on reconnaissance. These planes had to be got back, refueled, and armed up. By twelve o'clock the aircraft were beginning to return, each one reporting its number by lamp as it got close. All were soon circling overhead except the two that were in touch with the enemy and were staying on until relieved.

As soon as the aircraft of the morning sweep were back on board the *Ark Royal*, every available aircraft other than those needed for shadowing was prepared for the coming torpedo strike. The crews had their lunch and came up to the Observer's office to discuss the coming attack. By 2.15 P.M., the fifteen aircraft available for the strike were coming up on the lifts. At 2.40 engines were started up, and at 2.50 the fly-off had begun. The crews had been briefed to attack the *Bismarck* with torpedoes in a position about forty miles in such-and-such a direction. They were told she would be found all by herself on the ocean, no other ship being anywhere near.

At one o'clock Sir James Somerville had made a general signal that the torpedo striking force would leave the *Ark Royal* at three o'clock, and at 3.20 P.M. he made another signal that it had gone off at the time previously mentioned. On board the Home Fleet ships pressing southeastward this information was received with great satisfaction. Despite the rotten weather the air attack was on the way. With any luck, the *Bismarck* would be severely damaged and perhaps slowed up enough to be overhauled.

With any luck. But mixed with hopefulness was a certain nervous suspense. So much depended on this attack. If it failed, the casualties among the aircraft might be too heavy for another attack to be effective; in any case, it was doubtful that a second attack would succeed if the first did not.

The *Rodney* had just been sighted from the *King George V* slightly before the port beam. Nothing had been heard of her for thirty hours, and now this old 16-inch gun warrior had come silently up over the horizon as if she knew exactly when to take her

cue out of the wings. She was 7 knots slower than either the *King George V* or *Bismarck*. Yet here she was, making her appearance just where and when she was wanted. During the next few hours she slowly converged on the *King George V* and by 6 P.M. had formed astern of her.

As she drew near, the Admiral had asked her by signal what speed she would do and the reply was 22 knots. The Admiral therefore hoisted the signal for this, and the *King George V's* speed was reduced accordingly, so that the two ships could remain in company. But after about twenty minutes a signal came across from the *Rodney*: "I am afraid your 22 knots is a bit faster than ours." Sir John Tovey remarked that you could almost hear the old ship panting for breath as she sent the message. The *Rodney* had now only two out of her original three destroyers with her, and they were very short of fuel. Their leader, the *Somali*, had already gone for this reason, and had meant to take the others with her. But they, a little fuller, had begged to remain as long as possible and Captain Caslon had let them.

12

TO THOSE who knew what fateful issues were involved, the wait for news of the air attack on the *Bismarck* seemed endless. The aircraft should have been dropping their torpedoes certainly by four o'clock; but that hour passed, and the next, and the next after that, in silence that grew increasingly ominous. Had something gone wrong? At half-past six the blow fell. A signal came in from Sir James Somerville that the striking force had scored no hits.

Sir James Somerville, understandably, did not care to say at this juncture why there had been none. The weather had been deteriorating all day, and while the air strike was still in the preparation stage, Sir James had found himself wondering whether the shadowing aircraft could long continue their work. He therefore determined to send the *Sheffield* on ahead to establish a surface contact. About half-past one, more than an hour before the striking force took off, he had ordered her to find and shadow the *Bismarck*. The order was flashed by signal searchlight, and went only to the *Sheffield*.

The *Ark Royal*, though in sight of the *Sheffield*, was a mile or two away from her and at the moment was busy flying on some shadowing aircraft. The visibility was none too good, and there were frequent rain squalls. When, therefore, the *Sheffield* put on speed and slipped away towards the *Bismarck*, the *Ark Royal* never noticed her departure.

The striking force flew off a little later, the crews believing, as they had been told, that any ship they saw near the position given would be the enemy. Flying through rain and mist, they picked up a ship on their radar sets in roughly the expected

position. Going down to have a look, they saw a ship some way ahead. Naturally assuming it was the *Bismarck*, they went back into cloud until it was time to dive to the attack. Then down they went, intent on the assault, their minds fixed on the assured anticipation of seeing the *Bismarck* below them as they broke cloud cover.

It was in fact the *Sheffield*. But it is hardly surprising that, in that tense moment, they should have failed to recognize her when they came into the open. She was actually their customary training target and they had made many dummy attacks on her in previous months. But they went down expecting to see an enemy, and such is the power of suggestion that it was as an enemy that most of them saw her.

More than an hour after the Swordfish had taken off from the *Ark Royal*, her signal officer had hurried up to Captain Maund with a copy of a signal that had just been deciphered. It was the wireless message from Vice-Admiral Somerville to the Admiralty, repeated for information to the *Ark Royal*, saying that the *Sheffield* had gone ahead to shadow. It had been on board the *Ark Royal* since about 2 P.M., but had only just been dealt with by the cipher staff. The reason for the delay was that a great many signals were flowing in for deciphering at this time, including those from the *Ark Royal's* own aircraft, who were reporting the *Bismarck* every few minutes, and the cipher staff were hard-pressed by the volume of the traffic. A signal, therefore, which was not addressed directly to, but only marked as repeated to, the ship was taken as being of secondary importance and was put aside for a quiet moment. When its turn did come to be attended to, its significance was immediately appreciated; hence the signal officer's anxious concern as he came to his Captain.

Captain Maund as instantly perceived the grave implications of the signal. Throwing secrecy to the winds in order to gain time, he made a signal in plain language to the striking force to "look out for *Sheffield*." But it was too late.

On the *Sheffield*, Captain Larcom had received Sir James Somerville's signals that the air striking force would be coming and that it had taken off at 3 P.M. He was therefore expecting to have the Swordfish fly over him, and it was no surprise when it was reported to him, about a quarter to four, that they were in sight. As he turned his glasses onto them, however, he suddenly realized, after a moment or two of incredulity, that they were diving down to attack his ship. Instantly he rang down for full speed and put his wheel over to confuse the attackers' aim. Not a gun was fired by the *Sheffield*, and her officers and men watched in silence the released torpedoes dropping towards the water, intended for them.

The first fell into the sea with a heavy splash, and the impotent observers braced themselves for

an approaching torpedo track. A moment later their attention was focused by something even more arresting. The second torpedo reached the sea, but as it touched the water it detonated with a thunderous roar, flinging a fountain of spray in all directions. The next torpedo did the same thing. Before starting, the torpedo heads had been armed with magnetic pistols, and it was plain that these were going off on hitting the water.

Of the remaining torpedoes, three exploded innocuously in this manner well away from the *Sheffield*. And three aircraft realized, as they dived down, that a mistake was being made, and withheld their torpedoes. Thus there were only six or seven dangerous torpedoes for the *Sheffield* to contend with. By this time she was swinging rapidly round at high speed. With every spare officer and man on the bridge scanning the sea for the telltale tracks, Captain Larcom swung the ship one way and another to avoid the torpedoes, and with such skill that all passed him harmlessly by.

13

IT WAS a gloomy set of airmen that returned to the carrier. They had set out with such high hopes; all the higher because Fleet Air Arm had still to win an established reputation in sea warfare, and the young men of the *Ark Royal* were longing to set a lustrous example for others to follow. But all they had achieved was this lamentable anticlimax of attacking a friendly ship. Until they were back on board, Captain Maund did not become aware of the distressing story that had to be told. But he, knowing it was not the aircrews' fault, told them not to worry and that they would have another chance a little later. They were to go down and get something to eat, and then come up to discuss the next attack. Under this sympathetic treatment, their misery fell away and was replaced, as Captain Maund could see, by a grim determination not to have any further mishaps.

With the ship rolling heavily, aircraft were refueled and more torpedoes got ready. One lesson at least, of immediate practical value, had been learned from the attack on the *Sheffield*: the magnetic pistols were unreliable. Captain Maund therefore decided to substitute for the next attack the old and well-tried contact pistols, which fired only when they hit something.

This time, too, there would be no mistake about the *Sheffield*. To make assurance extra sure, the aircraft were told to contact that ship on their way to the *Bismarck*, and the *Sheffield* herself was told that they would do so.

By 7 P.M. the striking force was up on deck and ranged. There were fifteen Swordfish, every single torpedo bomber that remained in the ship. It was still blowing hard. Visibility was exceedingly variable, cloud was at 600 feet or less, and rain-

storms covering very large areas were sweeping across the sea. Once more the ship was turned into the wind and once more the aircraft careened unsteadily along the heaving deck before they rose clear into storm-swept sky. As they formed up in the air and disappeared in the direction of the enemy, everyone in the *Ark Royal* knew that they meant to succeed this time.

About forty minutes later, just before 8 P.M., the *Sheffield* sighted them coming. She made to them "the enemy is twelve miles dead ahead," and they were seen climbing into the clouds. Half an hour later they were back to ask for another bearing, having apparently failed to find the *Bismarck*. Redirected, they departed once more in the enemy's direction. There was too much rain and low cloud about for the *Sheffield's* people to keep them long in sight. But after an interval there came an outburst of gunfire fine on the starboard bow, and the bright winking of numerous shellbursts in the air, which showed plainly that the attack was starting.

The distant display of anti-aircraft fire flashed and sparkled for some minutes and then died away. There was a pause, and then those on the bridge of the *Sheffield* saw first one and then two more Swordfish flying towards them. They came past very low on a level with the bridge. It could be seen that their torpedoes had gone, and as one Swordfish flew by very close the crew were smiling broadly and had their thumbs held upwards. All those on the *Sheffield's* bridge and upper deck took off their caps and gave them a cheer as they passed.

While the attacks were still proceeding, those on the *Sheffield's* bridge noticed that the *Bismarck* was altering course. She would naturally swerve about a good deal to dodge the torpedoes being dropped at her. Now she was getting almost broadside on to the *Sheffield*. Then suddenly from the distant enemy ship there came four rippling yellow flashes from her turret guns. As if stung to fury by the air attacks against her, she had opened fire on the only British ship she could see.

The shells fell a long way, perhaps more than a mile, from the *Sheffield*; and someone on her bridge made a derisory remark about the shooting. He spoke too soon. Again the enemy's turrets spurted their bright tongues of flame, and about fifty seconds later there were some piercing cracks as four 15-inch shells fell very close on either side of the British cruiser, exploding on hitting the water. Huge splashes shot up alongside, and the air was filled with whizzing shell splinters. Captain Larcom went on to full speed, put the wheel over to get clear, and gave the order to make smoke. But before that last order had produced any result four more enemy salvos had fallen unpleasantly close.

The splinters from the second one had caused casualties among the anti-aircraft gun crews, twelve men being wounded, three of whom died. They had also destroyed the ship's radar apparatus,

an awkward piece of damage because the *Sheffield* could now only shadow by eyesight, and would therefore be ineffective for that purpose after dark.

The air striking force had begun to return to the *Ark Royal* about 9 P.M., but they had a long way to go, and the last of them was not on board till an hour and a half later. Five had been damaged by gunfire. In one, 127 holes were counted, the pilot and air gunner having both been wounded. But despite all this and the failing light, only one aircraft crashed.

It was a more cheerful lot of airmen who climbed out of their aircraft and went up to tell their stories. The crews were interrogated separately as they returned, and it was not until well after 10 P.M. that Captain Maund felt satisfied that one hit had been obtained amidships on the *Bismarck*.

Reports from the *Sheffield* to Admiral Tovey indicated that the *Bismarck* was clearly moving in a general northward direction. Why was she behaving in this strange, and indeed suicidal, manner? It was to her vital interest to make every mile of progress she could towards the southeast. Yet here she was steering almost in the opposite direction for nearly half an hour. The thought was forming among Sir John Tovey and his staff that the *Bismarck's* otherwise inexplicable movements might be due to her rudders being damaged and she herself being no longer under control.

Whatever the explanation, the situation had turned dramatically in the British favor. If the *Bismarck* was heading northwards, even temporarily, it meant that Sir John Tovey's force would be closing her at the rate of from 30 to 45 knots, according to her speed. Sir John was satisfied that she could not now escape him, and he therefore decided that, as night was falling, he would not seek an action at once, but would wait for daylight.

14

AS DAY began to dawn, the poor visibility of a stormy horizon convinced the Admiral that conditions were unfavorable for an immediate action, and that it would be better to wait an hour or two for full daylight.

Sir James Somerville on the *Ark Royal* had come to much the same decision regarding the intended dawn air attack. In this vile weather, there was serious risk of the aircraft mistaking friend for foe. Sir James was none too sure of the position of either the *King George V* and *Rodney* or of the *Bismarck*; and after the narrow squeak of torpedoing the *Sheffield* the day before, he wanted no more mishaps of that kind.

Shortly before sunrise, Sir John Tovey signaled across to the *Rodney* astern of him to tell Captain Dalrymple-Hamilton that in the forthcoming action he was free to maneuver independently, provided he conformed generally to the Admiral's move-

ments. The *Rodney's* two remaining destroyers had just been obliged to leave her for the return to their base for fuel. They had waited with her as long as they were able, but could wait no longer.

The Commander-in-Chief's intentions, made known at this time to his Flag-Captain and Staff, were to close the enemy as quickly as possible to about 15,000 yards and then turn for a broadside battle. But first of all the exact position of the *Bismarck* had to be determined.

The solution to this urgent problem was provided by the *Norfolk*. She had been rushing south in desperate haste all night, fearful of being too late for the final drama. At quarter-past eight, she sighted a battleship about eight miles ahead and nearly end-on. Thinking it was the *Rodney*, Captain Phillips ordered the challenge to be made. Getting no reply, he had a more careful look and then realized that the vessel he was approaching at 20 knots was the *Bismarck* herself. As the *Norfolk* sheered away to open the range, she sighted the two British battleships in the distance and was able to give them a visual link with the enemy.

At 8.47 A.M., the *Rodney's* 16-inch guns opened the battle. Just as the salvo was due to fall, the *King George V's* guns flashed out and both the British battleships were in action. The *Bismarck* had not yet replied and she remained silent for another two minutes. Then she too joined in.

The *Bismarck's* first salvo was a long way short. But it did not take her long to correct her aim, and her third salvo straddled the *Rodney* and nearly hit her. Having been given latitude to maneuver independently, Captain Dalrymple-Hamilton altered course to port and brought his A arcs to bear, subjecting the *Bismarck* to heavier gunfire than she herself could develop.

At 8.54 A.M. the *Norfolk*, which was six or seven miles to the northeast of the British battleships, opened fire with her 8-inch guns at 20,000 yards. The battleships' range was already closer than that and was shortening rapidly; and about this time the *Rodney* brought her secondary armament into action. The *Bismarck* was now under the concentrated fire of three ships, and her gunnery efficiency was noticeably falling off.

Twelve minutes after the commencement of the battle, the *King George V* was in to 16,000 yards and Sir John Tovey thought it time to bring the flagship's full fire to bear. After a word up the voice pipe to Captain Patterson to tell him what was coming, the Admiral made the signal for a course of south, nearly opposite to the very wobbly path the *Bismarck* was following towards the northwest. A minute before nine o'clock, the *King George V* began her swing to starboard towards the new course, and her after turrets were soon in action. The *Rodney*, whose independent maneuverings had taken her out nearly three miles from the flagship, turned south two or three minutes later.

Just after the turn, the *Bismarck* transferred her fire to the *King George V*, now the leading ship. But some of her guns were no longer firing and only an occasional shot or two fell close.

The run to the south by the *King George V* and *Rodney* went on for about a quarter of an hour, with the range nearly steady at 12,000 yards. During this period, ten torpedoes were fired at the enemy — six by the *Rodney* at 11,000 yards and four by the *Norfolk* at 16,000 yards. None were seen to hit, and indeed it would have been a great fluke if any had done so, fired from such ranges.

This action on opposite courses naturally made the enemy's bearing draw fairly rapidly aft, and Captain Dalrymple-Hamilton decided to turn the *Rodney* round to preserve the broadside bearing and head the enemy off. The fact that the enemy's fire was now on the *King George V* would enable the *Rodney* to make her turn without danger, and at 9.12 A.M. the wheel was put over for the new course. Once round, the *Rodney's* full fire was again brought to bear, and she was thus able to cover the turn of the *King George V*, which came round some minutes after her. The *Rodney* was now the leading ship, and perhaps for that reason the *Bismarck* made her again the target.

Both British ships were getting close, being in to 8500 and 11,000 yards respectively, and details of the *Bismarck* were easily discernible through binoculars. Obvious signs of punishment were visible. A fairly large fire was blazing amidships. Some of her guns seemed to have been silenced, and the others were firing only spasmodically. Her foremost turrets fired a salvo at 9.27, but shortly after that the *Norfolk*, which had placed herself almost ahead of the *Bismarck* for flank marking purposes, saw two of the forward 15-inch guns run down to maximum depression, as if a British hit had caused a failure of hydraulic power in the turret.

At lessening ranges, the two British battleships steamed north past the slowly moving enemy ship, pouring in a heavy fire from both main and secondary armament guns. At this relatively close distance hits on the upper works were easily seen. A large explosion occurred just abaft B turret (the upper of the two foremost turrets), which blew the back of the turret up over the bridge. A very spectacular hit blew away the 15-inch aloft Director, which toppled over the side. The *Rodney* fired another two torpedoes at 7500 yards, but neither of them hit.

The unsteady crawl through the water to which the *Bismarck* had by now been reduced meant that the British battleships quickly overhauled and passed her, and soon the bearing had grown so far aft that the foremost guns were almost ceasing to bear. It would have been simpler to have shot the battle out on a more or less constant broadside bearing; but this could only be done by using approximately the same speed as the enemy. This

speed, however, was much too low for safety in view of the probable presence of enemy submarines. The *Rodney* therefore began to zigzag close across the enemy's bows, firing sometimes at her starboard side, sometimes at her port, and sometimes down the length of her hull.

At the end of each of the *Rodney's* zigzags, her foremost turrets would be on their extreme after bearing and firing close past the ship's bridge, where the blast was severely felt. On one occasion, it removed Captain Copping's steel helmet from his head with such force that it hit and knocked out a signalman standing some feet away.

In order to keep well clear of the *Rodney*, the *King George V* had taken a broad sweep out and back on the enemy's beam. Moreover, she was by now (about 9.30 A.M.) suffering badly from the same complaint that had afflicted her sister ship the *Prince of Wales* in the earlier battle. Gunnery breakdowns were occurring with unpleasant frequency. Her three turrets were severally out of action from this cause for varying periods, one for as long as half an hour; in addition there were breakdowns at the individual guns. There were times when her available firepower was down to 20 per cent of the maximum — a reduction which might, in other circumstances, have had disastrous consequences.

15

BY 10 A.M. the *Bismarck* was a silent, battered wreck. Her mast was down, her funnel had disappeared, her guns were pointing in all directions, and a cloud of black smoke was rising from the middle of the ship and blowing away with the wind. Inside, she was clearly a blazing inferno, for the bright glow of internal fires could be seen shining through numerous shell and splinter holes in her sides. Her men were deserting their guns, and parties of them could be seen running to and fro on the upper deck as the shells continued to rain in, and occasionally jumping over the side, to escape by watery death from the terror on board.

But her flag still flew. Ostensibly, at least, she remained defiant. Powerless and, like Sir Richard Grenville's *Revenge*, surrounded by enemies, she did not surrender — though under modern conditions the intention to surrender a ship is not too easy to indicate.

Surrender or not, the British ships meant to sink her, and as quickly as they could. At any moment long-distance German aircraft might appear or torpedoes come streaking in from U-boats that were already amazingly late in arriving on the scene; while to add to the urgency there was the nagging anxiety of the acute fuel shortage. Both the *King George V* and *Rodney* should, from this point of view alone, have been on the way home hours ago — especially the former. There was absolutely not a moment to be lost in putting the *Bismarck* under-

water. Sir John Tovey's impatience showed itself by a desire for point-blank range. "Get closer, get closer," he began to tell Captain Patterson, "I can't see enough hits."

The *Rodney* was now firing nine-gun broadsides at the *Bismarck* from the 16-inch guns, the huge shells hitting her in threes and fours at a time. At 3000 yards the *Rodney* also fired her last two torpedoes, and one of them was seen to hit the *Bismarck* amidships. The *Norfolk* had also fired her remaining four torpedoes from a range of 4000 yards and believed she obtained at least one hit. But still the *Bismarck* floated.

Sir John was feeling acute concern at the refusal of the *Bismarck* to sink. He had given her a hammering by gunfire that he had no conception any ship could stand. But there she was, still above water. If she could bear all that without going down, who could tell how much more she might not endure? And Sir John was already quite certain that he could not afford to spend any more time on firing at this ship.

It was imperative that his force should start back. He had waited dangerously long as it was, and every extra half-hour would make his return more hazardous. He looked at the burning hulk, lying deep and sluggish in the water, that had once been a fighting battleship. It was obvious to him that whether she sank now or sank later, she would never get back to harbor. At 10.15 A.M., he signaled to the *Rodney* to form astern on a course of 027 degrees (about North-Northeast). He was going home.

As Sir John steered away, he signaled that any ship with torpedoes was to close the *Bismarck* and torpedo her. As it happened, the *Dorsetshire* was the only ship in the immediate vicinity with any torpedoes left. Captain Martin, however, had not waited to be told, but was already using them. At 10.20, from about 3500 yards, he fired two torpedoes at the *Bismarck's* starboard side, one of which exploded right under the bridge. He then steered round to her port side and fired another torpedo from about 2500 yards at 10.36. This torpedo also hit. The shattered leviathan, her colors still flying, silently heeled over to port, turned bottom up, and disappeared beneath the waves. The time was 10.40. As she was turning over, Captain Martin received the Admiral's order to do what, in fact, he had already done. He at once made a signal to say that the *Bismarck* had sunk.

The great chase was over. The mighty *Bismarck* had been disposed of after a most gallant fight against superior force. All that was left of her was several hundred heads of swimming men, visible on the surface of the breaking seas. The *Dorsetshire* summoned the nearby *Maori* to help her pick up survivors. It was too rough to lower any boats, even had this been permissible. But lines were thrown out and jumping ladders let down the sides. Many of the men in the water were too exhausted

to climb up them; but the *Dorsetshire* managed to haul eighty on board and the *Maori* thirty. Then came a lookout's report of a submarine periscope, and Captain Martin considered it high time to withdraw.

When Sir John Tovey's force had settled down to its return course, with its duty done and the tension eased, there were various departmental heads in all ships to be commended for their people's share in the successful result of the operation. Prominent among these latter were the engine-room complement of the *Rodney*. Her steaming performance had, indeed, been a notable one. Before she had sailed and any question of chasing the *Bismarck* had arisen, the Third Sea Lord had told the Director of Operations half jokingly that her boilers were in such a state that she would probably come to a stop in mid-Atlantic and have to be towed the remainder of the way.

Yet the *Rodney* had kept her place in the hunt though it had meant several days of fast steaming culminating in thirty-six hours at full speed. Captain Dalrymple-Hamilton now wished to congratulate the head of the department, Commander (E) C. Burge, on this fine effort, and sent down for him to come up on the bridge. The reply came back that Commander Burge had "passed out." He had been continuously below since the full speed began, and had now fainted from strain and exhaustion.

If the destruction of the *Bismarck* was not actually the longest continuous chase in naval history — Nelson's pursuit of Villeneuve to and from the West Indies in 1805 covered greater distances — it was among the longest. In point of dramatic reversals of fortune, of the frequent alternation of high optimism and blank disappointment, of brilliant victory followed quickly by utter defeat, it is probably unique in warfare. From the time the *Bismarck* and *Prinz Eugen* were first sighted in their Norwegian fiords to the time the *Bismarck* was sunk was three hours less than six days, during which the *Bismarck* covered nearly 3000 miles.

It has been claimed by some people, including naval officers, that a special significance attaches to the fact that it was a torpedo from an aircraft that, hitting her rudders, slowed the *Bismarck* up and allowed her to be brought to action. It is true that without the intervention of the *Ark Royal's* aircraft the *Bismarck* would have got away. It is less well known that without a shell hit the *Bismarck* received (probably from the *Prince of Wales*) in the action of May 24, the *Ark Royal* might have been unable to play the decisive card. This shell entered the forepart of the ship, exploded deep down among some of the oil fuel tanks, and blew a hole in the ship's side.

The effect was twofold. The hole allowed oil fuel to escape into the sea, the leakage of which caused that broad oil streak which was noticed for some

time after the action by the *Suffolk* and the shadowing aircraft. It also let sea water into those particular oil tanks, thereby contaminating more oil that remained in the ship. The total result was that the *Bismarck's* supply of usable oil fuel was sensibly reduced, and with it her capacity for continued high speed all the way to Brest. But for this hit, she could undoubtedly have maintained a higher average speed during the next three days, which could have put her, had she followed the same general course, two or three hundred miles closer to Brest when first sighted by the *Ark Royal's* aircraft; or probably just that much nearer home to have brought her to safety.

Without that shell hit, the *Bismarck* might well have decided to go on steering out into the Atlantic. Indeed, an Admiralty note to Sir John Tovey's dispatch says that it was this hit and the resulting loss of fuel which caused the German Admiral Lutjens on board the *Bismarck* to decide at 8 A.M. — or two hours after the action — to make for the French coast. It was presumably this decision which determined the *Bismarck's* alteration of course to south at 12.40 P.M. that same day, but for which alteration she would not have come within striking range of the *Victorious's* aircraft, and quite probably those of the *Ark Royal*.

The most correct conclusion to draw concerning the *Bismarck's* destruction is undoubtedly that it was the fruit of coöperative action on the part of numerous sea and air forces, the latter partly naval and partly RAF, all working in close accord for the one common end, and including all those surface vessels, submarines, and aircraft which searched and patrolled without finding her.

An impressive aspect of the operation is the very large number of hunting forces required to bring one battleship to book. The following war vessels were from first to last involved: eight battleships and battle cruisers, two aircraft carriers, four 8-inch gun cruisers, seven other cruisers, twenty-one destroyers, and six submarines. In addition, there were numerous shore-based aircraft.

This imposing total provides a peculiarly striking illustration of the ample margin of superiority required by a Power that aspires to the command of the sea, or even of a portion of the sea. It also serves to emphasize how fortunate it was that the Germans sent their raiding heavy ships out by ones and twos. A few months before the *Bismarck* made her dash, the battle cruisers *Scharnhorst* and *Gneisenau* had escaped into the Atlantic and got to Brest. Some months after the *Bismarck* was sunk, her sister ship, the *Tirpitz*, was fit for active operations. Had the Germans waited till the *Tirpitz* was ready and then sent all four ships out in company, the problem of dealing with them at sea would have been a thorny one indeed. But happily for us, the Germans decided to expend their capital ships in penny packets.



of plagiarism suits; he also knows that there are two sides to the question of plagiarism (and in most cases a crank involved), for he is an author and a lawyer who has often gone to bat for other authors. His delightful book of parodies, *Opera Guide*, has not yet been the subject of a lawsuit.

THEY'VE STOLEN MY PLOT!

by NEWMAN LEVY

1

KIPLING observed a number of years ago that

When 'Omer smote 'is bloomin' lyre,
He'd 'eard men sing by land an' sea;
An' what the thought 'e might require,
'E went an' took — the same as me!

Since Homer's time authors have been taking pretty freely what they might require; if they hadn't, the world would have been deprived of many of its most priceless literary treasures. Were the Cinderella story to be suddenly obliterated, I dare say that more than 50 per cent of dramatic literature would be wiped out with it. We speak of the creative process, but literary creation is, to a considerable extent, a matter of collecting and arranging.

This raises an absorbing question that has been a source of perplexity and profit to lawyers and judges for many generations. What is literary property? How much of another man's work may I help myself to without being liable to him for damages?

If I build a house it is unquestionably my house. I may copy the dining room from Buckingham Palace, the bathroom from the Taj Mahal, and place upon the roof a reproduction of the Eiffel Tower, and it still will be my house. If I want to I can sell it.

If I should write a play, however, and include, let us say, the first act of *Life with Father*, a scene from *South Pacific*, and the last act of Ibsen's *Ghosts*, I might, with some justice, be suspected of plagiarism, and the authors of these plays could prevent me by law from making money out of my product.

Suppose, however, that in the process of assembling these ingredients I altered them and added something that we might call my literary genius. What then? We know that with eggs, butter, flour, and sugar, a cook in a hash house can fashion something barely edible, while the chef at the Ritz with the identical ingredients will turn out a culinary masterpiece.

The problem of determining what is original, or (to put it in more legal language) of ascertaining whether an author possesses an indisputable prop-

erty right in his work, is one that has filled the law-books and has created a body of fascinating and often confusing law.

A number of years ago a play was produced called *The Bird of Paradise*. It made a lot of money, so a year later a suit was started by the author of a play called *In Hawaii*, claiming that *The Bird of Paradise* was a plagiarism. There is a certain inevitability about this. Only the successful plays are victims of plagiarism suits; the failures are guaranteed a stamp of obscure but unassailable authenticity. The law moved with its accustomed speed, and the case came up for trial twelve years later. During that interval, *The Bird of Paradise* had made a lot more money; and after hearing the evidence, the trial court awarded the plaintiff \$750,000 damages.

There were unquestioned similarities. Both plays took place in Hawaii, and both told of the romance of a young American and a native princess. In each play the author depicted Hawaiian customs, religious rites, and songs and dances; and in each there was reference to the disease of leprosy. The language of the New York Court of Appeals reversing the \$750,000 verdict, after a dozen or more years of litigation, indicates the usual judicial approach to cases of this sort: —

In spite of the entire dissimilarity of the two plays in theme and story there are many similarities in detail. Perhaps this is inevitable in two plays about Hawaii. The very name Hawaii seems to suggest to Americans the Hula dance and the sport of swimming; flowers and sunshine and music. It suggests, too, the dread disease of leprosy.

In other words, these things are in what lawyers quaintly call "the public domain." This public domain embraces the sum of all human experience, except those limited areas upon which someone has staked a claim. It is a vast storehouse from which we are all permitted to help ourselves at will. No one has an exclusive ownership in the facts of history or in the facts of life. The words of the dic-

tionary are there for all who have a fountain pen and the urge to write. Even the complete body of literature, including those modern works on which the copyright has run out, is there for those who aspire to authorship.

An eminent legal writer, Augustine Birrell, once wrote: "Ideas, it has always been admitted . . . are free as air. If you happen to have any, you fling them into the common stock, and ought to be well content to see your poorer brethren thriving upon them." It would seem, therefore, that since ideas are free as air, and the words in the dictionary are equally free, all that an author can legally protect is what he actually contributes: the treatment of the idea and the arrangement of the words. No one, for instance, would question Eugene O'Neill's right to enjoy exclusively the profits of his great play *Mourning Becomes Electra*. Yet we know that Mr. O'Neill took the Greek tragedy *Electra*, modernized it, and told the story from the viewpoint of psychoanalytic psychology. The drama was Euripides', the ideas were (many of them) Freud's, but the play was unquestionably a brilliant original creation of O'Neill's.

This illustrates the vague twilight zone that frequently separates an original from a plagiarized work. Suppose Euripides had been a contemporary writer and his play a current copyrighted work. Could O'Neill still have produced his play with impunity?

The courts have endeavored to find a formula to apply to questions of this sort, but in each case the decision has rested finally upon the opinion of the judge or jury after a careful comparison. In a leading English case the court said that to maintain an action for infringement of copyright there must be a taking of a "substantial and material part"; in an early American case the court said that a work must be "a substantial copy, or mainly borrowed from" another work. The word "borrowed" is a pleasant judicial euphemism. These phrases help, but they do not solve the problem. The words "substantial," "material part," and "substantial copy" all clamor for further definition.

A well-known lawyer who specialized in cases of theatrical piracy tried to work out a formula for determining plagiarism. He prepared an elaborate analysis of the characters in the plays involved in a certain case, and tabulated the emotions shown by the various characters under such headings as Love, Anger, Anxiety, Disgust, and so on. By ingenious parallels he sought to establish the existence of common emotional denominators, and thus prove a deliberate copying. But this did not impress the court. "This is not the proper approach to the solution," said Judge Learned Hand. "It must be more ingenuous, more like that of a spectator, who would rely upon the complex of his impressions of such characters."

In other words, the test adopted by the courts is to place the original and the disputed work side by

side, and then just decide whether one was taken from the other — which seems to be about as good a method as any.

In the past it was frequently the practice to call in experts to aid the court in making up its mind. A plagiarism trial resembled a college extension course. Professors of dramatics, professors of literature, critics, and authors would take the stand and parade their learning before a bewildered judge who would eventually take the books home to read, and make up his mind for himself. This practice was pretty well stopped by Judge Hand's opinion in the *Abie's Irish Rose* case, in which he said: "The testimony of an expert upon such issues, especially his cross-examination, greatly extends the trial and contributes nothing which cannot be better heard after the evidence is all submitted. It ought not to be allowed at all." Since that time the cases that have been tried in the Southern District of New York, where most of these suits arise, have been decided, to quote Judge Hand again, upon "the firmer, if more naïve ground of its [the court's] considered impressions upon its own perusal."

2

It is frequently asserted as a defense to cases of this sort that the defendant did not steal from the plaintiff, but that they both took their material from a common source. A little digging into the literature of the past will usually confirm the ancient proverb that there is nothing new under the sun. Mark Twain, who said that there are only seven original jokes, once pointed out that the ancestor of his famous Jumping Frog story could be found in Athenian literature. Research will generally demonstrate that everything was taken from something.

Thus, when Jack London sued the Biograph Company for producing a picture called *Love of Gold*, which he claimed was stolen from his story *Just Meat*, Judge Lacombe learnedly stated that both plots were used in Kipling's story *The King's Ankus*, which had apparently been taken from Chaucer's *Pardoner's Tale*, which in turn could be traced to a long line of Oriental tales. So, too, in the celebrated lawsuit between *Abie's Irish Rose* and *The Cohens and the Kellys*, Judge Hand mentioned the obvious resemblance of both plays to *Romeo and Juliet*.

A few years ago I was one of the lawyers in a suit that was brought for plagiarism against the authors of the Pulitzer Prize winning satirical operetta *Of Thee I Sing*. After the show had achieved a phenomenal success the plaintiff, the author of an unknown, privately printed play called *U.S.A. with Music*, came to the conclusion that he had been robbed.

There were minor resemblances. *Of Thee I Sing*, it will be recalled, satirized, among a lot of other things, political meetings, and showed a wrestling

bout in progress at a rally in Madison Square Garden while campaign speeches were being made. The plaintiff's play also had a scene in Madison Square Garden of a political convention at which there was a six-day bicycle race that had something to do with the Sacco-Vanzetti case.

I had a lot of fun writing that brief. I quoted from newspaper accounts of a recent national convention at which vaudeville stunts had been introduced to entertain the audience, and at which the names of Will Rogers and Shirley Temple had been placed in nomination for the Presidency. It was not hard to show that no flights of the authors' fancy could compare in absurdity with the real thing. In other words, the circus antics of a political convention were in the public domain, and anyone could help himself.

Judge Woolsey — who decided the case in our favor — referred, in his opinion, to "Throttlebottom, who should be remembered as long as men love laughter." Here, of course, was one touchstone by which originality could be tested. The delineation of vital, rounded characters is often a more creative act than the invention of plots and situations. There were plays about Hamlet before Shakespeare's immortal tragedy, but no one would suggest that Shakespeare was guilty of plagiarism.

This raises the interesting question of what rights an author retains in the characters he creates. I remember a case some years ago in which a motion picture company was restrained from producing a picture about Sherlock Holmes, although it was not based upon any of Conan Doyle's stories. On the other hand, Mark Twain was unmolested when he used Holmes as a character in his *Double Barreled Detective Story*.

When Sir Harry Johnston wrote *The Gay-Dombey* he carried on the history of Florence Dombey and Walter Gay where Dickens left off. And in *Mrs. Warren's Daughter* he used the Shaw characters as the basis of an original novel, although *Mrs. Warren's Profession* is protected by copyright. Suppose someone were to write, let us say, *The Further Adventures of Anthony Adverse*, could Hervey Allen restrain him? As the Lord Chancellor says in *Iolanthe*, it's a nice point.

Where the law of plagiarism gives insufficient protection the law of unfair competition frequently comes to the aid of a defrauded author. Titles cannot be copyrighted, but a title may not be used that infringes upon the rights of someone who has built up a good will in it. For instance, the name of the state Oklahoma is in the public domain and there is nothing to prevent me from calling my novel by that name. If I wrote a serious drama and called it *Oklahoma*, I might possibly get away with it, but I couldn't sell it to the movies under that title because of the confusion it would cause in the public mind on account of the tremendous popularity of the Rodgers and Hammerstein show. And I have no

doubt that they could easily enjoin me if I tried to produce a musical show called *Oklahoma*.

In short, there must be no likelihood that the public will be deceived. An Australian case decided that a play called *The Wrong Mr. Wright* infringed upon *The Wrong Mrs. Wright*. But in New York it was held that *Charley's Uncle* did not infringe upon *Charley's Aunt*. This despite the ancient maxim that the law is no respecter of persons. When Robert Benchley published his entertaining book *David Copperfield or 20,000 Leagues Under the Sea* I doubt if the heirs of Charles Dickens and Jules Verne could have done anything about it, assuming that they had a copyright. But if Benchley had tried to sell it to the movies it would have been quite a different story.

I once tried before Judge Woolsey, who was an expert on the subject, a plagiarism case that involved Edna Ferber's *Cimarron*. The book dealt with the opening of Oklahoma Territory, the famous Oklahoma Run in the nineties. The plaintiff was a man who had participated in the run and for a number of years thereafter went around the country lecturing about his experiences.

After Miss Ferber's story had achieved great success as a novel it was made into a successful motion picture by RKO. The plaintiff, who felt that he would like to share in the profits, waited until the picture had run for several years and then brought suit for heavy damages.

There was no difficulty in demonstrating the tremendous amount of research Miss Ferber had done; she had never heard of the plaintiff; and the story of the Oklahoma Run was a matter of history and unquestionably in the public domain. Judge Woolsey read the plaintiff's lectures, saw the picture, held court in the RKO projection room, and then threw the case out.

This case illustrates the hazards to which successful writers are exposed. Plagiarism cases are almost invariably brought by obscure authors against successful ones. Judge Woolsey said in his *Of Thee I Sing* opinion, "In this cause, as is usual in plagiarism causes, obscurity is taking a long shot at success." Any deluded crackpot who can find a lawyer to take his case — and he generally can — is able to put a successful writer to the burden and expense of a lengthy lawsuit.

We have traveled a long way from the day when writers like the great Dr. Johnson were treated as menials begging a handout from their aristocratic patrons. Progress has been made since Charles Dickens, more than a century ago, incurred the hostility of the American public by daring to speak up for an international copyright law that would protect the rights of authors in the products of their brains. Authorship is, in many instances, big business, and the law is giving increasing attention to the fact that the creator of a literary work is entitled to the rewards of his efforts.



Books and Men



Poet, playwright, and master of fantasy, LORD DUNSANY has been writing

for nearly half a century, and in that time he has helped more than one young writer to find his way into the Atlantic, the latest being Mary Lavin, the Irish novelist. Of his many and delightful books, we remember with special thanks *The Book of Wonder*, *The King of Elfland's Daughter*, and *My Talks with Dean Spanley*.

THE FANTASTIC DREAMS

by LORD DUNSANY

SHORTLY before the war, while I was living in London, I remember getting a letter from a young man, asking me if I would give him advice about several stories that he desired to write, the subject and plots of which he had very clear in his mind, for he had dreamed them all. He was obviously a young man, his letter was so full of hope; and there was a gay carelessness about it that I did not notice at the time, but which we should all notice now: he wrote only on one side of the paper. And he used several sheets. The advice he wanted was not about how to write, concerning which I might have told him a very very little — holding still what I learned at school, that the poet is born, not made — but advice about what publishers to approach, of which I could tell him nothing. He wanted to know what kind of publisher would like the kind of tale that he was going to write.

How could I tell him that? I might form some kind of estimate of his tales, if he told me them, but I could not peer into the mind of a publisher, or of any other man. I gathered from his letter that the dreams were many and long; and just as I was wondering what to write to him, I glanced at his address on the letter, and found he was also in London, and not very far away. The difficult task of giving him any advice that could be of any use to him would be so much easier in conversation than it would be if I had to sit at a table and write it. So I wrote him a brief note asking if he would come and see me, and tell me about his dreams. And in a day or two he came round.

I forget his name now; but his face I remember clearly, a dark fine-featured face, with eyes lit up by his dreams and what he was going to do with them. He had the eagerness of all young writers, and indeed of the followers of any of the arts, whatever their age, for without it no work of art can be carried through. His eagerness did not differ from that of Tennyson in his youth, or Keats, or Chaucer, for it did not come from the quality of the work that he was going to do, but only from his great keenness to do it. He did not appear to

have any more money than was needed to keep him sheltered and fed and alive, and he had fine hopes of earning some.

It was indeed a saving of labor for me to be able to talk to him instead of having to write, for, knowing that he could not expect me to listen to the stories of all his dreams while he sat there and talked, he told me merely their tenor, not the plots of any of them, not even the themes. He only said they were fantastic and terrible; and in fact the only thing that seemed to fasten them, with however thin a cable, to this world of ours at all was that they were of the present day, or thereabouts.

I soon saw the kind of thing that the young man was proposing to write about, and was able to give him some negative advice. I thought I had got from him a fairly clear idea of the kind of dreams he had had. And the advice I gave him was this: "Don't write fantastic tales. There may be as much beauty in them as in anything that you get from the life all round you; but readers, as far as I know them, will judge your stories and their truthness to life from the life that they know themselves. Therefore let the surface of the world that you write of always be pavement. More people live upon pavement than in the fields; and, if you put your story there, they will say it is true to life. The ideal way to judge a story is to look out of the window from which the author is looking, and see the view of the world that he has to show you. But that is not how you will be judged, for the reader will look out of his own window, and if your story describes nothing he sees from that window, he will say it is untrue to life. Remember that. All publishers know that better than I do, and will be less lenient to you than I. Write of the world that you see in company with the greatest number of people, and leave fantasy alone, whatever you dream."

He was kind enough to thank me for my advice, although it must have depressed him, and he left without showing at all, in his face or his manner, any fading of the eagerness that I must have done so much to dim.

I did not forget him, though that was in the summer of 1939 and so much happened soon to make us forget the little quiet events that occurred in those calm days. I saw him again in 1940. So young he was that he had not yet been called up. I met him accidentally in Regent Street, walking on gray glass. He was wearing a haggard look, as though he had not been sleeping. I stopped him and asked him how he was. And the very first thing he said to me was that he had been missing his sleep.

"That fellow Göring?" I asked.

"No, not him," he said. "Worse, really."

"What's the matter?" I said.

And then he told me. And from the way he blurted it out, I got the feeling that he had not till then said a word about it to anybody. "It's those dreams," he replied.

I remembered his dreams, and told him so. And I got the idea that, instead of taking the advice I had given him, which in any case he was not likely to do, he had been trying to make tales of them all, and had been overworking. "Been writing too much?" I asked.

"No, it's not that," he said. "But those dreams have been coming true."

"Why," I said, "I remember your telling me they were fantastic and terrible things; and I advised you to write instead about things from the life all round us."

"But they are coming true," he repeated.

"Coming true!" I exclaimed.

"Yes, all of them," he said. "And the thought of it keeps me awake. Apart from the fact that I can't bear the idea that if I get to sleep I may have more of them."

Well, sometimes it's hard to dismiss an idea of one's own, but to brush aside somebody else's idea is easier said than done. I didn't know what to say. In the end I think I said something about perhaps their not coming true after all.

"But they are," he said, and went away with a most haunted look on his face.

I did not see him again for years. The war was over and I met him again in London, quite by

chance. The haunted look was no longer upon his face, but it had left its mark.

"Did you have any more dreams?" I asked him.

"I had one more," he said.

And so solemnly did he speak, that I felt he would rather not tell me what that dream was. So I asked him about the others, and whether he had written them in the end.

"No, you see," he replied. "They all came true. They are commonplace. There's nothing for me to write of them now. They are what you call history."

I walked beside him then for some while in silence. And in the silence the words of the other tale seemed to well up in him, and he spoke of it as his dream, but very briefly and haltingly, seeming to feel the weight of a great responsibility, the responsibility of telling the world his dream, or holding it back. I could see that, after the strange experience that he had had with all his other dreams, he was convinced that this one was true. And he spoke of some ominous feeling he had, though he did not tell how it came, which made him think that it would happen quite soon. It concerned our cities and railways and bridges, and in fact all our inventions, and all that by means of them we have raised on the face of the earth. "Ought I to write it?" he asked me.

Well, I did not know what to say. I did not even know how he wrote. It would depend a good deal on the power of his pen whether he would be able to convince anybody who read him or not. For some while I said nothing.

"Sheep, sheep," he said. "We are going back to keeping sheep."

He didn't say exactly why. He had told me very little. Yet he was looking up at me for advice. What could I give him? I saw that he really wanted to be a writer. Surely he had not come to me for me to dash all his hopes. So I said to him, "Yes, write it. Write it and send it to a literary agent, and see if he can't get it printed."

For one moment his eyes lit up. Then his eagerness all died down in him. "No," he said. "No, they are so fond of their cities. I will never tell them that."



THE ATLANTIC Bookshelf



THE *Peripatetic Reviewer*

BY
EDWARD
WEEKS

To a schoolboy like myself, impressionable and looking for heroes, Princeton in the spring was a three-ring circus with Beethoven's Ninth thrown in as an encore. The 9.01 was my train; I came early so as to see the place before the girls and the parents messed it up. I'd draw my prep school passes for the track meet and baseball game, buy a ticket for the Triangle Show, and then look over the *Daily Princetonian* to see what else was coming up. On a Saturday morning in early June the place had a lot to offer.

Here one Saturday I watched an extravagant game of baseball between the *Tiger* and the Harvard *Lampoon*. There was a keg of beer beside first base and a dipper for anyone who made it safely. The Harvard idiots had brought along a little truck with four wheels, which they strapped on the rear of the base runner. With this contraption the poor fish tried to steal second, and I remember thinking that it must have given him an awful jounce when he hit the ground. The whole thing seemed to me a little disrespectful, so I moved on to the Varsity tennis courts where, squatting on the turf, I watched the singles against Yale.

The Yale game at Commencement was of course the high point. The alumni were back in force, and the class tents brimming with beer and laughter were a wonderful side show for a twelve-year-old who had no business to be there. I had no right there; neither had the beer dogs, those fat, loose-skinned, laughing dogs, part terrier, part anything else, that wandered in from the campus and really lapped up the beer.

After lunch the alumni P-rade lined up and the brass bands began trumpeting the huge serpent into University Field. The very old alumni came in first, and then the marshals in their white flannels, blue coats, wearing orange cushions on their heads. The oldest classes had canes and every kind of straw

hat, but the younger alumni were in costume — a big brass band, then the class banner, then the pirates and the sheiks and the boys from the Tyrol with outrageous signs that made you giggle. On they came, filling up the bleachers and grandstand. Finally the seniors, a big class, and this was the last you'd see of them.

All the while the Princeton Varsity had been warming up, with the Yale team the first to come to bat, now sitting sardonically in their dugout. The Umps called out the Captains, and you could imagine what they were saying: "If the ball goes into the crowd there, it is a two-base hit, but over the center field, that's a homer." And now the Tiger pitcher goes to the mound and takes his warm-up, and you are really trembling. So was the Princeton infield; they always seemed to get the jitters at Commencement. I shall never forget one game in which each of the first five Eli's to come to bat bunted — and four times in succession the infield threw the ball over first's head. It was pathetic. But Princeton got it all back with a homer in the ninth. Game over, you drifted out with the happy crowd and trailed along with the band of Scotch Highlanders until it seemed time to eat.

After supper on Prospect you followed the couples on their way to hear Senior Singing. The seniors sat on their benches in front of Nassau Hall (benches which they would burn the night before graduation); and though you had often heard the songs they sang, on this particular night as dark fell and the cigarettes became fireflies and you no longer could pick out the leader or the soloist, the songs seemed to seize you by the throat. They sounded like something deeply felt, those songs — "The Orange and the Black," "Australian Girls," "Going Back to Nassau Hall," "Don't You Hear Dem Bells?," "Safe Now in the Wide, Wide World"; all day long one thing had led to another, but this was something you kept.

So at last it broke up, and you went slowly down through Blair Arch to the tracks. There was always a train and it was always late in starting. And now you had to fight off sleep. You remembered those villainous bunts and the homer, and then as the conductor took your ticket you had the sense to say, "Please be sure to wake me if I fall asleep. I get off at Elizabeth."

College spirit

The college spirit one sees at Commencement, a little raucous, sentimental, intense in its loyalty,

is an American characteristic exposed for a sunny day in June, but otherwise evanescent or covered up. The college spirit which I knew as a boy thirty-five years ago has greatly changed in its outward aspect. Gone are the cane rushes, the mud fights, the freshman caps, the hazing and initiation which were thought to be the only way to discipline a freshman; the petting, the gin drinking, the reckless driving which so shocked our parents in the 1920's, and which Scott Fitzgerald made so vivid in his stories, have moderated at least in the more mature schools.

College spirit today seems more consciously democratic than at any time in the past. Harvard seniors of a year ago elected as their three marshals a Negro, a Jew, and a Yankee; Levi Jackson, the Yale football captain, turned down bids from Scroll and Key and Skull and Bones; an Amherst fraternity in pledging a likable Negro — and standing by its pledge in the face of opposition — has caused every national fraternity to reassess its charter.

For all the color, sentiment, and intensity — not to mention the sparking in the coeducational schools — there have been singularly few novels which have caught the true college spirit. For Princeton, Fitzgerald told the story in *This Side of Paradise*. For Harvard there are two: *The Diary of a Freshman* by Charles Flandrau, with its authentic picture of the Gold Coast before the world wars (the book, incidentally, which made young Alexander Woollcott determine that he had to go to college), and for Harvard of only yesterday the provocative *Not to Eat, Not for Love* by George Weller. Owen Johnson, whose books about Lawrenceville, *The Varmint* and *The Tennessee Shad*, were as lively and full of character as *Stalky & Co.*, was not nearly as successful when he wrote *Stover at Yale* — it is, I think, the best novel about New Haven, but there ought to be a better. Percy Marks turned Brown upside down in the days of flaming youth with his two books, *The Plastic Age* and *Which Way Parnassus?* And that's just about the score. Elusive, apparently indifferent, never the same from one generation to the next, college spirit is not easily to be captured.

June wedding

In *Father of the Bride* (Simon and Schuster, \$2.50), Edward Streeter has pinned down the multiple, fleeting details leading up to a June wedding; he has recaptured every vestige of the gaiety, tenderness, and dismay of the wedding itself in your house or in mine. All parents of married children will recognize themselves in this book; as in a Coney Island mirror, so in Gluyas Williams's illustrations they will see themselves, only a little more comic than they suspected.

Mr. Stanley Banks is the father of the bride and our hero, a mild-mannered lawyer who commutes to

the city from his comfortably modest home in Fairview Manor. When his daughter Kay, the apple of his eye, makes her casual announcement that she will probably marry Buckley Dunstan, Mr. Banks calms down his immediate expostulation and ends the discussion with "O.K., Kitten, I love him already. What did you say his last name was?" But from the night of that conversation, he begins to spin from one crisis to the next, and changes from a logical, well-balanced lawyer to "an unreasoning, anxiety-ridden psychopathic."

In all this ordeal, Mrs. Banks is no great help. She refuses to worry over the boy's financial prospects. (The talk on finances between Buckley and Mr. Banks is really a gem.) Mr. Banks had always known that at heart his wife "was a natural-born purchasing agent, although her talents had been somewhat restricted by circumstances," but now she was in full cry for the trousseau and flat silver, and this expense was the first of many to fill him with gloom.

"Mrs. Banks," writes Mr. Streeter, "was for a very small wedding to which everyone should be asked." The house, it was estimated, would hold 150 for the reception at a pinch, and the account of how the field is whittled down to a total of 572 would be funny if it were not so true. Then comes the question of the champagne — what price, what vintage, and how many cases; next the question of a caterer and of a marquee in case it rains; the bridesmaids' dresses and the flowers. Then come the presents — and the acceptances — far beyond expectations. Little Mr. Banks, not much given to alcohol, finds himself slaving as a barkeep for a house filled with strange young. His nerves grow as tight as his cutaway while his bank balance slips away. It's all here — the excruciating, the unexpected, the affectionate, a rapidly ascending scale of emotions climaxed by the wedding and reception. This is light comedy at its best and you will enjoy it with a lively sense of identification.

The never-never island

There are a number of islands off the New England coast which have long been in the hands of the old families, and perhaps it was the thought of one of them which set Gerald Warner Brace on the trail of his new romance, *A Summer's Tale* (Norton, \$3.00).

August Island is the setting of this story, a legendary place far beyond sight of the mainland, a graveyard of ships, which was first settled in the sixteenth century, and which is presided over today by a family of French extraction who, says the book, have intermarried with Bostonian heiresses and now live with pretensions of royalty in a chateau with walls three feet thick. August Island, like the woods in *Dear Brutus*, is a never-never island on which all women are beautiful and the most beautiful never wear bathing suits.

Anthony Wyatt, a free-lance writer, had been cruising in a fishing sloop until the fog piled him up on the shore of August Island. He is "hardy and darkly tanned, tough-handed, and well seasoned in the stomach." He needs to be. For having been knocked unconscious in the wreck and rolled ashore somewhat waterlogged, he is found and revived by June, the most beautiful daughter of the Marquis family, and without a change of clothes or any emptying of his salt water, he goes straight to work to win her hand.

They swim — all of them without suits — in the ice-cold tidal inlet (I should have thought Anthony had had enough of swimming); Mr. Marquis gives Anthony a two-hour talk on the history of the island; they play three sparkling sets of mixed doubles; and Anthony makes an instant enemy of Sam Argall, the descendant of a pirate, who is also after June. Quite a busy day.

A Summer's Tale takes place on the border line between fantasy and the faintly probable. It is as romantic as a libretto. The descriptions are lyrical, the dialogue in passages plain corn. "You wear your skin like a garment of ice," says Anthony to June. "Where's all that savage royalty you've got in your blood?" And the injection of a Communist-Fascist subplot seems to me wholly irrelevant. I read the book for its pleasant make-believe, and with curiosity to see how the author would work out the triangle of Anthony, June, and Sam. "I think the oldest of mortal dreams," says Anthony, "is the blessed isle where folk live in peace and beauty, and the women are all fair and no man is deceived. This must be it." It is.

Chicago wealthy and unashamed

Prairie Avenue by Arthur Meeker (Knopf, \$3.00) is a novel based on recollection, and a very flavorsome and authentic story it is. In a style perfectly suited to the era, it tells of the wealth and assurance, of the decorum and domestic tumult, of a group of Chicago families who built their fortunes and their comfortable mansions side by side on Prairie Avenue in the 1880's. It is the story of a period already quaint and glamorous. The picture of these Chicago worthies, of their ambitions, their passions, their materialism, and their manners, comes to us through the eyes of Ned Ramsay, an artistic young nephew who has been educated abroad and who, when taken into their midst, regards them with a fastidiousness and Continental comparison of a young Henry James. Ned is a likable narrator, sensitive and a natural confidant for his elders and contemporaries. The protagonist of the book, his Aunt Lydia Stack, as she grows in his understanding, reminds me of Miss Cather's *Lost Lady*. This picture of Chicago wealth in a small society was waiting for the right man: Mr. Meeker has made of it an evocative story less burly than the real thing but entertaining all the way through.



Reader's Choice

BY

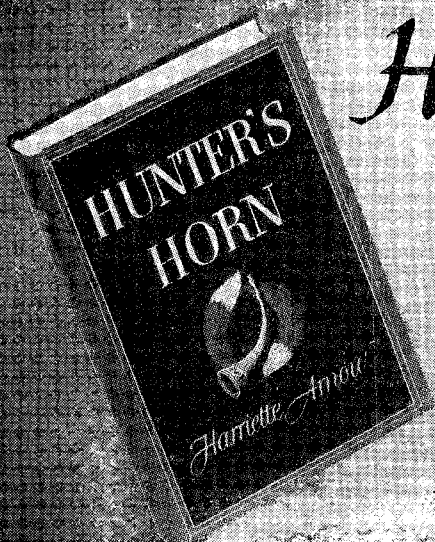
CHARLES J. ROLO

HELL, we keep hearing nowadays, is just around the corner, and previews of it have become a literary staple. The latest of them — **George Orwell's** extraordinary novel, *Nineteen Eighty-Four* (Harcourt, Brace, \$3.00) — brings to mind what Hobbes wrote, three centuries ago, about conditions in the state of nature: "No arts, no letters, no society, and, which is worst of all, continual fear and danger of violent death, and the life of man solitary, poor, nasty, brutish and short." The life of man in the totalitarian state of *Nineteen Eighty-Four* is most of that — with all modern discomforts added: a super-dictator known as Big Brother; "telescreens" which make privacy from the Thought Police virtually impossible; a Ministry of Love furnished with the last word in torture chambers; and related horrors.

Newspeak and doublethink

Orwell's inferno — the scene is London, chief city of Airstrip One, a province of Oceania — represents the full flowering of totalitarian logic. Permanent (but limited) warfare preserves the atmosphere that a hierarchical society needs. The masses, the despised "proles," are allowed a pittance of freedom: the Party has made them so abject they are harmless. The lives of Party members are monstrously regulated and depersonalized. "Education" has made even the sexual relations between man and wife a joyless "duty to the Party"; between unmarried males and females so much as a handshake is taboo. For a Party member, anything short of *instinctive* orthodoxy is "thought-crime"; even a "guilty" facial expression, "face-crime," leads to vaporization.

The semantic chicaneries which contemporary dictatorships have made so familiar have been systematized into a whole new mode of thought, "doublethink," with its own language, "Newspeak," the goal of which is so to narrow the range of thinking that unorthodoxy becomes literally impossible. Every term of ideological import has two mutually contradictory meanings. "Black-white," applied to an opponent, means that he impudently claims black is white. In the case of a Party member, it means that he loyally believes black is white when the Party requires this; and more, *knows* black to be white and forgets he has



Harriette Arnow

"This is one of the finest books to appear in years"
says WINGS, the Literary Guild Review

IN THE HILLS OF KENTUCKY—where scrub pine and sumac are taking over the worn-out fields—the people live with a zest and a dramatic sense of joy and sorrow unknown in more sophisticated places. Harriette Arnow, with the true novelist's gift, has cap-

tured that world, with all its sights and sounds and all its living, struggling, laughing people. It is a world so tangible, so alive that you will lose yourself in it for hours at a time, and will return to it in memory for years to come.

\$3.50

HUNTER'S HORN

A LANDMARK IN THE SOCIAL SCIENCES! This is a study of family, kinship organization, sex and marriage in some 250 societies, including our own. Its **MANY UNIQUE DISCOVERIES** caused Dr. Clyde Kluckhohn, author of *Mirror for Man*, to write: "It is not too much to say that this volume puts the scientific study of society at a completely new level..."

\$6.00

Social Structure

By **GEORGE PETER MURDOCK**

WHAT IS GREAT ART? What makes a great artist? How do his tools—image and symbol—function? What distinguishes talent from genius? Using the poetry of William Butler Yeats as running illustrations, Donald A. Stauffer, well-known critic and Chairman of Princeton's Department of English, advances answers to these and other permanent questions of art in five lucid, illuminating essays.

\$3.00

The Golden Nightingale

By **DONALD A. STAUFFER**

TWENTY-SEVEN EXPERTS combine their knowledge in the quest for a modern materialism. By pooling resources of both science and philosophy, they formulate a new materialistic philosophy, scale a new height in 20th century thinking. Some of the authors are J. B. S. Haldane, Dirk Struik, T. C. Schneirla, Auguste Cornu, etc.

\$7.50

Philosophy for the Future

Edited by **Roy Wood Sellars, V. J. McGill and Marvin Farber**

LIVELY HUMAN INTEREST colors this little-known story of three stormy meetings of the Continental Congress (1774-76). It tells of the quarrels over the thorny problem of whether to break with England or to compromise, and of how the Congress finally came to agreement. Gives also a clear picture of pro-American elements in England.

\$4.00

The Violent Men

By **CORNELIA MEIGS**

MEN HAVE DIED for the ideal of *Stability*, just as they have for that of *Eternal Progress*. Here is a study of the full content of the idea of *Stability*—today and in the past. It tells what *Stability* means to labor and business, how it is expressed in government, in the church, in economics, international politics, and in other fields where *Stability* and *Eternal Progress* wage a crucial battle.

\$3.50

Stability

By **FREDERICK E. DESSAUER**

LITTLE-KNOWN STORY of the Habsburg monarch who ruled Austria during the turbulent years 1792-1835. This fascinating story of the prince's first 24 years describes his exacting life under a despotic uncle, his first two marriages, the tragedies and joys of his family life, the political problems he inherited, as well as court life of the times. Written from rarely used, original sources.

\$3.50

Francis the Good

By **WALTER CONSUELO LANGSAM**

AT ALL BOOKSTORES

This episode begins on the morning the British spied the German battleship *Bismarck*, slipping through the Kattegat. Ten days later, after a desperate hunt along the sea-waters, a chase and an awe-inspiring battle, in which the *Bismarck*, hopelessly shattered, sank. This book tells the full, authentic story of this momentous chase and battle—its ups-and-downs, anxieties and final success; furnishes a brilliant analysis of strategy and tactics. \$3.00

The **Bismarck Episode**

By **RUSSELL GRENFELL**

Poems by "THE VIRGIL OF MAINE"

Pulitzer Prize-winner Coffin has written 37 poems, beautifully illustrated by himself. They depict intimate aspects of country living through the seasons on a small seashore Maine farm. Within that compass Mr. Coffin paints a whole way of life in all its infinite variety of season, hour, and emotion. Mr. Coffin has long been known as a poet of special gifts. \$2.50

One-Horse Farm

By **ROBERT P. TRISTRAM COFFIN**

Political exile tells of happiness—and horror

FRANZ SCHOENBERNER, author of *Confessions of a European Intellectual*, continues the story of his escape from Hitler, his spiritual and physical travail in Vichy France, his joyful arrival in America. A superb volume, with the same intellectual force, charm, epigrammatic wit, humor, and the fine humanism of the *Confessions*. \$3.50

The Inside Story of an **Outsider**

By **FRANZ SCHOENBERNER**

HUMAN PASSIONS IN AN EXOTIC SETTING . . .

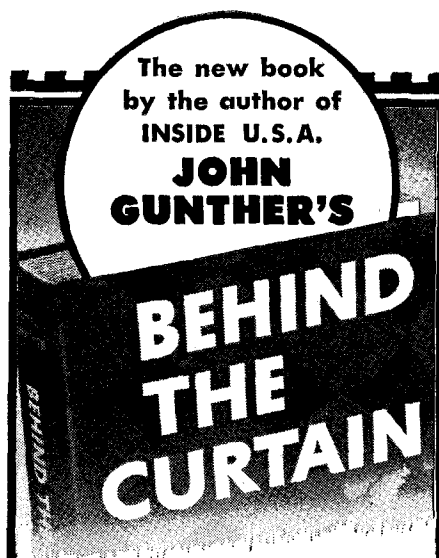
A LUXURIOUS MANSION in Ceylon is the setting for this tense story of George Carey, a middle-aged, wealthy tea-planter; of his young wife's desperate affair with the handsome sensualist, Wilding; of a loyal servant's attempt to save Carey's honor by buying a luscious native girl to tempt Wilding. Here, you'll agree, are the sure ingredients of drama. You'll agree, too, that the author of *The Three Bamboos*, *The Gulf of Time*, mixes them masterfully. \$3.00

A Literary Guild Selection for July

ELEPHANT WALK

By *Robert Standish*

T H E M A C M I L L A N C O M P A N Y



JOHN GUNTHER reports on his first visit to Europe since the war ... chronicling his observations on personalities, places and politics inside the Iron Curtain countries: Yugoslavia, Hungary, Czechoslovakia and Poland. "One of the 'Inside' series in everything but title, and up to the best... wonderful reporting."—HAMILTON FISH ARMSTRONG, Editor of *Foreign Affairs*. \$3.00

Winner of the
PULITZER PRIZE
for Biography
Robert E. Sherwood's
monumental book
**ROOSEVELT
AND
HOPKINS**
\$6.00

Newspaper- woman



BY **AGNESS
UNDERWOOD**
City Editor of the
*Los Angeles Evening
Herald-Express*

The breezy, no-words-minced account of how a girl reporter fought her way to the top of a man-killing profession. "What a woman! And what a book!... Remarkable... has character, human interest and veracity."—GENE FOWLER. \$3.50

At all bookstores
HARPER & BROTHERS
49 East 33rd Street, New York 16

ever known otherwise. The Party's infallibility is sustained by a continuous rewriting of history and destruction of records.

Orwell's hero is a disaffected Party member, Winston Smith, employed in the Ministry of Truth. One day a girl in the Ministry slips him a scrap of paper suggesting a secret meeting. A furtive love affair follows and, inevitably, they are eventually arrested. The last section of the book is even more brilliant and infinitely more terrifying than the interrogation of the Commissar in *Darkness at Noon*. We see Winston's will, everything in him that makes a man human, being slowly annihilated until he is a battered puppet stuffed with love for Big Brother and the certainty that, if the Party says so, 2 plus 2 makes 5 — until finally he is fit to be executed.

I doubt if any other novelist has penetrated so deeply and so powerfully into the authoritarian idea and the cult of orthodoxy; and Orwell's insights, while they apply most literally to Stalinism, have a much wider relevance. *Nineteen Eighty-Four* will, I believe, go down in the textbooks as one of the major political novels of our time.

"Inside Outside Russia"

There are signs that U.S. journalism, though the best there is, is tending toward an orthodoxy of its own — toward a belief that it is more patriotic to soft-pedal certain kinds of news than to keep readers well-informed. By and large, editors betray a distinct reluctance to give much play to such issues as "the sublimely shocking American concessions to prominent Nazis," which **John Gunther** speaks of in his new book on Europe.

The press's eagerness to safeguard the public mind is playing havoc with the old-fashioned notion that the press's function is to report the significant news. Many editors are spoon-feeding the public with what a writer in *Harper's* recently labeled "all the news that fits the pattern." The refreshing thing about John Gunther's report is the emphasis it gives to facts and opinions which do not quite fit the pattern.

Mr. Gunther confesses that his title, *Behind the Curtain* (Harper, \$3.00), is something of a misnomer. ("Inside Outside Russia" was the alternative.) He was refused admittance to Russia, Rumania, and Bul-

garia; on the other hand, he visited Italy, Greece, Turkey, Germany, France, and England. Here are some of the major findings in his report: —

1. The continuing threat of Communism in Italy and Greece is bound up as much with misery as with Moscow (and the Marshall Plan can't last forever). The conservatives in both countries are increasing the danger by stubbornly opposing reform. "Italy," says Gunther (and more so Greece), "is doomed — a goner — if it does not decide to liberalize and reform, reform."

2. The greatest asset of the satellite dictatorships is the masses' former exploitation by and present hatred of the feudalistic pre-war regimes, and the absence of any tradition of civil liberties (except in Czechoslovakia). Many of the peasants are better off now as a result of the breakup of the great estates. In spite of the devastation of Warsaw, "housing conditions are better there than before the war."

3. The greatest liability of the satellite regimes is the critical stresses and hardships resulting from Moscow's insistence on full-speed industrialization and collectivization.

4. Few Americans realize how radical (and paradoxical) are the differences between the countries behind the curtain. Yugoslavia, at daggers drawn with the Kremlin, is "more like Russia than any other" in structure and spirit. Poland, though sandwiched between the Soviet and Soviet Germany, remains "the country the Russians are least sure of." (Poland's largest customer is Britain.) Czechoslovakia, where there are fewest Communists, is the most "broken" of the satellites.

5. The Iron Curtain is "full of chinks." The Western powers, Gunther believes, have missed opportunities to exploit this. He believes too that, "in time, the satellites will want more and more contacts with the West."

Behind the Curtain vigorously documents the brutalities of Soviet policy and of the satellite regimes, and the appalling harshness of life in Eastern Europe. It contains full and illuminating accounts of the Mindszenty case and the Tito-Kremlin split. Along with sterner matters, Gunther notes such entertaining trivia as that Hungary has an undersecretary "for Sports Affairs," and Athens a "Monarcho-Fascist Bar."

Mr. Gunther's books sometimes err through haste and sometimes lean toward superficiality, and he is inclined to be easily impressed even when interviewing unsavory personalities. But there is still, to my mind, no other reporter with anything like his talent for blending fact, comment and personal impression, the thumbnail sketch and the telling anecdote, into a lively and informative story.

Goethe, 1749-1949

Fitting news to the pattern; Stalinist "doublethink" — both are manifestations (radically different, of course, in degree) of that "baneful, disembodied party-spirit" against which Goethe was in arms throughout his life. "I have found no faith or dogma," he wrote, "to which I could give my entire assent. . . . I dwell in the truth of the five senses."

In his introduction to *Goethe: Wisdom and Experience* (Pantheon, \$3.75) — a well-organized treasury of prose selections bearing on Goethe's philosophy of life — the editor and translator, **Hermann J. Weigand**, writes: "Two attitudes toward life are characteristic of modern man. Either he flounders in skepticism or he clutches at the straw of made-to-order ideologies from which he does not dare to deviate by a hair's breadth lest he lose his last hold on certainty. By contrast, Goethe, subscribing to no creed and no ideology, felt himself borne along by the current of life in its wholeness. . . . He showed an essential trust in life. . . . Some of that same pragmatic faith may come to us through these pages" — an excellent summation of the relevance of Goethe's *Weltanschauung* in 1949. "The meaning and significance of my works and of my life," Goethe wrote, "is the triumph of the purely human." To read him and read about him — as the several volumes commemorating his Bicentennial invite us to do — is to recuperate for a while from the negativism, the split thinking, the dehumanization of our time.

In addition to Professor Weigand's anthology, we are offered **Ludwig Lewisohn's** two-volume *Goethe: The Story of a Man* (Farrar, Straus, \$10.00) and **Berthold Biermann's** handsomely illustrated *Goethe's World* (New Directions, \$5.00) — both chronicles of Goethe's life as seen through his letters and autobiographical writings, and the letters and writings of contemporaries. So

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much is known about Goethe that, as Lucien Price noted in his fine essay in the April *Atlantic*, "at times the underbrush obscures the giant redwood"—the literary genius. This point applies to both books. By their very nature they show us the creator of *Faust* only in profile, while they bring Goethe abundantly to life as lover, busy administrator, royal favorite, inspired pan-dilettante, European celebrity, and, always, indefatigable correspondent.

Mr. Lewisohn's volumes contain a far greater quantity of the sentimental and domestic correspondence. Here we find Goethe writing to one of his loves, "Eat the asparagus I send you and think of me"; or enjoining his wife to be a good housekeeper (he had a passion for neatness and well-kept household accounts); or asking her to send him such necessities as "a couple of small bottles of eau de cologne . . . some Cervelat sausage." These intimate letters—there are also some in *Goethe's World*—humanize the titan (no man is a titan in his *billets doux*), and make our contact with Goethe extremely close.

Goethe's greatness, if not his poetic genius, is abundantly mirrored in these two absorbing chronicles—in the correspondence with Schiller; in the impressions of eminent contemporaries ("I have never set eyes on a human being who benefits my very soul so deeply." "Genius from top to toe; he is possessed."); in the prodigious range and penetration of his mind; in his complete freedom from meanness, intolerance, and fanaticism.

Goethe had no use for *a priori* thinking. "General concepts," he said, were "always poised to make a terrible mess of things." The foundation of his outlook was that "direct vision of things is everything. . . . My seeing [*Anschauen*—looking at] is always a kind of thinking, my thinking itself a kind of seeing." This "penetration of reality," as Schweitzer called it, created in Goethe a deep sense of the unity of all forms of life, all aspects of man's life, within an all-embracing "formative process," *Gestaltung*. He saw "God in Nature, Nature in God," and man as part of Nature. Religion, art, science, "all three are one in the beginning and in the end, although distinct at the center. . . . To have a positive religion is not necessary. To be in harmony with oneself and the whole

is what counts." Goethe's harmony was hard won. The stormy dualities in him, the triumph over dualism, the vitalizing synthesis—all that is in *Faust*. After what he called his "rebirth" in Italy, in his middle thirties, Goethe wrote (and the words held true right up to his death): "It is indescribable how happy my way of beholding the world makes me. Everything speaks to me, and emerges into the light of day."

When the hundredth anniversary of Goethe's death was commemorated in the second year of the Marxist nineteen-thirties, the Goethean *Weltanschauung* seemed to be the naïve pantheism of an optimistic old Tory. Now a leading English physicist, L. L. Whyte (*The Next Development in Man*), finds in Goethe's account of *Gestaltung* the revolutionary outline of a theory held by himself and other advance-guard scientists. He sees in Goethe not a symbol of the past but a forerunner of the "unitary man"—the reintegrated man—of a not too remote future, in which a "unitary science" will have achieved a synthesis of human knowledge and experience such as Goethe, within limits, achieved for himself.

The connoisseur

To be "a new Goethe" was Bernard Berenson's ambition when he left Harvard some sixty years ago. Mr. Berenson confesses in his *Sketch for a Self-Portrait* (Pantheon, \$3.00). That ambition was perhaps achieved in some measure. This European transplanted as a child to Boston—and now the world's greatest authority on the art of the Italian Renaissance—comes closer, surely, than any other living American to representing the cultural tradition which reached its full flowering in Goethe.

There are indeed distinct echoes of Goethe in this small, beautiful memoir: Berenson's infinite delight in the sensuous perception of beauty; the encyclopedic erudition that has quickened and enriched his life; the sense of world citizenship and the sense of "oneness" he has achieved with the surrounding world; the tranquil but vital and productive old age. *Sketch for a Self-Portrait* is a stirring vindication of the man of culture as "the completest human being," of art as the completion of life.

"I was born for conversation," says Berenson, "not for writing books. To me it has always seemed

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SCHOLARSHIP AWARD

The University of Pittsburgh, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

announces the award of a Four-Year Scholarship (free tuition) to Patricia Lee Hubbard, Rutland High School, Rutland, Vermont (*Mabel Morrill, Instructor*), for her story, *Just Once*.

barbarous . . . to decry talk, real talk, the stimulating exchange of ideas." Berenson is reputed to be one of the world's conversational virtuosos. His memoir, in effect, is superlative talk — about great talkers; the penalties of being an art expert; the difference between French *esprit* and English humor; mystical experience; himself.

It is when Berenson converses with his ego that he is furthest from Goethe and closest to the modern sensibility. The tone is self-deprecating and self-accusing; "I have wasted too much of myself in attempting to establish my position as a *monsieur*. . . . I cannot rid myself of the harassing feeling that I am at best but a refined and affectionate cannibal." He blames himself for not having written the books he planned on "the enjoyment of the work of art," for having let himself be "seduced" into devoting ten years to his famous *Drawings of the Florentine Painters*, the work that made his reputation: "You should not have let yourself become that equivocal thing 'an expert.'" "The spiritual loss was great," he continues, "and in consequence I have never regarded myself as other than a failure." In this one thing, his book proves, he is deluded.

When Berenson writes of himself in the present, in his garden in Florence, losing himself in the beauty of "olive-crowned, pine-plumed, cyprus-guarded hills . . . [of a] lichen-trimmed tree-trunk as gorgeous as an Aztec or Maya mosaic," the printed page radiates an extraordinary serenity: "Although I am now well on in old age and perhaps in its last moments, accepting life as it is for worse or for better . . . loving it, rejoicing in it, I feel no anticipated regret, let alone present rebellion at leaving it. . . . After a fashion I have attained Goethe's promise that what one ardently desires when young one will realize in old age. I am not far from my nirvana . . . a feeling of oneness with the landscape, with the house, and all that is therein." The mystic is also very much the realist — shrewd, witty, thoroughly appealing. It seems to me typical that he should have ended this book on the note of "mystic union," and closed the epilogue with La Fontaine's *Invocation*: "Music I love, and books and all sweet folly/The town, the country, love and cards and wine."

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Accent on Living

THIS MONTH

Even a superstition must have a beginning. If the Chinese believe that powdered tiger claws tone up the system, it is safe to assume that they must have paid off for at least some Chinese, and who are we to scoff without having tried them? The primitive Ga of West Africa think they can cure disease by making the patient uncomfortable, yet that is precisely what many of our best hospitals do to the same end. The public thinks most educators are saps. Therefore, there is probably something to it. But is there?

It was at St. John's College, so the legend goes, where the first class to complete the hundred-books curriculum stayed on, every last one of them — to teach at St. John's College. This seems to sum up fairly well the main scheme of American education. All must be educated, on the outside chance that all might want to become teachers. But the educated person who chooses otherwise must demonstrate that his education has not turned him into a ninny.

No newspaperman suffers quite so pitifully among his fellows as the graduate of a School of Journalism. The business executive is forever blasting out the "nonsense" which his subordinates may or may not have learned at college. A man in a bank who displays the stigmata of an economics course would make the bonding company responsible for him distinctly uneasy. To be called a "professor" in a Hearst newspaper is not libel under the law, but it ought to be, for the word has abominable connotations when used by Hearst. To have been influenced by the professors is almost as bad as being one, yet college degrees are required of all, just like typhoid shots for people going to Dakar. In consequence, the college man of sufficient charm — an outstanding war record helps — can hook on somewhere as an office boy and begin to de-educate himself. It is harder for the girl graduate: she must first go to a secretarial school. After that, she may get a cushy job addressing envelopes.

Our low esteem for the professors and their product comes simply from our failure to analyze these remarkable men and their way of life in the modern world. That we underestimate them is plain, as even a glance at the three main categories of college professors will show.

Consider the professor who actually teaches. This is the rarest type, because holding classes and lecturing, sometimes as early as 9 A.M., must be set up on a regular schedule. The teacher must be there, looking fairly presentable, whether he feels like it or not. He must be sufficiently acquainted with the textbook he is using (ideally, one written by himself in leaner days) to give assignments in it, but the rest of his output can be personal reminiscence, joke-telling, or rambling observations about his subject or life in general. Because his class is so big, he farms out the correcting of papers and interviews with students to his assistants or "section men." He is thus obliged to do no reading, no writing, but he does have to show himself around the college on two or three days each week.

If the teaching professor's work seems light by ordinary standards, that of the research man is even lighter. He avoids teaching and holding classes, and months can go by when no one ever catches a glimpse of him. He may be in Santa Fe taking the sun or lounging about at home or dozing in libraries, for all the college knows. To keep the authorities softened up, he appears at long intervals with a sheaf of notes, and reports that he is on the trail of Something Big.

If the college president tries to talk budget, the research man will go dreamy on him, play the absent-minded professor, and throw up a tactical screen of the jargon of his specialty. Not even the president can be sure of what's going on — and for that matter the president himself may be bluffing it. The research man is supposed to publish his findings eventually, but he can postpone the day as many times as he wishes: more research needed,



scholarship must be impeccable, budget too skimpy anyhow, working day and night . . .

The third of these academic types is the professor who publishes. He does nothing but write books and articles, and make speeches — at a stiff fee — to conventions and luncheon clubs. Often on the radio, he is now looking for a television sponsor. The college, which sees nothing of him, is proud of his achievements. His earnings in a bad year would run to as little as \$30,000.

Each of these three types of college professor, in addition to two weeks at Christmas and a week at Easter, gets a three months vacation every summer. Their college salaries may be moderate, but it's a solid connection, with rich pickings on the side for work as a "consultant" to baby food manufacturers, engineering firms, the State Department, etc.

Who is to say that such men are saps?

CHARLES W. MORTON



Readers will remember RIXFORD KNIGHT for the troubles with goats which he recounted in "Dubious Panegyric" in the August, 1948, *Atlantic*. Here are some ruminations about hens, prompted by his experiences with those on his farm in Jamaica, Vermont.

HENS

by RIXFORD KNIGHT

PEOPLE build smaller houses than they used to, but poultry buildings get larger every year. They have three or even four stories, with elevators and automatic drinking fountains, and are surrounded by small open *dachas* for use during the summer months.

The avian standard of living has indeed risen enormously since mongrel flocks took potluck on manure piles. Dietary deficiencies are unknown or quickly remedied. Preventive medical treatment is an expected service. Neurotic individuals seem never to occur.

This trend probably has no alarming social significance. My concern with it is sentimental. I miss the personalities who used to rush in at the rattle of the garbage lid, and contributed an occasional egg or, more often, a Sunday dinner. Modern hens are too suave, too uninhibited. The ones I had as a boy would fuss and fume half a day after laying an egg, but the new kinds give a few unconcerned croaks on their way to the food dispensers.

You used to be able to get good and mad at a hen. You could identify her, and for days after she had scratched up the garden you could swear at her personally. Besides getting mad at her you could make fun of her, inquire about her family, discuss farm business with her. The modern hen is just a prototype. You can't get mad at a prototype.

And there don't seem to be any roosters any more. Just hens and hens, and all alike. A rooster was a person of distinction. He stood on a fence post and crowed, and when

you told him to shut up he crowed again. But now there aren't any roosters. Some Mendelian technique has permitted rooster genocide at a tender age.

There aren't any little chickens either. It used to be that a hen would steal her nest somewhere, be missing for twenty-one days, and then make a fighting reappearance with half a dozen chicks. The cat would get two, a cow would step on another, and the remaining three, after perilous adventures, would grow up slowly and properly as members of the family. No more — modern hens spring full-fledged from cardboard cartons with dime-sized ventilating holes, and head directly for the trap nests.

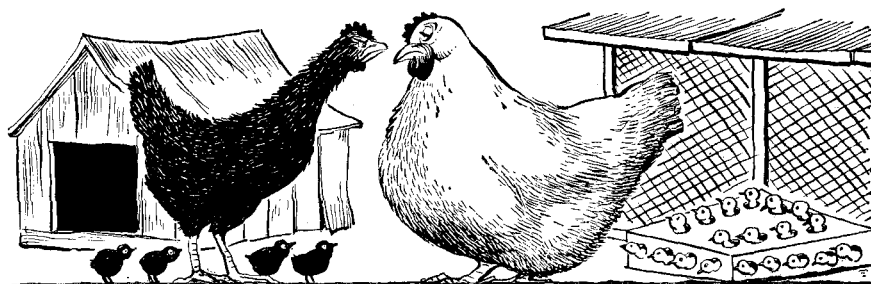
People used to "keep" hens in their back yards. That was the expression; I remember it well. "Don't you keep hens?" you would ask. But if you said to one of these modern poultry tycoons, "Do you keep hens?" he would look at you.

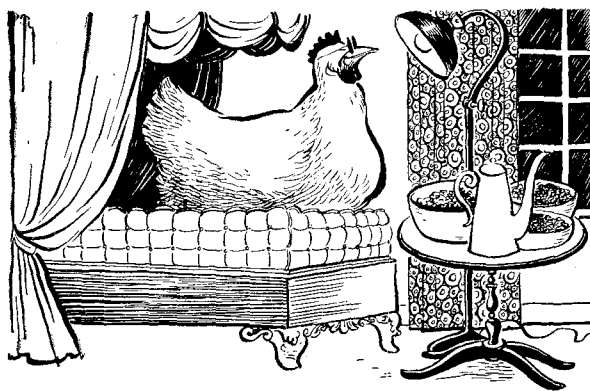
People who keep hens get to looking like hens. You've noticed how a hen looks at you out of one eye and then turns her head and looks at you out of the other? And elongates her neck for the near view?

The eggs hens lay are different now. They used to come white and brown, pointed and round; and opened they would stare at you out of bright orange eyes. Now they give you a flat, pale yellow look and coat your spoon with a watery discharge.

The quality of poultry meat has changed too. The new product is more juicy, more yielding to the tines, more like a summer squash.

Hen-keeping has been an important economic frontier for several decades. For wistful suburban-





ites it offered rural color at moderate expense; and rural families of quality, fallen on evil days, could keep hens instead of roomers, which was more pleasant and hastened the inevitable auction by only a little.

That era is past. Henhouses have become poultry buildings, functional in architecture and Empire Statish in size. The old-law ten-by-twelves have been carted off in trucks by young men who add an ell for the kitchen and set up housekeeping in them. "Chicken coop" is becoming an obsolete term, like "shed chamber" or "backhouse."

People don't just decide to keep hens any more. They sell stock and elect a board of directors. Such concerns never go out of business. In the public interest they can't be allowed to. A manager is appointed by the court to protect the bondholders.

Gone with the barnyard hens is the old cutter sleigh in the wagon shed, whose shafts they used to roost on and spatter, and between which the familiar behind of the old mare used to bob up and down. Instead of lolling over leather reins, you stare tensely over a wheel. Not to avoid frenetic hens. Hens don't cross roads any more. When you see hens nowadays you see thousands of them, moving staidly across gray backgrounds like bright-colored flagellates under a microscope.

Gone with the flock that gleaned it is the oat field next the lower mowin'. It is cheaper to buy grain. Or, if you live out West, you don't work behind the cows for three days before "turning over" the stubble. You engage a man with a Diesel to spread government phosphate while you pore over commodity futures and date checks four months ahead.

In stubborn opposition to this modern trend toward efficiency, I give squatters' rights on my premises to an unclassifiable group of subversives who emerge at sunrise from sundry hideouts, forage boldly till sunset, and then disappear again. I have a small forge in a side building, where I can repair things that might better be thrown away. Leaning against the door is a big wagon wheel that I've got to shrink a new tire onto, and up onto it flaps an old fool with a satisfied squawk.

Right eye, left eye: right eye, left eye.

"Go lay an egg. Get out of here. Shoo."

Right eye, left eye. "Cut-cut to you."

You get to think like a hen after a while. The coals in the firebox haven't been disturbed for over a month. I peer under the cowl and count thirteen round shapes, very grimy but not quite so black as the coals. "Listen, sputterfuss. How would you like it if we sent you away for a while to one of those ladies' seminaries where you'd have to learn to do things the proper way? How'd you like that, eh?"

But she is off — probably to peck some more holes in the tomatoes. So to get an answer to my question I have to think, "Now, if I were a hen, how would I like it?" After much cocking of the head and elongating of the neck I give my considered conclusion: she would not miss me half so much as I would her.

ADVERTISING

MARGHANITA LASKI is the author of *Toasted English*, a book-length satire about the British Conservatives. The little article appearing below is reprinted from the *New Statesman and Nation*.

CHEAP CLOTHES FOR FAT OLD WOMEN

by MARGHANITA LASKI

ALTHOUGH the chief business of the fashion journalist is to find flattering alternatives to the phrase I have chosen for my title, the practiced wielding of a new and esoteric language has now become instinctive with her. I am not speaking of those copy writers in the daily press who offer Gowns for the O.S. Matron in a color range (*nigger, saxe, eau-de-nil*) that has elsewhere disappeared from the spectrum. My study is of the specialized grammar and vocabulary of the fashion writer in the glossy monthlies whose language, while representing the quintessence of glamour to thousands of women, must still be virtually incomprehensible to millions more.

Her grammatical usages really merit special research, and here I will refer only to my two favorites. First, the Hypnotic Imperative — *This season you will be wearing . . . reading . . . talking about . . .* (The best example I ever met ran: *Because it's high summer you'll buy a new aeroplane painted blue to match the skies.*) Second, the Omitted Conjunction in descriptions of intellectuals — *He lives in an old house in Essex, writes for Horizon, collects china cats . . .*

But it is in the bold misuse of our contemporary vocabulary that the art of the fashion writer is seen at



its best; and for those who may wish to penetrate into hitherto unexplored fields I append an all too short glossary. I should add that the abbreviation G.W. indicates a Glamour Word, extremely evocative in the right context and of no real meaning whatsoever.



AMUSING: cheap.

BOLD: G.W.; e.g., *b. back-sweeping fullness*.

BRIEF: very short in length; e.g., *b. bolero, b. panties*.

Also BRIEFEST.

BULGE, UNSEEMLY: stomach fat.

CLASSIC: English garment (shoes, hat, suit) barely susceptible to fashion changes.

CRISP: G.W.; e.g., *a c. silhouette, c. touches of white*.

DEMURE: (of hats and hair styles) those which symmetrically frame the face.

DERRIERE: buttocks; e.g., *tuck in your d.*

DIGNIFIED: (i) of women: old; (ii) of clothes: for old women.

DRAMATIC: virtually unwearable, but photographs well.

-EST: intensive used instead of "very"; e.g., *palest gray, softest and finest worsteds*.

EVERYWHERE: in a very few places; e.g., *sable stoles are e.*

FLATTERY: G.W.; e.g., *the f. of mink, diamonds, orchids against your skin*.

FRANKLY: would be ugly if we didn't tell you it wasn't; e.g., *a f. jagged hemline*.

FUZZ, UNSIGHTLY: superfluous hair on the legs.

GENEROUS: (i) the designer is making nothing out of the dress length; e.g., *g. cuffs*; (ii) fat.

HAIRS, OBSTINATE or RECALCITRANT: the unwanted mustache; e.g., *tweak out those o. (or r.) h.*

HIGHLIGHT: a noticeable accessory. See also SPOTLIGHT.

HUGGING: tight; e.g., *bosom-h., waist-h.*

HUSKY: suitable for outdoor country wear.

IMPORTANT: G.W.

INDISPENSABLE: G.W.; e.g., *the i. pearl choker*.

-IZE: verbal suffix; e.g., *slenderize, glamorize, accessorize*.

JAUNTY: G.W.

LIGHTLY BONED: of corsets (no corsets today are HEAVILY BONED).

LIMITED-INCOME: cheap.

MIDRIFF: stomach.

NOSTALGIC: G.W.

OLDER: (of women) old.

PUSHED: fabric fullness is *pushed* (occasionally *pulled*) to the back, side, or front; once arrived at the back, however, it becomes BACKSWEEP (formerly used only of vertically ascending hair).

SIGNIFICANT: G.W.

SOFTLY: G.W.; e.g., *s. rounded, s. draped, s. knotted*.

SPOTLIGHT: to add a noticeable accessory. See also HIGHLIGHT.

SUBTLE: G.W.; frequently *s. emphasis of . . .*

TEAM: to wear one thing with another; e.g., *t. your palest gray dress with the subtle flattery of a brief scarlet bolero*.

THAT, THOSE: adjectives of distaste and elimination; e.g., *eliminate t. unsightly bulge*, or, as above, *tweak out t. recalcitrant hairs*.

Finally I should, I suppose, give an example of the way in which my title, that epitome of the whole thing, can be translated. A professional could, of course, do better: I offer *Limited-Income Clothes for Dignified Maturity*.

You see what a different impression you get right away?



BEAN IS MY SHEPHERD

by PEGGY POND CHURCH

"At times you will feel sure your compass is wrong. The best way to overcome this feeling is to carry two compasses."

— From the Catalogue of L. L. Bean, Spring, 1949.

My prophet for this modern scene
is L. L. Bean
who through life's woods in sun or snow
will outfit me to go
in featherweight attire most safely pent
from any element.

I wear Bean's shoes upon my either feet,
both waterproof and neat.
I carry all my comforts at my back
in Bean's approved pack,
and bed myself upon, when I'm all in,
Bean's rubber tarpaulin.

Armed with Bean's axe whose most commended
grace
is to reflect my face,
dangling Bean's feathered minnow in my hand,
serene I stand
in this confused world, equipped with lure
infallible and sure.

Naught shall affright me. Have I not Bean's
word
through all dilemmas heard?
Though lost in wilderness my wild surmise
is that Bean's compass lies
I'll not despair. The obvious thing to do,
says Bean, is carry two!

TRAVEL

W. IRVIN BRENNAN, who lives in Los Angeles, was an artist, a graphic arts specialist, and then a sales manager in printing and book publishing. He is now an advertising agency executive and free-lance writer.

BLARNEY

by W. IRVIN BRENNAN

BEGGARS!" The government official raised his eyebrows in puzzled surprise. "We have no beggars here in Dublin that I know of," he stated firmly.

We looked hard at each other for a long moment while I tried to make up my mind whether or not this was another bit of the famous Irish humor; then he added, "We have no beggar problem here because the law of Eire does not permit begging."

"Then what do you call those characters who are continually asking for money in the streets?" I countered.

"Oho! Those!" he said as though I had shown him the light. "Those are not beggars at all, any more than you or I would be if for instance one of us said to the other, 'Have you got half a crown you are not using?'" I must have looked baffled by this reasoning, because he continued, "The law of Eire does not permit *professional* begging, but this is a free country — a republic like your own — and we recognize the right of one citizen with *less* to ask another with *more* to help him." He paused, grinning mischievously. "I will admit," he added, "that many of those fellows be rogues."

My questions had been prompted, not by the occasional man out of work who approached me on the street, but by a teen-aged girl, carrying a baby in the sling of a ragged and filthy shawl. It was a rainy day, and a cold wind was sweeping across St. Stephen's Green, blowing her uncombed red hair into a wild tangle, out of which her wind-burned and freckled face peered like that of an animal. As I hurried toward the Shelbourne, she glided quickly from the shelter of a building and walked beside me, muttering an unintelligible plea for help.

I thrust a coin into her hand and hurried on. Inside the hotel I was disturbed enough to ask the elevator operator, somewhat indignantly, why such things were permitted in a well-governed country like Ireland.

"I think you will find, sor, that the baby is a borrowed one," he said. "I wouldn't worry too much about it."

"You mean that all that was an act, and the child was a prop?"

"Something like that, sor," he answered.

Two days later, the same girl approached, crossing to intercept me in the street before the Lord Mayor's residence. This time I stopped. She certainly looked healthy enough in a close-up. Farther down the street two other ragged women, one of them also carrying a baby, hurried toward us and crowded forward expectantly.

"We are *traveling* tinkers," they said with a touch of pride in answer to my question.

"You mean that you are gypsies?"

"Oh no, sor! Gypsies tell fortunes."

The tinkers of Ireland, like the gypsies of other lands, are nomads, but they have the distinction of being skilled workmen in addition to being horse traders. Traditionally they are tinsmiths, and on occasion they do odd jobs of pot mending while moving about the country from place to place.

These tinker women posed for a photograph and gave their names, asking if they might have a print sent to General Delivery at a country post office. The babies, upon examination, were chubby and healthy-looking as well as warmly dressed.

"Whisht!" muttered one of the older women, and suddenly they were hurrying around the nearest corner with an elaborate show of nonchalance but considerable haste.

I looked behind me and saw the cause of the departure. A big policeman was bearing down under full sail. He asked, "Did thim tinkers beg you for money, sor?"

"Yes, they did," I answered. "Anything wrong?"

"They'll get thirty days in jail — if they are caught at it," he said.

"But the law recognizes the right of one citizen who

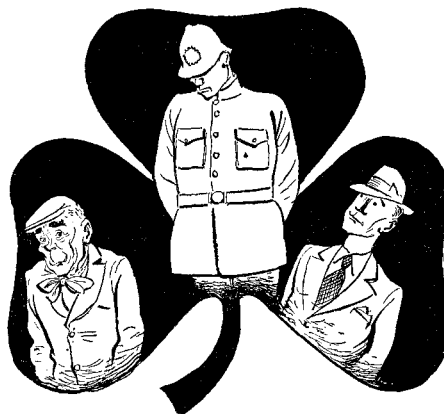
has *less* to ask another who he thinks has *more* to help him. Am I right?"

He looked hard at me for a moment and sauntered away without comment, but grinning.

Perhaps beggar is a harsh name to apply to people who ask for alms in Ireland, because there is certainly never any suggestion of the servile "for the love of Gawd, kind sir," technique in their approach. The government official had put his finger directly on the difference in their status when he cited the right of one man to ask another for help. They ask and accept with dignity, and nearly always there is a laugh in the transaction.

As an example, I was sitting on a bench below the monument to Daniel O'Connell, giving my weary feet a short respite from Dublin's pavements, when a young man sat down beside me. He was hatless,





by SARA KING CARLETON

Here as foundations drift
And fall, how far, how far,
Interminably we sift
That rubble for a star.



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